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AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

PRICE FIFTEEN CENTS. *JANUARY, 1897.* SAN FRANCISCO AND LOS ANGELES, CAL.

YOSEMITE FROM GLACIER POINT.

Hotel Del Monte

NO ONE picture or group of pictures can do more than serve as a suggestion of the great attractions of Del Monte. There is such a wide variety, and everything is on such a broad scale, that from no one standpoint can the story be told; and while we have attempted in the above cut to illustrate interesting bits of the grounds, hotel, etc., there are scores and scores of other scenes of equal interest and attractiveness. It is yet to be placed on record that any stranger has visited this resort and been other than agreeably disappointed. Everything is up to (and beyond) the brag. The grounds and flowers are a revelation, the eighteen-mile drive around the ocean shore and back through the sweet-smelling pine forests is a marvel, and the hotel itself is as near perfection in all its appointments as it is possible to reach. It is little less than criminal for strangers visiting California to miss seeing Del Monte.

THE TRAVELER.

VOLUME IX. SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY, 1897. NUMBER 1.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

WM. V. BRYAN, Editor and Proprietor.
General Office, 20 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

FREDERIC MAYER, 72 RUE BLANCHE, PARIS, FRANCE, GENERAL EUROPEAN AGENT.

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JUST at the present time the question of the "Funding Bill" seems to absorb a very large part of the *Examiner's* valuable space, and the other riff-raff that are offshoots of this proverbial kicker against anything that is to the best interests of the community at large whose promoters do not come up with the required "sack." As announced many times before, THE TRAVELER is not a political journal; nor does it pretend to engage in public controversies, but when we are impressed with the evident animus which actuates the paper in question, and when we further believe that the attitude in the case in question is unwarranted by the actual facts, we feel that we must have at least a word to say to the intelligent and thinking readers of THE TRAVELER.

Not infrequently have we been accused of being "controlled" and "subsidized" by the Southern Pacific Company, and more than once we have lost patronage on this account, but we wish to state here, and forevermore, for the benefit of the doubtful that the Southern Pacific Company has no more to say in the policy, direction, or suggestion in the conduct of this journal than the San Francisco *Examiner!* With this preface, therefore, we only wish to add that the opposition to the Funding Bill is of purely a personal nature, actuated by differences that have arisen not long since between "the powers that be." The Union and Central Pacific Railroads are both interested in the matter, and the bill in question covers a second mortgage, which any business man will recognize as not the most desirable security.

The principals request only an extension of time, and give every evidence of their ability of meeting the obligation at the expiration of the extension asked. What will be the result if the bill is killed? The government must not only take its chances of getting what is left out of the wreck, but must manage the road as an individual, and experience has proven that government control of railways has invariably proven a failure.

Furthermore, few people realize that a foreclosure of this character, involving so many millions of dollars, must necessarily prove disastrous to every business man in the State of California. The principle is the same as the collapse of a bank, always taking others with it, and large business firms as well, down into the maelstrom of its misfortune.

Why not, therefore, look at these matters calmly? Why let a sensational newspaper of this city (supposedly influential) direct the views of our thinking men? Remember, you are not only downing the Southern Pacific Railroad, but yourselves as well, whereas, if you gave them the reasonable extension asked for they could meet the obligation in full, and the community at large would be relieved from the enormous financial disaster which must inevitably follow the forced settlement of this tremendous obligation.

WE DON'T want to talk too much about ourselves, but as the present issue of THE TRAVELER begins its *fifth* year, and has been also changed in form and price since the closing number of '96, it seems once more appropriate to say that, beginning with this number, the subscription price of THE TRAVELER will be $1.50 per year, and the retail price 15 cents.

We have kept our promise that the amount of reading matter would be increased, and we trust that the first issue under this change will meet with the approbation of our many readers. We do not present the January number as a sample or our future intentions, for we have in mind many changes and improvements which will appear from time to time during the year. Nobody subscribes for THE TRAVELER but tasty, intellectual, and thinking people. These classes are, for the most part, able and willing to pay for what they want, and a fair price at that; and we sincerely trust that all of our readers will understand that our motive for increasing the subscription rate is not mercenary, but simply because the tremendous outlay involved in presenting the publication in its present form is not warranted by the price asked. The slight difference will cover it, and in additional we propose to give more material for the little extra figure placed upon the journal, and we can only promise, as formerly, that THE TRAVELER will not only be maintained at its present standard, but improved from time to time whenever it seems possible to do so.

NEW YEAR'S is upon us with a clear sky, a delightfully mild temperature, and, if climate is auspicious for 1897, we should have one of the most prosperous twelve months that we have seen for four years past. Attendant upon the advent of the new year comes the proverbial coterie of good resolutions (which are never kept), but in any event we are convinced for perhaps the full period of twenty-four hours that we have the most indomitable will-power and self-restraint to abdicate the throne of our many vices to which we have been addicted during the preceding annum. It's good to reform occasionally—better, permanently. But just supposing we did abandon all our bad habits, and, for the sake of argument, condense them into a list of five (which seemingly should cover the veriest sinner extant), what would be the result—noting especially the *reservations?* Resolution 1—I will abstain from the use of all intoxicating liquors—but I will except special occasions such as birthdays, holidays, Saturday nights, and when I entertain my best girl. Resolution 2—I will abandon tobacco in any form—except when my friend offers me a good two-bit cigar, and on club nights and at suppers. Resolution 3—I will confine my expletives to "By gum!" and "Confound it!" thereby giving an outlet to both surprise and vexation—BUT I will indulge in stronger epithets only when the exigencies of the occasion legitimately require it. Resolution 4—I will not flirt with my neighbor's wife, but will confine my attentions to his sister-in-law—unless, indeed, he should be out of town. Resolution 5—I will attend church every Sunday—except when the bicycle races or football games have announced an attractive programme.

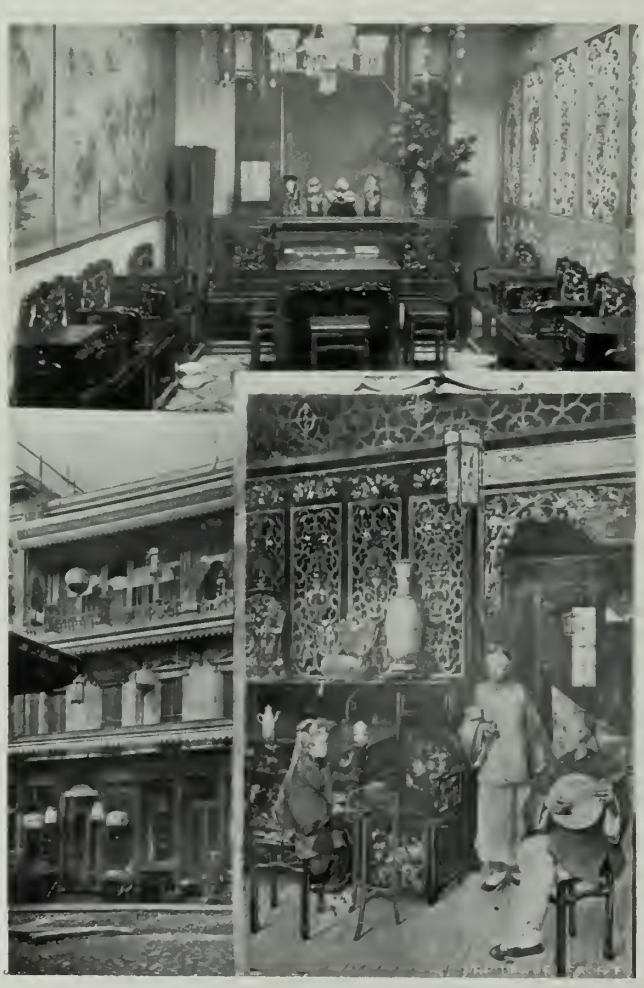
CHINESE MANNER OF EATING.

J. M. SCANLAND.

ONE of the most peculiar features of the Chinese quarter is a Chinese restaurant. The first-class restaurants are on Dupont Street, and may be known by the large lanterns swinging in the balcony of the second story. At night these lanterns reflect a bright, vari-colored light, and when there is a "function," there is music which is heard for a distance of several blocks. These functions begin at six o'clock in the evening, lasting until midnight.

The dining-room is on the second floor, and the kitchen is on the ground floor in front. On the surrounding shelves and in the windows are displayed the cooked edibles, tempting—to the Chinese appetite. In this "advertisement" are seen fish, ducks, chickens, pork, geese, sandhill cranes, and the meat of the wild panther. This is a favorite dish, as they have a belief that by eating the flesh of the panther they acquire some of the animal's fighting qualities. If one wishes a meal during the day, previous notice must be given, otherwise it will be served cold, as everything is cooked at morning. The cold dinner, however, is "warmed over" with hot gravy, which seems to enter into almost every dish. The tea, of course, is fresh and hot, being quickly made. There is no regular dinner hour, no *table d'hote*, and no bill of fare. The guest knows what he wants; if not, he can look at the display in the window. On leaving, he is not given a check. The waiter sings out the amount of the bill to the cashier down-stairs. Individuals and small parties drop in at all hours of the day, mostly at ten o'clock in the morning, about four o'clock in the afternoon, and about eleven o'clock at night. For fifty cents a good quantity of edibles is served, and for seventy-five cents one gets about as much as is served at a Caucasian restaurant at the same price.

But a Chinese restaurant is seen at its best when a "grand dinner" is given by one of the mercantile companies to another. There is quite a number of companies, and scarcely a week passes without a "rout" or two. Rarely is a Caucasian invited, and in such exceptions he is a particular friend of the parties giving the dinner. The dinner begins at six o'clock in the evening and lasts until midnight. The dining-room is beautifully ornamented with Chinese lilies, lanterns, flags, and works of art. Gods, dragons, and allegorical works are interspersed throughout the hall. The dining-room will accommodate about two hundred, or more if there is a "crush." The tables are square, of black mahogany. The seats are of the same material, without backs or arms. Ten guests are seated at each table. There is no place of "honor," except when a dinner is given to the Chinese Consul, or some other high official, on which occasion he is placed at the head of the table fronting all of the others. The guests wear their silk robes and insignia of rank on such occasions. Ordinarily, they do not put on quite so much style. The guests select their tables according to acquaintanceship or congeniality, without much ceremony, and the feast begins. There is no tablecloth, no knives or forks, no plates, and the perennial glass of water, which every waiter seems to think indispensable, is also missing.



A CHINESE RESTAURANT AND INTERIORS.

Soup is served first. It is made of sharks' fins, or what is known as "bird's nests." These are choice soups and very costly. Sharks' fins are imported from Mexico, and the trade is said to be large. The rough hide of the shark is removed from the tender fins and the toothsome meat is then made into a soup. The "bird's nest" soup is not actually made from bird's nests. A peculiar bird on the coast of China gathers a tendril plant on the ocean, slender and fragile, somewhat like vermicelli. With these she builds her nest high on a cliff overlooking the ocean. The seeds of the plant drop in fertile spots and take root. Chinese climb up these cliffs, at the risk of life, to gather these sweet, tender plants for the market. The soup tastes somewhat like oyster soup. Each guest has a separate bowl, rather small, and a spoon is used.

The rice, meats, and other dishes are served in a large bowl, which is placed within reach of all. Chopsticks are used. Each guest thrusts his substitute for a knife and fork into the common bowl, dishes out a quantity, and transfers it to his mouth. He gives the chopsticks a kind of a twist and thrust, as in shoveling coal into a cellar. Wine is drunk during the meal; also tea. The wines are costly and of the best. All of the varieties are made from rice. At the right of each guest is a tiny glass holding about one gill. In front is a dragon's-head bottle of a peculiar variety of rice wine, which tastes somewhat like Scotch whisky and feels warm to the palate, as if it had been heated. A small glass of this is as much as the average drinker can take with safety. It is deceptive in appearance, and the American guest is soon deceived as to its qualities, and feels as if he were in a railroad collison or had partaken of the celebrated mescal.

Tea is served in thin, beautifully carved cups with two saucers. The cup is placed in one, and the other is placed over the cup so as to prevent the escape of the heat and aroma between sips.

The meats are chopped into small bits by a carver in the kitchen. He puts the chicken or piece of roast panther on a block, and, with a kind of a cleaver, chops it into pieces small enough to be swallowed. These are scooped up, placed in a large bowl, and thus served to the guests. Each dishes in his chopsticks and "helps himself."

About nine o'clock dessert is served. It consists of fruits, cakes, sweetmeats, and rice wine of a more delicate quality and of an appetizing effect. After this there is a rest for about an hour. The guests leave the table and sit on the red silken-cushioned lounges ranged around the sides of the room. It is at this time that the most stories are told and games played. Some of these are similar to the highly exciting games of "Thumbs up, thumbs down," and "Who's got the thimble?" Some of them retire to the smoking-room, where they indulge in the same highly exciting and intellectual amusement while enjoying an opium smoke.

After about one hour of this amusement, which is interspersed with music, eating is resumed. This second dinner is not so heavy as the first. It consists more of delicacies, and the wine is circulated more freely. The games continue, and there is humor, laughter, and music. At midnight the feast ends. As each guest files out he dips his fingers into one of the several bowls of water near the door. They do not put their finger-bowls on the table as most people do.

During their New Year festivities, which begin early in February, dinners are more frequent at all of the restaurants, and the attendance is much larger. The dinners are more elaborate, the costliest edibles and wines being imported from China for the special occasion.

During the feast of reason and flow of mirth and wine an orchestra plays what the Chinese term music. There are several professional orchestras in the Chinese quarter. The two notes which make other music melodious are omitted from Chinese music, hence the strains are discordant and harsh, at least to the Caucasian ear. There are also amateur musicians who volunteer on these occasions to "get their names in the papers."

The cheaper restaurants are in small rooms on the ground floor, and some of them are in basements. In the pent-up dining-room and kitchen are fish being cleaned, squawking ducks and cackling chickens awaiting to have their heads chopped off by the cook, and other edibles on shelves within easy reach.

There is no ceremony about the cheaper restaurants. Patrons sit at the counters or on the benches, and eat without removing their hats, and in a hurry, as if intent on catching the next train for the proverbial suburbs.

CURIOSITIES OF THE COLORADO DESERT.

ABIJAH DOWNS.

AS THE traveler is whirled across the Colorado Desert he gazes out on a trackless waste of sand glistening under the rays of a burning sun, and little thinks that in this desolate region is to be found the strangest insects and reptiles existing on this continent. There are reptiles and insects peculiar to this desert, some of which it seems exist merely as food for others. There are snakes whose poisonous bite produces almost instant death, not a case of recovery being on record; and there are ugly-looking reptiles that are domesticated into "pets" for ladies, and there are some that are eaten not only by Indians, but by the palefaces.

Perhaps the most curious and deadly of the snake species found in the desert is the horned rattlesnake, or "side-winder," so-called because it advances sideways. It is about fifteen inches in length, and has over each eye a small horn about a quarter of an inch in length. Its "rattle" is almost noiseless, and the victim has no intimation of its presence until he is bitten, and death is sure, and almost instantaneous.

CROWNED TAPAYAXIN.—*Phrynosoma Blainvillii.*

Poisonous scorpions are numerous, and their sting is deadly. And there is a species of mouse that lives wholly on scorpions. Yet another species of desert mouse feeds on centipedes. The centipede is about ten inches in length, and has a row of poisonous fangs on each side of his lower body. There are "kangaroo" rats with unusually large, bulging ears. They hop instead of running.

The "Chahwalla," an Indian name, is a species of lizard, the flesh of which the desert Indians eat. The reptile is roasted on hot rocks. Prospectors and teamsters, when short of provisions, also eat of this reptile. It is not poisonous.

The phenomenon of changing of color is strikingly exhibited by serpents and lizards on the desert. Some of them seem to take the color of the rocks upon which they are basking and of the shrubs in their search for insects.

Another inhabitant of the desert is the Crowned Tapayaxin, locally known as the "horned toad." It is less dangerous than it looks to be, and soon becomes domesticated. It is quite a pet among lady tourists, and at the railroad stations through the desert Indians and paleface small-boy dealers in curios have them for sale. They are sold in boxes partly filled with sand. The purchaser is merely told to feed the toad on flies, red ants, and beetles. Over each eye of this curious reptile is a short protuberance, like a hood, and from its flat head there sprouts conical, sharp-pointed spines, from a quarter of an inch to half an inch in length, extending backward as a covering. The back is spotted with shorter spines, extending to the short and pointed tail. The edge of the tail has rows of spines, giving it the appearance of a two-edged saw. Its general color is gray, variegated with small streaks of chestnut brown. The head is light brown, blotched with a darker hue; the under neck is ochre yellow, with blotches of dark gray. It is a lazy animal, and will remain for hours in the burning sands beneath the parching rays of the sun, apparently lifeless, and scarcely distinguishable from the sand in which it is half imbedded. But when an insect comes within its range it darts upon its prey with such rapidity that the eye can scarcely follow the movement. It is quite harmless to human beings, though its appearance is somewhat against the reptile. It is chameleon-like, assuming the hue of the object it happens to be resting upon; but the original color will return within a few hours after removal from the object.

GILA MONSTER.

The most noted and perhaps the most interesting specimen of desert-life is the famed Gila monster, known to scientists as the *Helodermas*. Its home is on the Gila River in Southwestern Arizona, hence its name. It is also found in Nevada. These are the only places on this continent where this peculiar reptile is seen. The Gila monster is a hideous thing. From tip to tip it is covered by raised bead-like scales, in rows around the body and tail, the rows being closer together on the latter, and on the head the rows are the larger and more regular, as on other lizards. The scales, so-called, are a deep jet black, and some are of a bright orange, pale orange, or muddy yellow. It has a broad, black, flat head, slightly mottled, the fore part, or face, being jet black. The tongue is also black, is broad and forked for about one-third of its length, which it continually thrusts out and rapidly draws back, emitting a poisonous saliva, while it moves sluggishly in search of prey, or basks upon a rock in the burning sun. The mouth is very large, being about three inches around. It has grooved teeth in the upper and lower jaws—a row on each side, and they are firmly set and as sharp as needles. When the jaws close upon the victim the grip is as that of a vise. A story is told of a man who did not believe that the "thing would bite." He managed to let the monster grasp a finger, and found that he could not let go; neither would the reptile until after the jaws had been cut asunder. The tail is round, conical in shape, tapering to a point. It has four squatty legs, somewhat on the plan of those of the Saurian. On each foot are five toes, and on each of these is a sharp-pointed claw. In walking it uses the fore and hind feet of alternate sides, keeping the head near the ground. If trodden upon by some unwary miner or prowling Indian it quickly raises its head, then slightly raises its body by its bench-like legs, wheels quickly around, and emits a blowing sound, thrusting out and drawing back its black-forked tongue in a defiant manner. It throws out a greenish vapor, which is also supposed to be poisonous. The monster feeds upon other reptiles, ground-nesting birds, and their eggs.

COYOTE.

The coyote is the Ishmaelite of the desert; also, the scavenger. He prowls along its borders searching for prey, animal or human. He is a species of wolf, also fox-like. He has a long, lean body, short legs, and a foxy head. The nose is long and pointed, and his yellow eyes are framed by black eyebrows. The ears hang over like those of a bloodhound, which he raises above his head when he is alarmed. The jaws are sharp and the tail bushy. Nothing in the shape of food escapes him—from the dead body of a prospector to the *tuna*, or prickly pear. Unlike other animals, the coyote is not afraid of fire, and when the prospectors build their fire near a clump of bushes on the desert, the coyote creeps up under the darkened shadows to within a short distance, when he then squats upon his haunches, gazing at the miners, his eyes glistening like coals of fire. Others come, until the camp is surrounded, when the attack is made. But if there are not sufficient to make the attack, they will sit there for hours, licking their foxy jaws, making not the slightest noise, waiting for their intended victims to retire to sleep. It has a voice more like a bark than a yelp or howl. The bark is short and sharp. When a camp is surrounded the leader barks, and others follow in quick succession, one joining in before the other has finished. Then the barking becomes faster and faster and the pitch higher, until it unites in a long-drawn howl in the highest key. This concert must be extremely unpleasant to the solitary prospector on the lonely desert. Coyote is an Aztec term, which has been transmitted by the Spanish conquerors. The desert Indians venerate the coyote as a deity, and some tribes have, in a measure, succeeded in domesticating them.

ADOBE.

MYRA H. RANDALL.

THE "Encyclopedia" dismisses the subject of adobe thusly: "Sunbaked bricks of fine sand and clay dust, made in the same manner as common brick; are very smooth and hard, used principally in Central America and Mexico. Adobes are generally of one story, being warmer in winter and cooler in summer."

As a people we have yet to learn that to every country and to every race there is some *raison d'etre* for their own particular customs and ways of living.

Why in a corner of the world where snow is unknown should a roof be constructed that can lay no claim to architectural beauty and is only good for the snow to slide off of? Why in a country where porches are practically of no use, either from disagreeable winds or extremes of heat and cold, should the comfort of the inmates of a dwelling be "sacrificed to an architect's idea," when the same outlay in time, taste, and money would change this useless porch into a bow-window, as often seen in San Francisco, with broad window seats—indoor gardening making it "a thing of beauty and a joy forever"—where the sunshine could be enjoyed without outside discomforts? On the other hand, in a land of perfect outdoor life, why should not the galleries or verandas be the main feature, where all the vocations of daily life might be carried on?

There must necessarily be many modifications of the ancient adobes, in our modern constructions; for the return to the adobe as used in past centuries would not be practicable, but "the same effect may be obtained in brick and stucco, steel lath and plaster."

Even in Mexico what was called adobe was often burnt bricks filled in with adobe, then cemented over; others were built of stones and mud with the outside coating of cement, oftentimes highly polished. However, these were all the outcome of the original and primitive adobe, such as may still be seen along the Rio Grande.

While the architecture is fully, or in part, Moorish, it has been said that the adobe is not, as usually supposed, a Spanish importation, but was found in Mexico and adapted by the Spanish on their occupation of the country.

The walls, from two to three feet in thickness, make a dwelling impervious to dampness and reduce the need of artificial heat to a minimum. In the modern, as in the remnants of past grandeur, the broad, open-arched veranda and the inner court, or patio, are essential features.

One of the finest specimens of the adaption of the ancient may be seen in the Casa des Rosas at Los Angeles—a combination of school and dwelling. It is considered a fine example of Moorish architecture, and is one of California's most beautiful homes. The word "home" is used advisedly, for it aims to be home as well as school, to the tiniest kindergartner as to the teacher sent out to continue Frobel's work. It was pronounced by judges at the Midwinter Fair in San Francisco a model of school architecture.

The residence of Gail Borden in the lovely town of Alhambra is a combination of all that is most artistic of the ancient with the comfort of the modern. The beautiful patio is a marvel of wealth and of the picturesque. Situated in a park that has trees from every "sun-kissed clime," it is a glimpse from the realm of fairyland.

The castle of La Crescenta, perched high against the mountain's side, commands a view over the hills and valleys to the Pacific. It is a fourteenth century idea carried out in stone, and, with the beautiful courtyard, the grand veranda and the crenelated walls, it might well have sheltered some old Spanish grandee; but it is, instead, a modern and attractive American home.

CASTLE OF LA CRESCENTA.

Pasadena, the Crown of the Valley, even more than her sister towns, is the rallying point for all that wealth and good taste and talent can do; and this is shown by the many elegant and chaste designs of her palaces, many of which are "adobe."

Only five years ago this style (adobe) was practically unknown among the eastern settlers, for in "Our Italy" we find "Instead of adapting or modifying the houses and homes that the climate suggests, the new American comers have brought from the East the smartness and prettiness of our modern nondescript architecture. The present occupiers have taken no hints from the natives."

The first white man's house built in Pasadena, fifty-eight years ago, was of adobe, and is still standing at the foot of Raymond Hill. This old house is one of Pasadena's sights, for it has also a historical value. It was from here, in 1847, that a message was sent by the Mexicans to Colonel Fremont, who had reached San Fernando Mission, negotiating terms of surrender. Here and there large scales have fallen, showing the brown adobe, but in its bright setting of the gorgeous poinsettias, scarlet geraniums, and wealth of roses, it lingers in the memory as an ineffaceable image of our picturesque Past.

El Viejo Molino (the old mill), situated in a romantic ravine near Pasadena, is 125 years old—its stone and adobe walls in perfect repair. Mrs. Mayberry says: "As nothing like it is found in other Spanish ruins in this State, it has been supposed that part of the ingredients might have been brought from Spain. Another is, that the cement was made in the Arroyo Seco, and mixed with bullock's blood, which is known to make any cement almost adamantine." Placed as it is, in the midst of a tropical scene, large red and white oleanders, veritable trees, the lime and the lemon, the orange and palm, a confusion of ivy and vines, flowers growing in wildest profusion, it may well be as it is, a nucleus for many romantic tales. In many of the remains of the Spanish occupation, the outside was entirely free from ornamentation, but all that art and wealth could contribute was used to adorn the interior, imitating the rich gilding and brilliant tints, as found in the Alhambra.

Among the softly shaded yellows and greens of the Puente Hills is found the last Spanish Governor's early home. Don Pio Pico from out this princely domain came to spend his last days in comparative poverty and loneliness, in the City of Los Angeles. The old house is now the abode of our almond-eyed neighbors. They have appropriated this as many other historic buildings in this southwestern land, their crimson black-lettered posters decorating the entrances.

The long trellised galleries, vine embowered, that have witnessed the *galanteries* of the Spanish dons to fair senoritas, and have echoed to the ringing of the spur and clank of sword in the troublous times, are now adorned with strings of red peppers and bunches of onions; the walls of the vast out-buildings have been used to make "a fill." Alas! "that Cæsar's dust," etc.

The buildings at the World's Fair, and also at the Midwinter Fair in San Francisco, gave to many people a more complete definition of the word "adobe" than the dictionary gives.

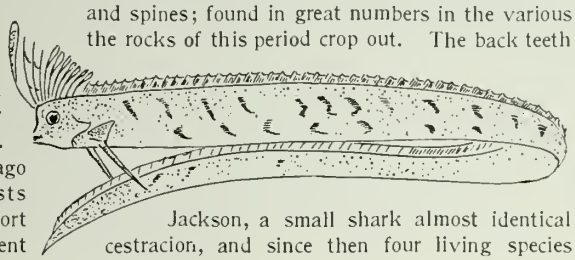
Now that the seed has been sown, it is fast taking root, and our prosaic *Americanos* have seen that in a land of almost continual summer that outdoor life is possible 360 days of the year; that glass cages, snow roofs and arctics are among the non-essentials of life—but to offset these there are the patios with fountains and flowers, the vine-shaded porch (not stoop), the grand arched verandas, the ever changing light of Mother Mountain's face, and over all, and above all, the genial sunshine of this Land of Content.

RARE PACIFIC FISHES.

CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.

THE Pacific Coast of North America, especially that portion adjacent to what is known as Southern California, is extremely rich in animal life, being, as it were, on the borderland between the tropics and the temperate zone. Not only this, but owing to the warm Japanese current which sweeps down the coast and gives the adjoining country a semi-tropical climate, many fishes are found which seem to have wandered from warmer regions, while others, in turn, have strayed from the far north.

Geologists have long known a fish, called cestracion, from the Devonian rocks; a remarkable creature that, while an ancient shark, is one of the connecting links between the fishes and the reptiles. Twenty-two genera of these fishes lived before the oolitic period, and they are known by their teeth and spines; found in great numbers in the various localities where the rocks of this period crop out. The back teeth are very peculiar, forming a pavement for crushing the food.

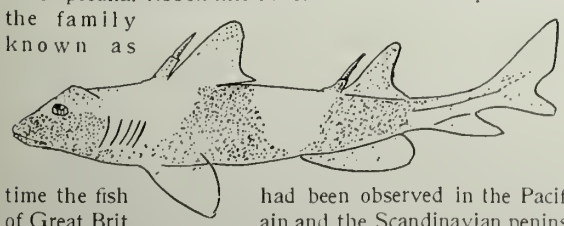


Some years ago some naturalists discovered, in Port Jackson, a small shark almost identical with the ancient cestracion, and since then four living species have been discovered in the Pacific, one being found on the coast of Southern California. None exceed five feet in length, and the California form is generally found about two feet in length. During the past summer the writer had the good fortune to observe several of these sharks, some of which were taken in traps and others alive. In the water they have a singular motion, using the tail almost entirely as a locomotive organ, despite the fact that their pectoral and other fins are all large, which gives the body a peculiar waddling motion.

In appearance, the shark which is known to science as *Gyroplenrodus francisci*, differs from all other sharks, being very high for its length. In color it is a dark-brownish red with darker or almost black marbling, while the under portion is various shades of pink. The fins are all large, the pectorals seeming to form a vest. There are two dorsals which resemble mimic leg-o'-mutton sails, the simile of a mast being carried out by a spine before each, the point of which forms a formidable weapon. The sharks are valueless, the spines alone being preserved by the fishermen as curiosities; in some instances they are three inches in length.

The writer was also fortunate in observing at Santa Catalina Islands a fish never to his knowledge seen before in this section—the bank fish, or *Regalecus*. Some one came running up from the beach saying that a remarkable fish had been found, one that the oldest fisherman on the island, who had been there forty years, had never seen. Soon after the fish was brought up for inspection. It had been seen swimming along with undulatory ribbon-like movements near the shore, and was picked up and laid on a board. The fish was an extremely fragile and delicate creature, very striking in appearance, resembling a white satin ribbon with black markings. Along the upper side extended a long fin, made up of many spines and tinted a delicate coral pink. There was no tail or caudal fin, the body ending merely in a point. The side, or pectoral, fins were small, and from below them extended two sharp rays. The head was the most striking feature. The mouth was small, and there seemed to be a well-defined forehead, above which rose the first spines of the dorsal fin in the form of eight or nine plumes of the same exquisite tint as the dorsal fin, giving the creature a most fanciful and remarkable appearance. The general color of the body was a delicate silver, the effect of the combination being beautiful and striking.

The fish belonged to the sub-order *Taeniosomi*, which includes a number of peculiar ribbon-like fishes. The one in question was a member of the family *Regalecidæ*, and known as *Regalecus bankeii*. The late Professor G. Brown Goode informed the writer that this was the first time the fish had been observed in the Pacific. In the waters of Great Britain and the Scandinavian peninsula it is known as a deep-sea fish, specimens have been caught twenty-two or more feet in length.



As to the habits of this attractive fish, either in the Pacific or European waters, nothing is known; but it is, in all probability, a deep-sea form, occasionally coming in shore, and the specimen found at Santa Catalina was, doubtless, a wanderer from the great unknown piscatorial regions.

THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

F. B. HAMILTON.

That system of which our sun is the center, and around which eight principal planets revolve, is the solar system. One hundred and forty minor planets, eighteen moons, countless meteors, and over two hundred comets belong to this system.

A sun of such magnitude as to control the united attraction of all the planets, which revolve about him, floats in space with invisible support. By an unseen force called gravity the planets seem bound to him. Each turns upon its axis while the planets, all in grand procession, continue their ceaseless march around the sun. Each in its own path moves in the same direction as the others, but not with like velocity.

Nearest the sun torrid Mercury speeds along his oval orbit more than 105,000 miles an hour; just beyond, Venus moves forward at the rate of 66,000 miles; while the Earth passes over 65,000 of its annual journey, and distant Neptune circles through 12,000 miles of space.

Planets cross the paths of planets moving with velocities which baffle imagination, while moons circle around and comets rush by as if on the wings of lightning. Amid seeming confusion the planets pursue their way. Numberless appear the impending dangers, and unspeakable the ruin which awaits the entire system. Yet no planet wanders from its course. Fitful meteors and trailing comets pass to and fro, the mighty planets sweep onward, but the harmony is as undisturbed as the most perfect machinery.

The sun—that ornament of the skies whose light and heat render the earth inhabitable—is distant 91,500,000 miles from the earth's surface.

To traverse that distance by walking at a lively pace twelve hours a day would require over five thousand years. Yet so small is the distance to the sun as compared with the distance to the stars, that it serves as the unit of the astronomical measurements adopted.

ON THE OJAI RIVER.

Light comes to us from the sun in about eight minutes, but to reach us from the remote stars many hundred years are required. Were the earth's volume a million times greater than it now is it would not equal that of the glorious sun.

The sun exists in a melted or gaseous state. Flames sweep across its surface in terrific violence and shoot far out into the infinity of space.

Spots which appear on the sun are supposed to be depressions. Since these spots change their apparent form as they pass across the face of the sun, producing effects identical with those produced by a rotating body, the sun is believed to revolve upon its axis. Together the sun and solar system are sweeping on toward a point in the constellation, Hercules, at the rate of 150,000,000 miles a year, yet so small a part of the orbit is traversed that the change in position is barely perceptible after many years' progress.

The cause of the sun's great heat is unknown. It is accounted for by supposing countless meteors to be continually falling like rain upon it, and that motion is there converted into heat.

By means of the spectroscope the composition of the sun is shown to be similar to that of the earth. Twelve of its elements have been identified. Though the sun's heat appears to be diminishing, we are assured that the earth will not suffer from its loss for millions of years if the present rate of diminution continues, and when we remember that these deductions are not theoretical we must accept them as facts.

THE CALIFORNIA RAISIN INDUSTRY.

CHAS. E. JENNEY.

LESS than fifty years ago the early pioneers of California, penetrating the interior of that vast territory, beheld a great inland valley surrounded on all sides by high mountains. The primitive landscape in the spring of the year presented an appearance not differing greatly from the pampas of South America. A great sea of waving green, sprayed with gorgeous wild flowers of every hue, bounded only by the dense chaparral of the Sierra foothills on the east, and those of the Coast Range one hundred miles away to the westward; roamed over by bands of untamed cattle, the descendants of those introduced by the early Mission Padres, herds of antelope, prowling coyotes, and the jack-rabbit. Such was the San Joaquin Valley in the springtime, but in summer this Garden of Eden was transformed into a Sahara—one sandy, scorching desert, where the rattlesnake and owls made their home, and the lizard and horned-toad basked on the burning sand; no sign of vegetation, no protection from the sun's rays. Such was the valley in 1870, which in twenty years was to rival the most productive vineyards of Sunny Spain, and supply sufficient raisins for the whole United States.

In 1870 the first canal was led out from the San Joaquin River to the thirsty plains, and this was the beginning of the great irrigation system which has made a garden of the desert. The uniform level of the valley, and the freedom from all rocks and boulders, made less difficult the great undertaking, and the canal system was from that date rapidly developed, until to-day there are over two thousand miles of these pulsing veins and arteries of agriculture threading the Valley, and, as the snowy reservoirs of the Sierras are inexhaustible, man is no longer dependent on the rainfall.

In the early days a similarity in climate to Italy and Spain was noticed. The temperature of the valley ranges from twenty-seven degrees in winter to one hundred and fifteen in summer, thus corresponding to Florida, but without the humidity of Florida. Rarely, at any season, is there any fall of dew, and the rainfall is limited to four months of the year. The inhabitants boast of three hundred cloudless days in the year, and even Italy cannot rival that.

The first Muscat vines were brought here about 1872, and in the following year some of the best Muscatel vines were imported from Spain. In the succeeding six years vineyards were set out here and there, encouraged by the success of the first ones, and in 1879 and 1880 a great number were planted. From that time on they multiplied so rapidly that, in 1886, the raisin industry became the principal one of the Valley.

The Colony system was introduced here in 1874, and this facilitated

A FRESNO VINEYARD SCENE.

the increase of the industry. Large tracts of land were divided into ten, twenty, and forty acre lots, and broad avenues bordered by shade trees were laid out. Some of the avenues, bordered by the White Adriatic fig-tree, which thrives well here, formed a remunerative as well as picturesque boundary. With each lot of land a perpetual water right was attached, at an original cost of five dollars per acre, and an annual tax of sixty-two cents per acre for repairing ditches.

There are two kinds of soil in which the vines thrive—a heavy soil of red clay mixed with white quartz, which resembles the Malaga grape land of Spain, and the white ash soil where there is no alkali. The soil all over the valley is a rich sedimentary deposit of great depth. Before the land was irrigated, wells had to be bored from fifty to sixty feet before the water level was reached, but now it has become sub-irrigated nearly to the surface.

The principal grape grown is the Gordo Blanco Muscatel crossed with the Muscat of Alexandria. The small seedless Sultana grape is also being increased in acreage, and the Malaga grows well but produces a raisin inferior to the Muscat.

RAISINS CURING ON THE TRAYS.

The vines are set out ten feet apart, and in rows ten feet apart. Either cuttings or rooted vines are used; if rooted vines, they begin to bear the second year and a paying crop can be gathered the third year.

The vines are pruned in January or February back to a stump from six to sixteen inches high. From six to twelve spurs are left to produce the crop for the coming season. The huge piles of brush are burned on the vineyard and the ashes serve as a fertilizer.

As soon as the verdure starts out on the vines the vineyard is plowed one way and then cross-plowed at intervals to keep out the weeds. Couleur, a disease to which the European grape vines are much subject, and which is caused by excessive moisture, is almost unknown here. In fact, it is often necessary to irrigate the vines several times through the summer. This is done either by flooding the whole vineyard or by leading the water in furrows. The latter method is preferable, as the former causes the ground to crack and thus absorb more moisture.

The grapes begin to ripen about the middle of August. When ripe they are of a beautiful translucent amber. A saccharometer is sometimes used to determine this, twenty-five per cent of saccharine being necessary to make the most perfect raisin.

When the grapes are ready for picking the trays are brought out from the sheds and distributed along the roads so that the pickers may easily get them. These trays are constructed of pine boards, or redwood "shakes" from the mills in the Sierras, and measure two feet by three. They hold about twenty pounds of grapes, which makes five pounds of raisins. Chinese are largely employed in picking the grapes, and in the picking season a vineyard presents a picturesque sight, dotted with the coolies in their suits of blue jeans and large basket hats. The pickers use knives and place the bunches on the trays right side up, that is, the side showing the least stems, and being careful not to remove the bloom from the grapes. When the tray is full it is placed on the ground on the south side of the vine, and slanted toward the sun by means of wooden pegs placed under one end. When a vineyard is all picked the ground is pretty effectually covered with trays, as a vine yields on an average from fifty to sixty pounds of grapes.

The grapes are thus left in the sun until about two-thirds dry, which takes five or six days. Then the trays are turned by placing an empty one over a full one and reversing it. They are then left three or four days more, at the end of which time they are raisins.

When the raisins are cured the trays are stacked up four or five feet high and the assorting begins. Each sorter has two sweat-boxes, one for the full bunches or clusters and one for the loose raisins. The sweat-box is three feet long, two feet wide, and about eight inches deep, and holds about one hundred and twenty-five pounds when full.

The raisins in the sweat-box are now ready to be packed for the market. They are taken to the packing-house and the layer raisins are placed in a sweat room and slightly steamed for a day or two to soften the stems so they will not break in handling. Girls and women do all the packing. The layers are first packed in five-pound forms, which are transferred into twenty-pound boxes, and on the top layer ribbons are tied, and fancy labels, giving the brand and shipper's name, inserted. The average wages earned by the girls is about one dollar and thirty cents per day.—*Continued on page 9.*

NATURE IN CALIFORNIA.

BERTHA F. HERRICK.

THE WESTERN ORIOLE.

CALIFORNIA has an oriole, the Western oriole, or "golden robin," which, in general appearance and habits, is scarcely distinguishable from the Baltimore oriole of the Eastern States, though its plumage is not quite so brilliant, nor its song of so melodious a character. Among scientists it is known as "Bullock's oriole" (*Icterus Bullockii*), and its range is the western part of the United States, as far eastward as the Rocky Mountains. These birds are members of the family of American starlings; and, in their gay livery of orange and black, are quite tropical in aspect. They are more common in Southern California than in the vicinity of San Francisco Bay; and, during the winter months, migrate into the warmer climate of Mexico. Their nests are not made in pine forests, but in the drooping branches of such trees as the locust, the pepper, and the weeping-willow, the extremities of the boughs being instinctively selected by the little architects, in order to insure safety from climbing foes, while a thick canopy of leaves effectually screens the opening. The materials employed in their construction are strips of fibre from plants or vines, bits of bark and long dry grasses, sheep's wool, tufts of cow's hair, or streamers of that graceful parasite, the gray-green Spanish moss. When near a house or barn scraps of thread or silk, twine or kite string, horse-hair, or even pieces of fish-lines are also utilized, the colors being usually chosen in dull shades, with a view to greater concealment of the cozy little residence, though bright carpet-ravelings have been used when other supplies were scarce. From these odds and ends is manufactured a sort of strong, coarse cloth in the shape of a bag or pouch about six inches in depth, the whole being so firmly woven together that it will bear the weight of many pounds. In cold places it is made thicker than in more sheltered situations, and is more shallow when not exposed to high winds, which, by roughly rocking the branches, might cause the eggs to be spilled out. The nest shown in the illustration was found about twenty feet from the ground in a tall eucalyptus-tree a short distance from Mountain View Cemetery, in Alameda County, and is composed of fibres and horse-hair, and neatly padded inside with cotton batting. As may be seen, some of the leaves are included in the general structure, and the blossoms and seed vessels remain intact, forming the most picturesque of sylvan dwellings.

ORIOLE'S NEST.

The oriole's eggs, which are laid in the month of May, are four or five in number, and of a very pale bluish-white, with dark streaks or markings.

If taken when very young, or if patiently trained when older, these birds make most interesting and intelligent pets, as they are naturally fond of the society of man, and often build their nests in the shade-trees along country highways. Their food consists mainly of insects and caterpillars, but they are not averse to occasionally sipping the juices of fruit-blossoms or to sampling the fruit itself, amply repaying for their pilfering by the pretty picture made by their golden colors against the foliage and their sweet flute-like notes, especially from the tree-tops in the early morning.

Being one of our few species of native singing-birds, they should, with the linnet and meadow-lark, be protected by law from wanton destruction, lest their ranks become totally depleted.

THE WATER-OUZEL.

Water-ouzels, or "dippers," are not exclusively American birds, but are common in the hilly parts of the British Islands, in Switzerland, and Italy, and even in certain parts of Asia. The Pacific Coast variety (*Cinclus Mexicanus*) is found from Alaska to Northern Central America; and, in California, inhabits the vicinity of waterfalls in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, building its nest on the sides of fern-clad precipices, wet with flying spray. It belongs to the large family of the thrushes, though the plump little brown and gray body resembles that of a small robin, and the short tip-tilted tail is decidedly wren-like. By means of its strong, stiff wings it is able, when in pursuit of prey, to fly a considerable distance through the current of the most foaming rivers, often stopping to rest and sing on a rock in mid-stream, and jerking and bobbing about in a curious and apparently aimless manner.

During the summer months, when the roaring rapids have somewhat subsided, this bird may often be seen wading through the shallow pools near the water's edge, under the azaleas and great saxifrage leaves, feeding on water-beetles in all their stages, the eggs and small fry of fishes, fresh-water snails that venture out of their shells, the larvæ of mosquitoes or the queer little caddis-worms, the deftly built cases of which it breaks open with its bill. In its flight through the air it follows the curve of the river, scorning to take "short cuts," and prefers to make the abrupt ascent of a steep bank rather than to approach it at an angle. Although the ouzel's song is sweetest in the springtime and in the early morning, it is said to sing blithely the whole year through—summer or winter, calm or storm—the most furious gale never abating its vivacity.

NEST OF WATER-OUZEL.

John Muir, the well-known explorer and author, in his beautiful prose-poem—"The Mountains of California"—devotes an entire chapter of nearly two dozen pages to a description of the appearance and habits of this cheery little songster, the companion of his wanderings through the unbroken forest and the enlivener of many a lonely hour.

The dome-shaped nest, which is about ten inches in diameter, is composed of green living moss, kept ever fresh in the humid atmosphere of the cascade; and as in time all cracks and patches are entirely concealed by this emerald growth, the snug little abode cannot be distinguished from its surroundings, unless its owner is surprised in the act of entering through the small, round, over-arched opening near the bottom. Within is a soft bed of a few dry leaves, on which, in May or June, are deposited three or four eggs of purest white; and when hatched the young birds are attended by their parents with the greatest solicitude.

If gifted with patience and ordinary powers of observation, any visitor to Mt. Shasta, the Yosemite, or other points in the Sierras, may study for himself this interesting little denizen of the mountain water-courses, the embodiment of pluck, alertness, and endurance.

THE CALIFORNIA RAISIN INDUSTRY.—Continued from page 8.

The layer raisins are graded into Dehesa clusters and London layers. The loose raisins are run through a machine called a stemmer, which removes the stems, grades the raisins into four sizes, known as four, three, and two crown and seedless, and boxes them. This stemmer is an invention peculiar to the California raisin industry; it is run by steam power and will stem, grade, and box from thirty to forty tons of raisins a day. A packing-house in the busy season, which lasts from the first of September to December, presents a scene of bustle and activity, and a novel one to unaccustomed eyes. To see the raisins dumped by the ton into the stemmer, and shoveled like coal against the revolving cylinder, is a marvel to consumers who buy their raisins a pound at a time in the East.

The shipments from the San Joaquin Valley in 1883 were 1200 cars; in 1892, 2500 cars; in 1895, 4000 cars—a car consisting of 12 tons.

In the early days of the industry a vineyard frequently yielded $150 worth of raisins to the acre, but these large returns attracted a numerous agricultural population and led up to an over-production in 1894 and 1895, which, coupled with the ruinous system of handling the crop through commission houses at both Eastern and Western ends, brought the price of raisins down to less than cost, and many cases are recorded in the past two years where the freight on a car of raisins more than equaled the amount realized by the producer. The present season (1896) has proved more prosperous to the vineyardists, and the prevailing price paid for raisins in the sweat-box was three and a half cents per pound, though some who sold early realized but two and a half cents. The transference of the method of conducting the business from a commission to a cash basis, together with a short crop, have effected this.

The largest vineyard in the world is situated in Fresno County, in the heart of the San Joaquin Valley, and contains 1280 acres of raisin grapes.

A VISIT TO HILO.

BY A GERMAN.

The hotel register at celebrated tourist resorts is frequently relieved by odd entries and lengthy accounts of individual experiences. Some are prosaic, some pithy and sentimental, some lengthy and humorous. The following has been transcribed from the register of the Volcano House at Kilauea, Hawaiian Islands, having been written by a genuine German tourist some years ago, and has been kindly forwarded to THE TRAVELER for publication.

In this connection it might not be amiss to state that the tourist to Hawaii can now be carried up the Mountain of Mauna Loa and down into the great crater six hundred feet below the rim to the very brink of the Lake of Fire, Kilauea, without touching the soles of his feet to the ground.—Ed.

I COME down last trip on the Idaho,
An everypody he says to me,
Oh, to look at der Grater you must go,
For it's a most wonderful ding to see!
Vell I likes to look at vonderful dings
So I comes up to Hilo with Captain Boores,
An den a countryman of mine,
Mr. Snider, he dells me to hire a horse;
Vell, I do not know nottings apout a horse,
An I vants to valk on my feet.
But Snider say, "No, my friend, vy of course
For to ride it is better as goot,
Der road it is long, and der road it is vet,
An pime py vy you valks yourself sick,
Ven now if you ride on a nice little horse
Vy den you gets over him quick."
So I dink Snider knows, an I pays me a man
To come mit me an find me der road,
An he dells me to dravel as light as I can
So I do not take much of a load;
Notting but von little case of Schiedam,
Some pologny, a ham, an some cheese,
An some pread, an another little case of Schiedam
For to have a littel lunch ven I blease.
Vell, I starts out from Hilo apout den o'glock,
An I comes to der cocoanut grove,
An dare der horse stops just as fast as one rock
An for dree hours I no make him move;
I bats him an calls him "a pully goot horse,"
Den I spurs him until he is red,
Den I gits off an fastens a rope to his tail,
An de native he bulls him ahead;
Vell, I valkes on behind dill we comes to a house,
Ver de native he dells me I sleep
For his vader lives der, an he takes all my dings,
An he gives to his vader to keep.
Vell, I vas more hungry as ever I vas,
An I eats my pologny an ham,
But I makes up mine mind I vill not git dite,
So I drinks but von case of Shiedam;
Booty near five o'glock ven I vakes myself up,
I calls for my pread an my cheese.
An I dells the Ganaka who comes up mit me
Vor to pring me my schnapp if he please.
Vell, he prings me mine case, an py dam—vat you dink?
Der is nothing, not von single sup,
An dat tuced Ganaka he speaks to mine face
Dat de cockroach he drinks him all up;
You bet I vas vild, but now vat can I do?
So I say, "You please saddle mine horse."
Den he comes back and tells me de horse he vas sick
An der saddle an pridle vas loss.
Den I sware all I know and I hit him von kick,
And I calls him, "You no speak him true,
Vot for do you say dat der saddle is loss
Ven der cockroach he eat him up too?"
Vell den dat Ganaka he bitch into me,
And he swells up der two of mine eyes,
And he peats me and bounds me more hard as he can
Until I just lays down an gries,
Den he stops and I gets up and valks on mine feet,
An I comes for de Grater to see,
My schnapp he is gone, der is notting to eat,
But I still have my meerschaum mit me;
So I smokes an I smokes an I valks up de rocks,
An py an py I reaches von pen,
An der comes out more as 25 ox
Mid a dog an 5 oder man.
Vell, von ox he is vild, an he starts after me,
An he gatches me ven I valls down,
An he bitches me up in der dop of a tree
More as 21 feets from der grount;
My goat it vas dorn an my meerschaum is proke
An my vatch chain is gone from der hook,
But I says to mine self never mind a small joak
Ven you comes at der Grater to look.
Vell it rains and it rains like der bottom vas out,
An my poots it comes off from der sole,
But I valks on my stockings until it is dark
An den I valks into a hole;
I dries an I dries but I cannot git up,
So I dinks vell I stays here all night,
An though I vas hungry an though I vas vet
Yet I dinks on the whole I vas right.
Vell after daylight ven a man comes along,
He hears him ven I makes him a call,
An stops an unfastens a rope from der horse,
An bulls me up mit a haul;
An he goes up mit me dill we comes to a house
Ver a pig fence he runs all around,
An I sees der is smoke and I sees der is steam
An I sees a pig hole in der grount
An I knows dat de Grater is somewhere arount
An dat dis house must be der Hotel,
An ven I valks in vy a man he valks out
An he tells me he hopes I vas vell.
"Vell," I says, "Pooty vell, and I'm glad to get here,
An I vants some pologny an ham,
An some cheese an some pread an a pottle of peer
An a smoke an a glass of Schiedam.
Py dam, vot a country! now vot do you dink
Der landlord he answer to me.
He says, "My dear sir, we have notting to drink
But some vater an coffee an tea.
We can give you a ped an can give you some meals,
An pime py ven der rain it does go
You will dink dat it is a most vonderful ding
Vor to look at the Grater, I know."
Vell, I vates here four days an it rains all der time,
An der fog he vas like a stone vall,
I no see no Grater, I no see no fire,
I hear him go boom, dat vos all.
An now in der morning I dakes myself pack,
Vor I knows vot a pig fool I am
Ven I dinks I vill see any vonderful dings
In der blace vere dey keeps no Schiedam.

HAWAIIAN SCENES.

MY TWO STARS.

WRITTEN FOR "THE TRAVELER" BY FRANK DEARDORF.

No need have I to look above
For light of stars in heaven,
While two like these reflect its love,
And through them light is given.

Those stars shine coldly, far away,
With only nightly splendor;
My wondrous stars, by night and day,
Shine fair and far more tender.

Thy precious light, beloved eyes,
To me is, oh, far clearer;
Through it I see beyond the skies
To God, and bring Him nearer.

Content am I with them for light,
Nor dream of stars in heaven;
They lead me through the darkest night,
A trustful guide and leaven.

ASCENT OF MOUNT POPOCATEPETL.

DAVID MERICK.

WE HAVE been taught almost from the first days at school—as millions of other boys and girls have been through several generations—that Popocatepetl is the biggest volcano in the world, and one of the tallest mountains on the American continent. So we had from early childhood imagined how it would seem to climb 18,000 feet up that stupendous mass of rock and earth, and then look down into that awful crater. How many times our boyish mind used to wander from the geography lessons and out of the humming schoolroom away down into romantic Mexico. Long years ago, therefore, we resolved that one day, if there ever came the least chance, we should ascend Popocatepetl—no matter what the cost or labor or risk.

It was last August that our resolution, made many years ago in a New England school, was carried into execution. We had been traveling through Mexico, and made a journey to Puebla to make provision for the ascent. From the streets of Tocubaya, where we got our first clearly defined view of Popocatepetl, some sixty miles away, the sight was disappointing. The great snow-capped peak seemed no taller than a score we had climbed in California and Colorado, and the three gentlemen from Los Angeles and San Diego, whom I had begged to accompany me in climbing (with guides, of course) the famous old mountain, began to poke fun at my enthusiasm.

Having hired five Indian guides, who had been highly recommended to us at the City of Mexico, and with a mule for each person in the party, besides two pack mules, we started at the first rays of dawn from Tocubaya on the sixteenth of August. Late in the afternoon we reached the little village of Talumina at the foot of the sacred mountain of Amecameca, to which the natives make pilgrimage each alternate year.

A rest of one night there, and our party started early the next morning for the first ascent of Popocatepetl. The road led southeast to the towering volcano. At about noon the grade began to increase fast, and a few hours later we were well up among the first snows of the mountain. At three o'clock we were well into the great pine forest that clothes the upper base of Popocatepetl. Our instruments told us we were now at an elevation of 8300 feet. We went steadily upward, zigzagging over pine-needles, brushing past boughs that gave out their hearty northern smell, and now and then crossing noisy torrents of ice-water. The Indians who followed on foot began to slacken their speed a little toward sunset, for the rarity of the air had sensibly increased since we entered the forest.

At about thirteen thousand feet is the ranch Tlaxcala, merely two or three very large huts and a sulphur roaster, where from time to time the peons work the sulphur collected within the opening of the crater. These huts stand just at the limit of the forest, and we came out upon the black waste of ashes, which stretch away from them, soon after six o'clock. The guides led us to the largest of these huts, and we were soon seated about a great fire that was built in the rude domicile. Supper was soon prepared from our provisions.

An hour later most of the men were asleep, the temperature fallen nearly to freezing, and the air very still. Right in front of us the volcanic ashes, that had been thrown there through endless ages, swept up to 15,000 feet elevation, and above, the snow-cap, glittering in the splendid excess of light, seemed to push upward against the very sky.

"Let their Americanos arise," said our head guide, and we sleepily sat up to find that it was two o'clock, that a wind as cold as ice-water was sifting through the cracks, and that we would rather be allowed to go to sleep and try Popocatepetl some other day. The men pulled themselves together about the smoldering fire, and while we made a hasty breakfast of bread and coffee, they wrapped our feet in woolen cloths, and over them put on "guanaches," such as the peons wear, passing the cords of leather under the sole to afford a secure foothold on the snow. For warmth, comfort, and security no better footgear for mountaineering could be devised. Tenorio looked up sleepily, and said good-by as we passed out, and then we were on horseback and away over the ashes at a good pace.

Between the huts of Tlaxcala and the great upward sweep of volcanic ashes to the snow line there lies a valley perhaps a mile and a half across, and into this we descended, working down the black, fatiguing trail, seen dimly ahead. The descent completed, the hard work began. The incline was steeper than at any point on the previous day, the rarity of the air much increased, and the ashes so fatiguing that the horses could not be ridden straight ahead, but of their own account zigzagged slowly up, stopping every few yards and panting so that the girths seemed on the point of bursting. The guides followed on foot.

At the point called Las Cruces, from the marks on the rocks, the ashes and the snow began. This was at an elevation of about fifteen thousand feet, and we reached it and dismounted at the first peep of dawn. The horses were turned over to one of the men, and we stepped forward on to the snow. For a few hundred yards we obtained good foothold, the crisp surface was furrowed into even ridges, against which we could brace and push upward. Then came a long stretch of smooth surface, slanting at about forty degrees, and the shovel came into play. The Indian in advance cut one step after another, and the other two, creeping along some five feet below us and parallel with our direction, served to keep us in line, for the fog had closed down over everything, and the bent-forward forms of one's companions could only be seen dimly a few feet away. With the help of our long staves, and looking on the snow intently, we half saw, half felt, the footholds, and for an hour more toiled on, a desire to sleep and a sense of numbing cold growing steadily more acute.

ABOVE SNOW LINE—MT. POPOCATEPETL.

At almost six o'clock, while we were resting at an elevation of about eighteen thousand feet, the quick sunrise filtered through the mist about us. The view here was magnificent, but was blotted out shortly, and we then turned to the ascent, now steeper and with a rougher surface. The summit was once more hidden, and while the hummocks, or ridges, on the snow made walking easier, the surface had now become uneven in crust and we repeatedly broke through. It had seemed as though our chests would split open in efforts to inhale more deeply, but now our suffering was forgotten; we plunged forward into the rounding lip of the snow-cap, saw vaguely ahead a strip of black running out to the empty air, and in another minute scrambled down the ice rampart and stretched ourselves on the level ashes.

We were on the rim of the crater of Popocatepetl. Immediately on our right rose the western wall, perhaps over five hundred feet higher than the point where we stood, and all around the circumference the wall of ice, green and white, rose and fell in undulating or jagged outline. The culminating point of the western side is given by the latest surveys an elevation of 17,855 feet above sea level. Five thousand feet away, and diametrically opposite to us, the walls of this inferno descended sheer 2000 feet into a surging, troubled abyss, full of fumes and a dull roar from volcanic activity far below. We noticed the rarity of the air no longer, and, except for the strong smell of sulphur, when the vapors below were stirred and lifted, experienced no discomfort in breathing while we remained seated or walked on the sloping floor of ashes.

One of our party went carefully down the incline and peeped over into the crater, but the rest of us were content to lie there on Popocatepetl and listen to the constant, muffled roar as of subterranean machinery from the vaporous abyss before us, and watch the occasional quick parting of the clouds above, when a patch of purple, as intense as the color of a tropical ocean out of soundings, sent down a short-lived blaze of light, filling all the crater with an iridescent golden glory.

MARY ANDERSON'S ENGLISH HOME.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

PERHAPS no native-born Californienne has earned so world-wide a reputation as Mary Anderson, who was born at Sacramento on July 28, eighteen hundred and—never mind what year. Her passion for the stage manifested itself at the early age of twelve, and though her parents were much averse to her becoming an actress, she studied incessantly, and, finally, triumphing over all opposition, made her first appearance on November 25, 1875, at Macauley's Theater, New York, in the character of Juliet. After playing in several towns of the United States she came to San Francisco, but her first appearance at John McCullough's theater was by no means successful. The members of the company ridiculed her acting and her wardrobe, and the press dealt hardly with her. Indeed, Miss Anderson speaks of this engagement as the most unhappy part of her professional life.

But all unpleasant memories of San Francisco were soon obliterated by her triumphs in Europe, where she met many men and women of the highest social position, with whom her relations were of the pleasantest kind. But, as years wore on, she became, as all persons of sensitive nature must do, more and more dissatisfied with the glare, glitter, and notoriety of stage life. Fond as ever she had been of the *study* of dramatic art, the every day *practise* of it grew increasingly distasteful. The continual exhibition of herself to all who chose to pay to see her, and whom the payment entitled to criticize her as they liked, became odious. Her last appearance in the Old World was at Dublin, and in 1889, on the Thursday night after Ash-Wednesday, at Washington, D. C., during inauguration week, the curtain rang down on her last appearance on the stage. In November she became engaged to Antonio F. de Navarro, whom she had known for many years, and in June, 1890, married him at the little Catholic church at Hampstead, near London. Since her marriage Mrs. Navarro has rejected the most remunerative offers made to induce her to act again, and accounting a brilliant reputation in the world but a poor exchange for domestic obscurity and happiness has lived in retirement, chiefly at Tunbridge Wells, a beautiful town in Kent, which has long been a favorite place of residence for retired army officers and other well-to-do people desiring a mild climate, a healthy and pretty place, and an agreeable society at a moderate distance from London. Though nowadays it has a slight air of faded splendor and bygone gaiety, it is a delightful town, clean, well-lighted, and well-watered, and is interesting to tourists.

It is more than two centuries since the mineral springs from which Tunbridge Wells derived its name were discovered, or at any rate introduced to the notice of people of fashion. A certain Lord North, a courtier of James I., who also claimed the credit of having first attracted the attention of rich Londoners to the virtues of Epsom waters, recommended his country people to visit home springs instead of incurring the expense and discomfort of journeying to the continental spas. The noble lord's health had been much impaired by metropolitan dissipation, but the healthy country life at "The Wells," or the chalybeate waters, or both, so restored his constitution that he was able to hold on to life till his eighty-fifth year. At any rate the reputation of Tunbridge Wells grew apace, and it became a favorite resort of people of rank and wealth. Queen Henrietta Maria visited it, and in 1664 Charles II. and his wife, Catherine of Braganza, stayed there for some time. The town is about thirty miles from London, a pleasant ride on a summer's afternoon. Toward the close of the century (about 1694) Princess Anne of Denmark, who was a frequent visitor to "The Wells," built a fountain there, which was long called "The Queen's Well." In those pre-asphaltum and ante-stone sidewalk days the pavements of cities and towns were rough and uneven, and the Duke of Gloucester having slipped and hurt his royal self upon the "walks," the Queen gave a considerable sum to be expended in putting them in proper condition. But the City Fathers used the Queen's good money for some other purpose, which so angered that royal lady that she withdrew the light of her countenance (literally and metaphorically) from Tunbridge Wells. However, the inhabitants paved the principal promenade under the lime-trees with square red bricks or tiles, whence it is called "The Pantiles" to the present day.

But great as are the uses of royal patronage in a country reigned over, but not governed, by a monarch, Tunbridge Wells yet owed most to a commoner, and one of not very high birth at that. This was Richard Nash, or "Beau Nash," as he is almost universally called, the autocrat of society at the queen of West of England watering-places, Bath. In the heyday of his power, Nash, wearing a three-cornered white hat, ornamented with gold lace, drove from Bath to Tunbridge Wells in a splendid carriage, drawn by six gray horses, and preceded by outriders blowing French horns. Immediately on his arrival he assumed the dictatorship of society at Tunbridge Wells with the same confidence as he had done at Bath. The improvement that followed only demonstrated once again the fact that a good despotism is the best of all governments. Nash's influence was entirely wholesome. He prohibited the wearing of riding-boots and swords on ordinary social occasions, and so rendered the occurrence of dangerous *fracas* less probable. Though his own great expenditure was largely defrayed by a commission paid to him by the proprietors of the faro and other public gambling games he did all he could to discourage gambling in private houses. He had much the same talent (but with much more autocratic power) for regulating the amusements of rich idle people, as in our own day made the reputation of the late Ward McAllister. As far as possible he filled up the day with pleasant occupations and diversions, and kept people agreeably occupied. He was a man of engaging manners, dressed elegantly, and, of course, possessed consummate assurance. It was to no small extent due to his influence that the visitors to "The Wells" mingled more freely and affably with each other and so increased the sum of common enjoyment. A new arrival in coach or postchaise was welcomed by a band of music, and was expected to bestow upon the musicians a gratuity in accordance with his means and social position. At seven o'clock in the morning the visitor was supposed to present himself at "The Pantiles," where he drank the waters and strolled about for an hour or more. Then he took his breakfast, which in fine weather was served under the shade of the lime-trees, to the accompaniment of music; after breakfast he again idled among the gay crowd or strolled to the coffee-house (humble progenitor of the palatial modern club) to look at the newspaper; if he affected a taste for literature he would go to the bookshop, where manuscript copies of poems satirizing the local celebrities were read and circulated. Those who were religiously inclined attended prayers in the Episcopal chapel at eleven. Those of an energetic turn took a brisk ride over the springy-turfed downs, or made an excursion to the Castle of Penshurst, the ivy-grown ruins of Bayham Abbey, Eridge Castle, the moated house at Ightham, or some other pretty or historical spot in the neighborhood. After a midday dinner many of the men played bowls while others looked on and smoked their pipes. The ladies in the afternoon took donkey-rides on the Common, and then adjourned to "The Pantiles" to sip their tea. On two evenings a week there were balls in the assembly-rooms, and on other evenings whist, picquet, and quadrilles. Dancing opened at the early hour of six with a minuet, at eight country dances began, and at eleven precisely the music ceased and the visitor retired. But though the public festivities ended at a becomingly early hour it is not unlikely that some bright spirits met again elsewhere and kept things going at little suppers with bowls of punch and jugs of "bishop."

The health-giving waters still flow into a marble basin at the end of "The Pantiles"; the lime-trees still cast a pleasant shade; there is still a band to enliven the scene; but, pleasant as "The Parade" now is, its glory has in a sense departed, and the outdoor public life of the people of Nash's day is little likely to be resumed. Privacy and virtue are doubtless the gainers, but picturesqueness and worldly ease of manner have probably been the losers. The showy equipages with tooting horns and outriders are seen no more, nor do the beaux and belles of to-day conduct their flirtations so much in the public eye as in former times was the fashion. Yet a man might spend his days or end them in many a less pleasant spot than the town selected by "our Mary" as her English home.

A TIME EXPOSURE.

A TIME EXPOSURE.

There is no one who will deny the fact that the above photograph is an "exposure" in both senses of the word, and, considering the character of the subject, it is natural to presume it must have been a "time" exposure. Just how many seconds, or *minutes*, were necessary to obtain so clear a negative is known only to the camera fiend and his subjects. From the real earnestness of the situation and the apparent obliviousness to the surroundings, the dramatis personæ evidently kept no record of the time, and, no doubt, cared less.

HOW WE DID NOT BREAK THE RECORD.

J. TORREY CONNOR.

FOR long-distance signaling over land and water, we had established a world-beating record, but not content with this brilliant achievement we determined to lower the colors of the San Francisco Signal Corps, whose record for long-distance signaling over land was five miles better than our own.

Two squads were sent out from the armory provisioned for a long journey. The squad under the command of Sergeant Kremer was bound for the San Bernardino Mountains, from the topmost peak of which we were to signal across the valley to Sergeant Kinsey's squad on Tehachapi.

We arrived at our first camping-place at the close of a cold, raw day, hungry as wolves and tired as ditch diggers. Sergeant Kremer proclaimed his ability to build a bed for five, and after supper was dispatched, the horses fed, and the tent pitched, he took the long, double army-blankets and spread them on the bare ground. Any sort of bed was inviting, to our way of thinking, even though we discovered that five men could not, with comfort, flock under covers just long enough for four. This was fully demonstrated about one A. M., when the "end men" arose in their wrath and demanded that Cooper, who had diverted the greater part of the blankets to his own use, be called to account. Matters were finally arranged, but there was little time left for sleep, as we wished to get an early start.

At 4:30 A. M., we crawled out of our blankets, and an hour later we were en route. It soon became evident that one of our horses was afflicted with "that tired feeling," and, indeed, it finally stopped short in its tracks. We got out of the wagon and pushed, then, as the team started on a trot, clambored back again with a comfortable sense of having mastered the difficulty. The trot became a walk, the walk a snail's pace, and again the animal halted. There was nothing to do but push, and this we did right vigorously with most unhappy results. The off horse, not being a party to the other's misdeeds, protested when the wagon was bumped against its heels, and, as one of the men said, "appeared to have a kick coming."

When we had mended the broken tug and straightened things out generally, we held a council of war, at the close of which we decided to get another team. We found that the nearest place we could procure horses was five miles across country. The change caused considerable delay, but we finally reached Redlands where Washburn, who had come down by train with the heliograph instruments, joined us. (The method of sending messages by heliograph is much the same as that used in sending by electric telegraph, the flashes of light, long or short, corresponding to the dots and dashes of the Morse code. Heliograph signaling is the surest means of long-range communication known, aside from the telegraph and telephone, which are not to be relied upon in times of war.)

Before leaving town Sergeant Kremer thoughtfully perused the written directions giving the nearest route to the peak, and arranged with a Redlands party to telephone to Seven Oaks for the burros, that were to be sent to the foot of the trail to await our coming. "We turn here," said the Sergeant, presently, tracing the route with pencil and paper. Cooper, who was driving, suggested that as the telephone line ran to Seven Oaks, it would be well to follow that. But the Sergeant did not think so, and turning, we struck a road that led through miles of wash, plentifully strewn with rocks.

AWAITING THE SIGNAL.

At the end of an hour it occurred to Hupp, who is studying to be a lawyer, to inquire where we "were at." This he did of a ranchman whom we passed. "How fur is it t' Seven Oaks? Wal, ye want t' go back 'bout five miles, an' take th' fust road t' yer left." "!!!!!!" "'Bout five miles back" we came upon a wagon track, meandering away to the left through the sage-brush, and following it for some distance we finally ran into a bee ranch, where the road, to all appearances, ended. To make a long story short, we finally struck the right road and kept it. We expected to make Skinner's camp by five o'clock, and Hupp, having meal time in mind, suggested that we draw lots to see who would serve in the capacity of dish-washer. It was clearly his turn at the helm and we so informed him, but to no purpose.

"Now, how do you know that it is my turn to wash dishes?" inquired the incipient lawyer. "Are you sure that you washed them the last time? Can you safely assert, without fear of contradiction, that I myself did not wash them? Are—— " We were on the point of mobbing him when Sergeant Kremer created a diversion. "I say, boys, look at that wash-out!"

LOS ANGELES SIGNAL CORPS.

We craned our neck, expecting to see new obstacles in the shape of gullied roads. Finally, after looking over the landscape carefully, we spied a lot of freshly washed clothes hung on a line to dry, at the rear of a small house beside the road! But our troubles were only begun. Arrived at the foot of the trail, we found that the telephone line was down, and that we should be obliged to send seven miles for our burros. "It don't seem like the same old smi-i-ile," Washburn warbled, as Skinner, with a rueful countenance, departed in quest of the burros. We pitched our tent, resolved to make the best of the situation. As we were due at the peak the next morning at ten, Washburn and I determined to go on ahead with the heliograph, leaving the others to follow with the camp outfit when the burros arrived.

We had gone some distance when we remembered that the adjusting rods of the machine were in Sergeant Kremer's haversack. We thereupon sat down to wait for Kremer and the burros. It was then six o'clock and very cold; we had to build a fire to keep from freezing. At ten o'clock the burro train appeared in charge of a guide. The last stage of the trip was up a trail that was somewhat dangerous and, as one of the boys remarked, "mighty perpendicular," and a strain on the nerves of all.

We drew ourselves up by the help of rocks and bushes, sometimes going ahead of the train to break the snow so that the burros could get through. I will state, incidentally, that we were six hours climbing the trail, and that our return trip "down hill" was made in an hour. We at once opened the station, and anxiously watched for the signaling flash from Tehachapi, the exact distance from our station being one hundred and twenty miles to the north.

The atmosphere was hazy, but we at length saw a flash and knew where to focus our instruments. We worked for hours and succeeded in making out, at intervals, three words: "how—we—are." "Better luck to-morrow," said the Sergeant; but the next day the sky was overcast with clouds, and the guide said we should have to get out of there or be snowed in. Reluctantly the order was given to "break camp."

The burros evidently scented a storm, for they were very uneasy, and one of the pack animals that Costerison had in charge bolted, dragging the unlucky youth at its heels. They finally brought up against a tree, one on each side. In crossing the creek on the return trip, Costerison stepped on the wrong side of a stone and took an involuntary bath. He scrambled out with wrath in his eye, and, with great deliberation, fished a rabbit's foot from his pocket and sent it spinning into the air. As a faithful chronicler of "how we did not break the record," I will take my oath that our bad luck left us from that moment. We reached Los Angeles in due time, after putting in eight days traveling over one hundred and seventy-five miles and living like savages—all to find out "how we are."

DUCK SHOOTING.

R. B. BUCKHAM.

NO OTHER form of sport is quite equal to duck shooting. In his buoyant little craft the sportsman sets sail, with all his paraphernalia on board, for some favorite haunt; a long, wooded promontory, or reed-overgrown marsh, whose excellence as a duck-shooting ground he has been keeping a profound secret, lo, these many years. Here he sets out his deceptive flock of wooden decoys, erects his tiny blind, and quietly awaits developments. Gradually the garrulous crows, that have noisily been giving vent to their annoyance and disgust at this unexpected invasion of their domains, quiet down into comparative silence; the busy squirrels venture forth once more in their quests after nuts, and the various wood-folk return again to their several avocations.

If it is a bright and sunny day, it is a pleasure indeed to lie basking in the warm sunshine, studying the ways of the wild denizens of the wood. Dame Nature, so cruel and unrelenting oftentimes in her dealings with civilized man, seems always to smile benignly upon them. Naught reck they of luxuries and artificial comforts: to but dwell unmolested here is happiness complete with them.

To secure a goodly bag of ducks on a bright, clear day requires plenty of patience. The birds fly high at such times and are very suspicious and uneasy, moving about often from place to place, and seldom remaining long in any one spot. It is this one peculiarity of theirs, however, which renders it practicable to secure very fair sport on such a day. The tyro, maybe, on such an occasion, would spend his entire time bemoaning the ill luck which was attending his outing, and the scarcity of game, at least in the particular locality which he had selected. Not so the experienced sportsman. He, instead, would be scanning the sky above him and the tossing expanse of water with the closest scrutiny. He would know full well that on such a day he could with little reason expect that flock after flock would settle complacently about his lifeless decoys and there patiently await the leaden hail; but that, rather, he must catch them with the chance shot, if he can, as they dart by at lightning speed, above and behind him, as well as before him; singly, or by twos and threes.

WHERE OCEAN RAVES.

It is remarkable how many of these birds will escape the notice of an inexperienced person. The writer has often occupied a blind in company with such an one, and seen him sit listlessly gazing at the pebbles on the beach while duck after duck darted past him unheeded, not even the whistle of their pinions being heard.

If the day is dull and cloudy overhead, and accompanied with occasional mists and rain, the incidents of the hunt will be of a somewhat different character. Then it is that all water-fowl prefer to rest quietly in some sheltered spot and await the coming of clearing weather before taking up again their long flight toward the south. Then they should be sought on the lee side of capes and jutting points, whose steep banks and rocky shores break the fury of the storm; or along the marshes or the broad, shallow beaches where they love so well to feed.

What a stirring experience it is to seek them out on such a day! The uncertain and unpromising weather, inclement though it may be, yet has no terrors for the huntsman, who, well and sufficiently clad in garments suitable for the day, but rejoices in its somber grandeur. Above the moaning of the wind and the ceaseless roar of the billows, ever and anon he catches the distant sound of the weird, discordant "honk, honk, honk," of geese; and now and then the fog lifting gives him a momentary glimpse of the huge birds as they circle about on clumsy wing. As he draws stealthily nearer he can discern them more plainly, an innumerable host, wading about in the foaming surf in search of food, while out upon the water, not far beyond, are floating clusters of mallards, canvasbacks, bluebills and teal, and ducks of every kind and description; a sight well calculated to repay him for braving the fury of the storm. Few people other than experienced hunters realize the efforts and real hard work entailed in the pursuance of this delightful sport, and it is still more difficult to understand its fascination because of this arduous labor.

Numberless devices and stratagems are resorted to by huntsmen while in pursuit of water-fowl, many of which the young sportsman would do well to note for future use whenever he has an opportunity to observe the manner of putting them into execution. Among others may be mentioned, taking advantage of the morning and evening flights to and from the feeding grounds, the use of the sneak-boat, sink-box, floating blind, and live decoys. Others will naturally suggest themselves from the nature and character of the particular locality in which one resides. For example, a favorite one with a veteran hunter of the writer's acquaintance is that of stealthily stealing upon the quarry with canoe and paddle. Not far from his home there is a deep bay, into the head of which empties, with sinuous and irregular course, a sluggish creek whose banks are well wooded to the very water's edge. Oftentimes during a storm accompanied with very strong winds, this stream will be fairly alive with fowl, enjoying to the fullest its shelter and quiet seclusion. By paddling along close to the wooded bank, and quickly rounding a turn in the stream, he often succeeds in darting into the very midst of a startled flock, which instantly dashes away to the right and to the left, thus affording a mark very similar to that of a flushing grouse.

But a half-breed Indian that the writer chanced to fall in with in the region of the Great Lakes was accustomed to accomplish his designs in a still more singular manner than this. Proceeding along the beach until he discovered a flock of birds out upon the water, he would fell a small pine or hemlock tree. Then fastening it securely to his back he would crawl beneath it out across the wide stretch of sand with a progress so slow as to be practically imperceptible. When at length he reached the edge of the water he would suddenly leap to his feet with a bound, and deliver into the midst of the unsuspecting flock a death dealing charge from his long gun; which, though but a single-barreled affair of primitive pattern, nevertheless seemed always to do good execution in his hands.

BICYCLE BITS.

As a rule, bicycles painted in bright colors show dirt less quickly than plain black; but, now that colored wheels are in vogue, there is a tendency to overdo the matter. Half a dozen colors, more or less antagonistic, will give your wheel a grotesque and bizarre appearance, and two harmonious shades, one for the solid color and one for the trimming, will prove "an elegant sufficiency." One of the latest fads is to wear a cycling suit to match the color of the wheel.

Down in one of our southern cities a driver on a lumber wagon carelessly backed into a tricycle carrier. The man was arrested for careless driving, but when taken before the judge that official discharged him on the ground that careless driving did not mean backing, and could not come under the same restrictions of the law.

One of our great dailies aptly remarks that all the world is divided into two parts—the part which rides a bicycle and the part which doesn't. It might have added, with perfect truth, that "the part which doesn't" is growing beautifully less, from day to day; in fact, the time is rapidly approaching when, excepting centenarians and cripples, it can be truthfully said, "the world's awheel."

In France, cyclists pay a tax of $2.25 on each machine. This tax yielded the government $400,000 this season.

Canadian railways, with the exception of the Inter-Colonial, charge fifty pounds excess baggage on bicycles carried over their lines.

Mexico is one of the latest countries to take a national interest in cycling.

Berlin has establishments where your wheel is cleaned while you wait. "Wheels cleaned here" may at some future time be as familiar as "Boots blacked inside."

WHALING IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

RODNEY WHITCOMB.

SOMETHING like thirty vessels leave San Francisco yearly on a whaling cruise in the Arctic seas. The most populous whaling regions are in the Arctic Sea, in the vicinity of Bering's Strait, the Okhotsk Sea and its bays, and Herschell Island, at the mouth of the Mackenzie River. In these freezing regions the immense ice floes begin to break up in May or June, when the vessels, which have been waiting at the "edge of the ice," proceed further north on their hunt for whales.

An average whaling vessel has a crew of about fifty men. They must be provided with suits of heavy skins and furs, and long India-rubber boots, water proof. It is equipped with a number of light, swift canoes, seventy-five or one hundred harpoons and "lance bombs," and an extra supply of rope; for, frequently, a whale runs away with both harpoon and the rope attached.

The points of the harpoon are sometimes damaged when thrown into a whale and become useless, for the time being, at least. A "lance bomb" is attached to the harpoon, and immediately explodes when it strikes the object. The "lance bomb" is about a half a foot in length and an inch in diameter.

On nearing the feeding "grounds" of the whales the steamers stop their propellers and hoist sail, for the whale has a sensitive ear and can hear the least noise, and as he frequently rises to the surface he notes the slightest agitation of the waters. Being very timid this would drive them away into the icebergs, where the canoes cannot go. Under and amidst the icebergs there are "air holes," and there the whales remain until their fright is over and the danger has passed.

Whales are found feeding in the shallow waters of about twenty or thirty fathoms—from one hundred to two hundred feet. They float along with their noses and a part of the back out of the water, which latter is owing to its conical shape. The vessel sails quietly along to the "feeding grounds," and anchors. Two or three men, with field glasses, are on watch in the "crow's nest." On the topmast are cross-trees, on which the men stand, partly protected from the cutting winds by canvas. This is the "crow's nest." The watchers scan the sea with their powerful glasses, and when a spout of water similar to that of a small geyser is seen, one of them halloos to the captain, "Blow starboard," or "Blow forward," as the direction may be. The Captain turns his glass in that direction, and orders the crew of a specified canoe to "Stand by." On rising to the surface the whale gives a "blow," throwing the water about 100 feet, then "flukes," or sinks, eight or ten feet, rising at intervals of from fifteen to thirty minutes. He repeats this from seven to nine times. Then he "flukes," finally, and when he does this he partly turns and elevates his tail above the surface about ten feet. "Fluke" is the whaler's expression for turning tail and disappearing below, and from that time on every man in the boat must be on the *qui vive*.

ARCTIC WHALING.

Before the final "fluke," however, one or more canoes have been silently let down into the water to overhaul the "Blow." Each canoe has a crew of eight men, and carries several harpoons, lance bombs, and sealskin buoys. Oars are not used. By a system of signals the men are directed to almost the point where the whale will next come to the surface. The canoe is steered so as to strike the whale about midships, so that the harpoon may be thrown into the vital part under the fins. The eyes of the whale are set back in his head to such a degree that his oblique range of vision is short, consequently he is easily approached from the side. When within twenty or thirty feet of the whale, the harpoonist throws the missile at a point under the fins. The fine steel points of the harpoon cut through the hide and blubber, which is from eight to fifteen inches in thickness. Immediately, the bomb explodes, and, if the harpoon and bomb have entered a vital spot, this internal explosion is sufficient. Otherwise, another explosive is fired from a gun into the wound. If the wound is fatal the whale at once turns up his "fluke" and makes a dive for the bottom. He prefers to die there. The man at the windlass "pays" out rope until he stops, and then places a sealskin buoy over the spot, as a monument, so that he may not be lost. Finally, the dead whale is hauled up to the surface, when ropes are placed in his "fluke" and fins, and he is towed to the ship.

When the wound is only slight, the chase becomes most exciting, and very dangerous. The wounded whale makes a dive for the bottom, and unless the rope is very quickly "payed out," or cut, the canoe and crew go with him; or he speeds along on the surface so swiftly that the canoe is overturned and the men are drowned. Most frequently the whale heads for the icebergs, instinctively feeling that there he is safe. He launches out at the speed of about ten miles an hour, dragging the canoe in his wake, perhaps upsetting it and drowning the crew.

Though the whale is naturally timid it fights for revenge when wounded, and will throw itself upon the side, project the lower jaw over the canoe, and crush it, then turn, and with a well-directed blow crush the hunters who are struggling in the water. When fighting it holds its head high out of the water, and leaps out nearly half its length, which is from sixty to one hundred and fifty feet. The waves are red with the blood of the wounded animal, and his "bellow," which is heard for several miles, indicates his rage. Some of the most daring hunters, who relish a little excitement after a long and tedious voyage, run the canoe upon and over the whale's back, and then plunge the harpoon and explosive at from almost arm's length. At such close range the blow is generally effective and the monster whale turns over on his back and yields up the ghost.

After having been towed to the ship a "raft" is formed of timbers and let down and the whale brought alongside. A number of men get upon the platform, and the whale is triced up by pulleys, hanging by the "fluke" and fins. His head is cut off and put aboard the ship for dissection, for it is the most valuable part. A number of men with spades begin to cut away the blubber. The spade has a handle about one foot long, and a square blade, as sharp as a razor. The blubber is cut into "blanket-pieces," or, rather, strips of about six feet in length, and four feet wide, and as thick as the blubber is deep. During the process the whale is turned by the pulley ropes after the manner of a goose on a spit.

"The blanket-pieces" are then sent to headquarters on the islands and "tried" into lard. About one hundred and fifty or two hundred barrels is the average yield. When the whale has been entirely "fleshed," the carcass is turned adrift, and furnishes food for other fishes. During the fleshing numbers of albatross and petrels swarm around on the scent for food, and the waves are reddened with blood, giving to the spot the appearance of a battle-ground or a modern slaughter-house.

The head, which is about one-third the length of the whale, is then scientifically dissected for the bone, known to commerce as "whalebone." The yield of a head is from 1800 to 3200 pounds. It contains 300 broad strips—150 on each side. These must be separated with delicateness or else they are ruined. The tusks are taken out and polished. The whale ivory is very valuable.

The "bowhead" is most numerously found in the Arctic seas. It is the largest and most valuable of all species. It is so called because its head is shaped in the form of a bow. The "bowhead" is from 80 to 150 feet in length, and about 50 feet in girth, the fins are a foot and a half in length, and the tail is about 20 feet long. This species is the most aggressive.

In 1896, whaling vessels brought to this port 7057 barrels of oil, 6640 pounds of ivory, and 204,012 pounds of bone as the result of the whale-hunting season.

This, That and the Other

LILLIAN DUNKETT FERGUSON

Magazine sandwiches, one might call the holiday numbers of these monthly periodicals, the interior of which represents a very thin layer of literature placed between pages innumerable of advertising matter. Time was when the American magazine made its appearance with its advertisements a secondary consideration, but then we paid more for them, and had a right to expect more fiction and fact in return for our money. If the transformation goes on at the rate that it has during the past few years, the so-called magazine will be but a shrunken ghost of its former self, upon which the X-ray of science will have to be turned in order to locate the literary contents. But courage, reader! Let us not complain, for it is something to be thankful for that the reading proportion of the magazines of the day is still visible to the naked eye. If one tire of the contents, one can have recourse to the "ads." They are clever in their way, some of them exceedingly so, for advertising has become an art. For that matter, a really timely and well-written advertisement is far more entertaining, edifying, and instructive than a mediocre story or an inane poem any day in the year.

The cover of Harper's is semi-familiar. A new side has been grafted on to it; the inevitable column, and fat, flower-basketed, perennial Cupid are in evidence to the right as of yore, and the page looks somewhat as a friend might who had endeavored to mold his features on a different plan, or had allowed a beard and mustache to grow on one side of his face in order to pay off a campaign bet. The majority of the magazines are quite devoid of Christmas characteristics. One can gladly excuse them from the Santa-Claus-on-the-roof-with-his-reindeer-and-frozen-whiskers pictures, but one resents such total abstinence as several of them affected in the year of our Lord '96. We're used to our Christmas in one form or the other. When we cease to care for its observance; when the Christ Day has become to us a hollow mockery; when we look upon the annual festival as a nuisance, an expense, and a bore; when we frown at the childish enjoyments of the adult infants called grown persons; when we idly wonder "wat's de use?"—why, then, may kind heaven have mercy on our warped souls and railroad us out of a world that we are no longer fit to dwell in!

The air is filled with the rustling of new leaves turned over, their shining purity soon to be sullied o'er with the blots of fresh errors, splashed with the tears of regret, crumpled and torn by ruthless fingers. And some among us, I wot, will make a sorry enough record for themselves by the time the new year is laid on Time's commodious shelf. Each will go on his blundering way, learning lessons by experience and marveling at his denseness. For some there are joys unutterable in store; for others—well, let us hope for the best for those unlucky "others."

When '96 came knocking at my door
He promised me
Such gifts as I had never known before,
Then straightway he
Forgot to keep his word. Ah, full of tricks
Was '96.

Now '97 comes. He hath the smiles
Of old, but I
Give him, in answer to his artful wiles,
The glassy eye.
I'll not believe him, tho' he swear to heaven,
This '97.

THE KID.

He was small and ragged and ignorant, this waif of whom I write; so very ignorant that he did not even know it was New Year's Eve. There had never been any New Year's in the Kid's life and he was seven years old. But he did not know that either. Stranger yet, he was not aware that the night was chilly and damp, in spite of the warmth, the glow, the radiance of the brilliantly lighted stores whose windows seemed like bits of the bright sky on a starlit night, only a great deal brighter. The Kid was used to curbstone temperature.

Down in the depths of Brannan Street, where the decaying wood of old shanties vitiates the microbe-laden atmosphere, the Kid had been wont to scuttle after nightfall, making his way by some sort of instinct into the rookery that sheltered his dissolute parents and a houseful of brothers bigger than himself, who fought and swore and stole and did other reprehensible things not unusual in the children of the slums. It was the kind of home that makes a child prefer the comfort of the streets.

The newsboys had nicknamed him the Kid because of his size, or rather, the lack of it. Months before he had strayed up to Market Street with a military head-covering on so much too large for him that his ears and the back of his neck went into total eclipse beneath it, leaving only his eyes, which were a faded blue, and his old-young face visible. It was a hopeless, dull little face, interesting only because of its elfishness and pallor. He still wore the cap, and it fitted him as badly as ever. Somehow its owner seemed to grow smaller as he grew older, but perhaps that was by contrast with the other boys.

A young lady hurried past him on her way to a McAllister-street car. As she stepped from the sidewalk, something fluttered to the Kid's feet. It was a dainty bit of white cambric. He ran toward her but the car had started. For a few seconds he stopped irresolutely on the cobbles, then scurried to the nearest window, by its light awkwardly folded the snowy square and tucked it away under his grimy little jacket. He knew that it belonged to the girl at the big plate-glass window in the Market-street building, for he had seen her there every day for a long while, her white fingers flying over the queer little machine in front of her. She had given him an orange once out of her lunch basket, and she had smiled at him. The Kid remembered it because nobody had ever smiled at him before. As for oranges, he had grabbed many a one when the lynx-eyed peddler was not looking. By and by the mite of a form was swallowed up in the gloom of Brannan Street, but close to his breast all the way—and all night, too—he kept one small, unwashed hand clasped tightly over his "find."

The next morning the stores were mostly closed and the shades down at the windows of the office where the girl sat every day The Kid waited for hours, but she did not come. He was very hungry, but nobody seemed to notice him. A little boy passed, dressed like the wax figures in the windows of the Kearny-street store around the corner, a tall man holding him by the hand. But even they did not see him. Then he looked up and there was the window girl stepping from a car. The Kid ran toward her and held up the handkerchief.

"You were very good," she said, in a soft voice that seemed to him the sweetest he had ever heard. "Have you had your New Year's dinner?"

The Kid shook his head.

"Come with me," said the window girl, and presently they went through the swinging doors of a large restaurant. She laid half a dollar on the counter. "Give him all the turkey he can eat," she said, and with another smile was gone.

January rained its way on to February; February sulked and flirted with the elements until March came, and when April arrived, the Kid had become a newsboy. He and the window girl were great friends now. To the Kid she seemed the one thing in all the city worth looking at. The shoes he wore had been her gift; the cap was replaced by a soft, warm hat, and his thin little frame was encased in a new suit of clothes, for the girl at the window had a kind heart as well as a sweet smile. It was she who had urged him to sell papers. And within the Kid's breast there was something that we do not always inspire in those whom we befriend. For want of a better name we call it gratitude.

He lingered a great deal about the florist's window, wishing that he could buy the biggest bunch of flowers in the place for her. He saw them making the most beautiful things out of flowers, especially the white flowers. Once he traded a pen-knife that he had picked up with an Italian boy at Lotta's Fountain for a bunch of violets for her. He meant to save his money until he could buy as many as he could carry of the white flowers with the long name, tied with broad white ribbons, like the bunch he had seen them put on the little ivory-tinted box in the queer black wagon that sometimes passed by with a row of carriages behind it. "Santhems" was the nearest that he could get their name. But the fund grew so slowly that it was almost New Year's again before he had what the florist asked. The Kid was not as bright or as hardy as his competitors, and street noises seemed to drown out his piping voice before it reached the ears of the passers-by.

It lacked two days of New Year's. The Kid pictured to himself the smile she would give him, for he meant to carry the chrysanthemums to her himself. He ran on toward the florist's, the final nickel that he needed having just been added to his hoarded sum. How it happened no one ever knew, but there was a great shout, the pounding of hoofs close to him, and then came darkness, darker even than that in the Brannan-street depths.

Out at the hospital he managed to make them understand, for presently the window girl was there holding his hand in both her own and crying. Then she kissed him and told him he must get well and live with her, for she was going to be married in the spring and he should go to school.

She sat by him all day and told him many wonderful things, but the most wonderful of all was about the Child in the manger and His birthday On New Year's morning she brought him a glorious bunch of white chrysanthemums. And afterward, when he lay at peace in the little white box, the flowers went with him on his first and last ride.

According to effete tradition, it would seem that the first woman's club was a rolling-pin.

The bitterest blow that a girl can know,
Or that Christmas-time can bring,
Is to find in her stocking a "sensible" gift
When she wanted a diamond ring.

Now that the annual turkey and mince pie festival is a thing of the past—a dream or a nightmare, according to our respective digestions—and we have settled down once more to an every-day, beefsteak basis, in order to wage anew the battle called life, wouldn't it be a good idea to infuse a little sound common sense into the heads of certain over-fond parents whom we know, regarding the absurdly extravagant ideas they entertain about clothing their progeny?

The fact is, there is a very prevalent, false, and altogether nonsensical rivalry among the "well-to-do" fathers and mothers of darkest San Francisco, concerning what their children wear to school. The consequence is that in a number of the grammar schools within our city's limits there are young boys and girls arrayed in clothing that their parents cannot afford to provide for them. Many times the most rigid economy is enforced at home in order that a "slip of a girl" or a "broth of a boy" may, forsooth, be clad in expensive garments. And why? Simply to make an impression—to convey the idea that wealth exists where poverty in reality is hiding. This terrible strain to keep up with the glittering procession is driving people into the clutches of creditors, and ruining their children, who cannot under such circumstances be expected to comprehend the value of the money spent on them, or respect the parents who are their slaves.

The daintiest of dress materials are now retailed so reasonably that it is possible, with taste and judgment, to gown a little girl in the most becoming and charming fashion by the expenditure of a reasonable sum. The line, however, should be drawn at expensive silks, laces, and jewelry. It is amazing to hear the children of the so-called upper society classes in our public schools discussing the dress subject and bragging about what they own that costs the most. We Americans are the best and worst parents in the world. We mean so well, and perform so badly! Who will start the ball of our reform a-rolling.

And, really, these perverted ideas are not confined to the young misses alone, but, through the example and encouragement of the parents, to the little mites not old enough to go to kindergarten.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

PRICE FIFTEEN CENTS. *FEBRUARY, 1897.* SAN FRANCISCO AND LOS ANGELES, CAL.

VENETIAN FISHING BOATS.

Hotel Del Monte

NO ONE picture or group of pictures can do more than serve as a suggestion of the great attractions of Del Monte. There is such a wide variety, and everything is on such a broad scale, that from no one standpoint can the story be told; and while we have attempted in the above cut to illustrate interesting bits of the grounds, hotel, etc., there are scores and scores of other scenes of equal interest and attractiveness. It is yet to be placed on record that any stranger has visited this resort and been other than agreeably disappointed. Everything is up to (and beyond) the brag. The grounds and flowers are a revelation, the eighteen-mile drive around the ocean shore and back through the sweet-smelling pine forests is a marvel, and the hotel itself is as near perfection in all its appointments as it is possible to reach. It is little less than criminal for strangers visiting California to miss seeing Del Monte

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THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

WM. V. BRYAN, Editor and Proprietor.

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THERE is a movement under way to affiliate the interests of the hotels and resorts in Central California by making a united effort to secure for this section a greater proportion of the winter and spring tourist trade than they have enjoyed in the past. At a meeting of the California Hotel Association, at San Francisco, a short time since, it was suggested by Mr. Geo. W. Lynch, President of the Hotel Men's Mutual Benefit Association, and the New York representative of several of our well-known hostelries, that some action should be taken to bring Central California more to the front. The idea was well received, and, after a discussion of the subject, a committee was appointed to perfect the details and the line of campaign. Mr. Jno. C. Kirkpatrick, Manager of the Palace Hotel, was selected as chairman of this committee.

While we all acknowledge that Southern California possesses a most delightful winter climate, the central portion of the State is quite as charming, beginning with the early months of spring, and there is no reason why it should not receive the tourist patronage from the South for a longer period than has been allotted in the past. The reason is apparent. The hotel men of the South act in concert for their own interests, and commendably so. They are energetic, untiring, and good advertisers of their own section. They believe in spending money judiciously to attract trade to their neighborhood, and the best evidence that they have succeeded is that Southern California is to-day the best known section of the State, and, in the eyes of the first visitor, is virtually California itself. The natural consequence is that the Eastern travelers commence to migrate about November, and spend from five to six months in this delightful country, leaving perhaps a couple or three weeks of their allotted time for a trip to San Francisco, and a few of its beautiful environments, on the homeward journey.

A bureau of information will probably be established at Los Angeles for the dissemination of literature regarding Central California, its climate, its attractions, and its superb hotels. Extensive circularizing should be conducted in a systematic manner, personal solicitation at the principal tourist centers at the South, as well as a vigorous personal campaign in the East.

This movement, if perfected, will probably result in the amalgamation of the two hotel associations in this State, which should have been brought about long ago, and it is unquestionable that such an arrangement would work not only harmoniously, but profitably to all concerned. We hope for the good of the State at large as a Mecca for our Eastern friends that this combination will be brought about. Advertise *California*—not the North or the South, and work in unison for the immense traffic that goes yearly to the tropical and muggy swamps of Florida and her neighboring States.

ABOUT this time of year most people who take their regular summer outings are thinking "where to go." Let us once more remind our readers that we have at our office, No. 20 Montgomery Street, what we term a "Traveler's Bureau" We have on file here information concerning every resort of any note, pamphlets concerning them, railway time tables, rates of fare, and, in fact, all data of interest to any one planning a trip anywhere on the coast. This is for the benefit of our readers, and no charge whatever is asked or expected from any one who cares to call upon us. If you want the pamphlet of any hotel or hotels, or resorts, if you want to know the railway fares, train time, hotel rates, character of climate, elevation, etc., just drop a line to or call upon "The Traveler's Bureau," 20 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

WISDOM AND INNOCENCE. *C. Y. Lamb, Artist.*

THE proposed glove contest to be held in the State of Nevada next month would be interesting of analysis in the same manner as the daily press is now discussing the celebrated Martin ball in New York City, whereby the expenditure of $250,000 is involved. Setting aside the brutality of such fights there is no doubt that the little State of Nevada will be benefited to the extent of perhaps a quarter of a million of dollars, which is no inconsiderable amount distributed throughout a sparsely settled region. Is not this fact of sufficient importance to overbalance the national prejudice against fistic encounters? It is nothing for a community to brag of, but it has been often asserted, and pretty conclusively proved, that a town or district where gambling and other illicit pastimes are prevalent is invariably prosperous. It does not follow, however, that iniquity of this stamp is a desideratum, but simply goes to prove that prosperity and sport are very closely associated.

SOME FAMOUS BRIDGES.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

VERY early in the history of the world the desire for social and commercial intercourse led to the invention and construction of bridges, to make communication easy between people separated by wide and deep rivers. To render the bridges secure and convenient great ingenuity was exercised.

The bridges of modern times are divisible into three classes: girder, arch, and suspension bridges. There are three kinds of strain to which bridges are subjected: tension, which stretches or lengthens the strained part; compression, which crushes it; and shearing stress, which tends to make one part slide over the others. In an arched bridge all the parts are in compression; in a suspension bridge they are all in tension; while in a girder bridge the strain is greatest at the center, tending to compress the top, and stretch the bottom. The suspension bridge is subjected to the least strain at the center, and is valuable for spanning great distances, as also is the form of bridge known as the cantilever, to which reference will be made later: the girder bridge is best suited for short spans; and the arch cannot be employed except where there is a depression permitting the rise of level that it requires.

The materials first employed in bridge-making were wood and stone, but in the eighteenth century experiments began to be made with iron, the first iron bridge in England being built at Colebrookdale, Lincolnshire, across the Severn. It had a span of 100 feet, and 370 tons of metal were used in its construction. The suitability of the material having been demonstrated, iron bridges were constructed in Paris, Strasburg, Vienna, Berlin, and Moscow. In the United States, as in other lands, the earliest bridges were of wood, the "Long Bridge" across the Charles River being one of the best known. But wooden bridges have the serious disadvantage of being very liable to destruction by fire, so that, when railroad construction became general in this country, the material employed was iron. The first iron bridges were made of cast-iron, and of these Rennie's bridge at Southwark, London, is the longest, having a central span of 240 feet. The first iron bridge in the United States was built at Frankfort, N. Y., in 1840.

LONDON BRIDGE.

THE FORTH BRIDGE. THE TAY BRIDGE.

THE TOWER BRIDGE.

The principle of the suspension bridge was known in very early days, being employed by the Incas of Peru, the Aztecs of Mexico, the Dyaks of Borneo, and the Chinese. In 1819, Telford, a Scotch engineer, designed the suspension bridge over the Menai Straits, an arm of the sea separating the Island of Anglesey from the mainland of North Wales. This has a span of 570 feet, and is a most graceful and picturesque structure. Then Robert Stephenson constructed across the same Straits, and within sight of the suspension bridge, the Britannia Tubular bridge, made of two rectangular wrought-iron tubes running side by side. It has a central span of 459 feet, and was opened in 1850. It was the first example of a wrought-iron girder bridge, but not many similar bridges have been constructed. In 1855 the suspension bridge of the Niagara railroad was built, with a span of 821 feet. It has stood the wear and tear of upward of forty years. Then followed other suspension bridges at Pittsburgh and Cincinnati, until this type attained its highest development in the Brooklyn Bridge, which unites New York City and the "City of Churches." It may be divided into five parts: the approaches from the termini to the anchorages on each side, two spans of 930 feet each from the anchorages to the towers, and the central span across the East River from tower to tower, 1595 feet. The entire length of the bridge is 5989 feet. It is 85 feet in width, and carries two railroad tracks, a walk 13 feet broad for pedestrians, and two roadways for vehicles. From highwater mark to the floor of the bridge in the center is 135 feet. This graceful bridge (which, like American buggies and many other things, is more lightly constructed than the corresponding things in Great Britain) was begun January 2, 1870, and was opened September 24, 1883. The cost, which was about fifteen millions of dollars, far exceeded the original estimates.

The five principal bridges across the Thames in London are (to name them in the order of their construction) the Westminster, the Blackfriars, the Waterloo, the London, and the Tower. Each of these represents a decided advance upon its predecessor. Of these five we shall describe the last two.

There was a bridge, defended by towers and bulwarks, over the Thames in Saxon times, and thereon in the year 1008 was fought "The Battle of London Bridge," in which Olaf, Patron Saint and King of Norway, helped Ethelred the Unready to defeat the Danes. In 1176 a stone bridge was built by Peter, a priest, and on the central pier a chapel was erected in honor of St. Thomas à Becket, the Martyr Archbishop of Canterbury. The chapel was a handsome structure, with a crypt and a flight of stairs down to the river. The other piers were covered with houses, and toward the Southwark end of the bridge there stood (from the end of the sixteenth century) an elaborately eccentric wooden building, called Nonesuch House, said to have been built in Holland. It had four towers crowned by domes with gilded vanes. The last building on the Southwark side was the Traitors' Gate, on which the heads of persons executed on Tower Green were exposed. Among the famous men whose heads were impaled over the gate were William Wallace in 1305, the Earl of Northumberland in 1408, and Sir Thomas More and Bishop Fisher in 1535. Bishop Fisher's head attracted large crowds, and no wonder, for (to quote an old writer) "it could not be seen to waste nor consume . . . . but daily grew fresher and fresher, so that in his lifetime he never looked so well; for his cheeks being beautified with a comely red, the face looked as though it had beholden the people passing by, and would have spoken to them." After two weeks, to disperse the crowds, the Bishop's head was thrown into the river; as also Sir Thomas More's would have been had not his daughter, Margaret Roper, watched for an opportunity to purchase it, having done which, she conveyed it safely to Canterbury. After the restoration of Charles II. the heads of some of the regicides were exposed on the grim gate. In 1390, on St. George's Day, Lord Welles and Sir David Lindsay fought on the bridge in the presence of King Richard II., the Scotch knight being victorious.

At one time the booksellers' shops on London Bridge had the same reputation as those in Paternoster Row have nowadays. The bridge was so blocked with houses that when upon it one could not believe it to be a bridge at all; it looked like a street. An old writer describes it as "narrow, darksome, and dangerous to passengers from the multitude of carriages, frequent arches of strong timbers crossing the street from the tops of the houses to keep them together and from falling into the river. Nothing but use could preserve the repose of the inmates, who soon grew deaf to the noise of falling waters, the clamors of watermen, or the frequent shrieks of drowning

wretches." In the sixteenth century the infant daughter of Sir William Hewett (a clockmaker who was Lord Mayor of London in 1559) fell from one of the windows projecting from the bridge into the river, and was rescued from drowning by an apprentice, who eventually married her and received a large dowry. The good apprentice, Edward Osborne, became Lord Mayor himself in 1582, and his great-grandson became the Duke of Leeds. In later days most of the houses on the bridge were inhabited by pin-makers, and it was a favorite expedition of fashionable women to drive from the West End to buy pins on London Bridge. During the eighteenth century the old houses, in one of which Hans Holbein, the painter, had lived, were removed one by one. The London Bridge of the present day was designed by John Rennie and his sons John and George; it was begun in 1825 and finished in 1831. It cost nearly ten millions of dollars, but even twenty years ago was found inadequate to the vast traffic between the Surrey and Middlesex banks of the Thames, and it will probably be necessary to increase its width.

Leaving the bridges of London for the present, we find some remarkable structures in Scotland. Of these the longest is the Tay Bridge, over the River Tay. The total length of the first Tay Bridge was 3459 yards, or nearly two miles. It was a railway bridge, built on the lattice-girder principle, and in the central portion of it the train ran *through* instead of on the top of the structure. The spans were of various lengths, and were supported on iron cylinders filled with concrete, and fastened together by iron struts and masonry, which were themselves supported by pedestals of brick and cement. At the shore end the bridge was about eighty feet above low water, while at the center the railway track was 130 feet above the estuary. The rails were of steel, and for additional security there was a guard-rail. The bridge, which was designed by Mr. Thomas Bouch, cost one and three-quarter millions of dollars, and was opened for traffic in May, 1878. In little more than a year and a half a terrible disaster occurred. On Sunday, December 28, 1879, the train from Edinburgh, consisting of six passenger cars, a guard's brake, and an engine, during the prevalence of a violent storm, fell through the broken bridge and was engulfed in the waters. Thirteen girders and twelve piers were wrecked, only the brickwork pedestals remaining, and about ninety persons lost their lives. The disaster was caused by the force of the wind acting on the train while it was passing through the central and semi-solid portion of the bridge. Plans were devised for a new and more substantial bridge, which was built sixty feet higher up the River Tay, at a somewhat lower elevation, and was opened in 1887. The new Tay Bridge is 3593 yards long, and has eighty-five piers, the height of which above high water is 77 feet clear on the average; the navigable channel runs under four of the spans, which have openings 215 feet wide. The entire length of the viaduct is 10,800 feet, the width of the river being 3580 feet. The eighty-five spans vary in width from 50 feet to 245 feet, and the structure is especially calculated to resist a high-wind pressure. Nineteen thousand tons of wrought-iron, 3500 tons of steel, 2500 tons of cast-iron, 10,000,000 of bricks, and 70,000 tons of concrete were used in the construction. The designer was Mr. W. H. Barlow, a Fellow of the Royal Society and a distinguished engineer, and Mr. William Arrol was the contractor.

For very large bridges the cantilever is the style that prevails nowadays, the principle of the cantilever, like that of the suspension bridge, being very ancient, Orientals, Swiss, and Norwegians being familiar with it. The first great cantilever bridge was built over the Niagara River from the designs of C. C. Schneider. It consisted of two cantilevers, each 395 feet long, and was finished in 1883. The principle is simple, the idea being to reduce the space to be bridged over by brackets projecting from the sides. For a long time the greatest of all cantilever bridges was that over the Indus at Sukkur, which has a span of 820 feet. This was finished in 1889, but was soon far surpassed by the cantilever bridge over the Firth of Forth. As long ago as 1873 a bill was passed sanctioning the crossing of the Firth by a suspension bridge, but the Tay Bridge disaster in 1879 showed to what serious risks such structures were exposed. So the directors of the railway lines interested in the construction of the bridge, after much consideration, decided upon a steel bridge on the cantilever and central girder system, designed by Sir John Fowler and Mr. Benjamin Baker. Sir John Fowler had had a very wide experience of railway works, dating back to the days of George Stephenson, and had won his knighthood by important engineering works in Egypt. Mr. Baker was concerned in devising the arrangements for bringing the obelisk known as Cleopatra's needle from Egypt to London, where it was erected on the Thames embankment. In 1882 the necessary Parliamentary powers were obtained, and before the close of the year the contract was let to Messrs. Tancred, Arrol & Co., Mr. Arrol having been the contractor for the second Tay Bridge, and later being the contractor for the Tower Bridge, London. Arrol is a striking example of a self-made man, having begun life as a hand in a Paisley cotton mill. The first important point was to secure proper foundations for the piers that support the vast structure, and this was done by means of caissons. An ordinary caisson is a water-tight box of masonry sunk till it rests on the top of piles sawn off to an equal height. A pneumatic caisson is a water-tight box, on the principle of a diving-bell, into which air to supply the workers is pumped. The open caisson consists of several chambers, alternately open and closed. The closed chambers are weighted with stones and in the open ones the men work at the excavations. Some of the foundation piers of the Forth Bridge are embedded in clay at a depth of more than ninety feet below the mean level of the water. The bridge is carried on three piers of four columns each, of which the central one is the widest, being 260 feet wide, while the two outer piers are 145 feet each in width. Across the bridge the piers measure 120 feet in width at the base, and narrow to 33 feet at the top. The steel work is 360 feet above the level of ordinary spring tides. The cantilevers were built out from the piers without any scaffolding or support. Some idea of their immense size may be gathered from the fact that two Eiffel towers laid end to end would not exceed the length of *one* of these vast cantilevers. The level on which the railroad track runs rises as high as the dome of the Albert Hall does above the pavement of London, and the structure of the bridge rises 200 feet higher than the top of the dome, or as high as the cross that crowns St. Paul's Cathedral. The bridge was opened by the Prince of Wales, who was the guest of Lord Rosebery at Dalmeny Castle, on March 4, 1890. To reward their successful work Sir John Fowler received a baronetcy and Mr. Baker and Mr. Arrol were knighted. The bridge is one mile and 1005 yards long, and shortens the journey from Edinburgh to the north of Scotland by more than twenty miles. The two largest spans are each 1710 feet wide. The cost of the whole structure was eleven and a quarter millions of dollars.

One of the most remarkable of modern bridges is the Tower Bridge, which provides communication between the two sides of the Thames in a very crowded part of London. The bridge was preceded by the Tower subway and the Thames Tunnel, both of which were more or less unsatisfactory expedients. The Tower Bridge, begun in 1886, and opened June 30, 1894, was built from the money furnished by the Bridge House estates, the income of which also enabled the corporation of London to rebuild London Bridge, to construct Blackfriars Bridge, and to buy out Southwark Bridge for the city. The central span of the Tower Bridge has 200 feet of clear width at a height of 135 feet above the Thames. When the bascules are down, and the bridge is closed against lofty-masted vessels, it is 29 feet above the river surface. The weight of each bascule across the river is 424 tons, and of the part landward of the pivot 621 tons, so that each leaf of the opening span weighs more than a thousand tons. The bascules rest on great piers, upward of 163 feet long, and, despite their huge bulk, can be lowered or raised in about ninety seconds. The landward spans leading to the great towers are on the suspension principle. When the bascules are raised to permit the passage of large vessels, foot-passengers are carried up in a hydraulic "lift" to the top of the towers, and cross by a foot-bridge, which is 140 feet above high water The towers are built of steel, but, to give them greater architectural effect, are encased in stone. The bridge presents a very striking and handsome appearance.

Something Free.

George P. Snell, Manager of the Hotel Vendome, San Jose, Cal., has just issued a new brochure of twenty-eight pages descriptive of this beautiful caravansary. As usual it is replete with artistic engravings and interesting descriptive matter. It is not altogether confined to a description of the Hotel itself, but to many other interesting features in the vicinity of San Jose, Mount Hamilton, Lick Observatory, etc.

Mr. Snell announces that in spite of the cost of this little work that he will distribute copies free to all who will take the trouble to ask for them. Any of our readers who will drop a postal or a letter to Mr. Snell, mentioning this notice, will receive a copy of this pamphlet without charge.

Lovers of Santa Cruz will no doubt be pleased to learn that John T. Sullivan, formerly proprietor of the well-known Sea Beach Hotel at that place, has just succeeded in making a contract for a new lease.

The Hotel will be open for business some time early in March. Mr. Sullivan has been so closely identified with both the Sea Beach and the general interests of Santa Cruz that his return to this hostelry will be received with delight by all who have ever done business with him locally, or who have had the enjoyment of patronizing him during his regime.

In the miscellaneous supplies sent to foreign missionaries bicycles now occupy a prominent place.

The amount of rubber used in the manufacture of bicycle tires is greater than in any other one article of rubber goods.

Some one has figured out that walking requires five times as much exertion as to pedal a bicycle. In other words, a wheelman can ride twenty-five miles with the same exertion that a pedestrian walks five.

POTTERY, A POPULAR PASTIME.

MARY CHURCHILL RIPLEY.

URN round, my wheel! Turn round and round!
Without a pause, without a sound.
So spins the flying world away!
This clay, well mixed with marl and sand,
Follows the motion of my hand,
For some must follow, and some command,
Though all are made of clay.

How few look intelligently into their teacups, and upon their platters! Gay with designs of blue, bright with gilded edges and reliefs, they make beautiful the simplest dining-room, and yet are very often less well known than the most formal guest admitted to the home.

It was a wise young housewife who determined to buy her house-fittings as she made her friends, one at a time, with intelligence and knowledge of their worth, recognizing the full importance of admitting to the home articles to share the vicissitudes of life, and to abide through sickness and through health, until, perchance, the possessions of one's children's children.

Those who love the art of the potter never tire of searching for legends about its origin. One quaint myth is that which accounts for the creation of Satan. It states that God, after creating man, was so pleased with the result, that he bade the creature ask for anything he wished, whereupon the wise being asked that he might make objects in clay. God, unwilling to give up this art to a mortal, turned the creature into an evil spirit, and banished him from His presence.

History may be traced by means of these myths, as well as by the authentic records left to us, and, strangely enough, the art of the potter seems to be claimed by all nations as one learned directly from the gods.

The Chinese claim that 2700 years before Christ the gods worked in clay and gave the art to man. The Japanese have a similar legend, and also the Egyptians. The Greeks claim "Keramos," the son of Bacchus and Ariadne, as the patron of potters, while the Hebrews sing of the story of Eden, when Jehovah, after having pronounced all things beautiful in His sight, formed man out of the dust of the earth, of clay.

Now what is clay, and what sort of clay was used in the manufacture of the cups used this morning at breakfast?

Without attempting to treat the subject technically, it will serve our purposes to regard clay as a plastic earth, which may be formed into shape, and dried either in the sun or in a kiln, retaining, when dried or baked, the shape into which it was formed by the potter. The purest clay known is called "Kaolin," and when found is white and contains ingredients which, when mixed with *petuntze*, and baked, makes pure, translucent porcelain. If, when held to the light, the mark of the fingers can be seen through a cup, it may be safely said that the cup is of porcelain. If it is impossible to see through ware a slight indication of the fingers, then it is most probably pottery. For beginners in pottery lore, this is sufficient knowledge to add interest to investigation.

It is very easy to believe the art of the potter to be the greatest of the arts, for when to skill is added beauty, and to beauty use, surely nothing remains to be accomplished in the way of production. A painter may touch with his pigments the canvas, and form almost definite conception of what the result will be; and a sculptor may chisel into likeness to his ideal the marble block; but with a potter all is quite different. After the clay is formed the first risk is taken, that of drying the formed vessel; it may and it may not keep its shape; it may shrink and be therefore classed as a "second," or "third," but not as a perfect article. Then there are all the other risks of baking, and producing desired results by application of paint and gold.

The process of making pots and jugs is after this fashion. The clay, after being properly prepared, is thrown upon a revolving disk, and in various ways the shapeless mass is formed, as the potter sings:

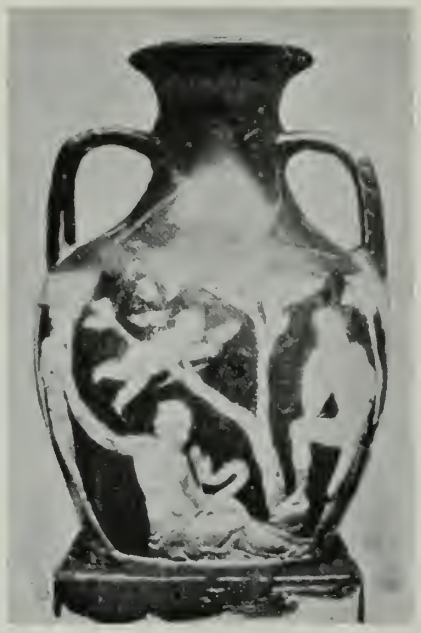
"To-morrow the hot furnace flame
Will search the heart and try the frame,
And stamp with honor or with shame,
These vessels made of clay."

When the vessels are formed and dried the decoration is applied. Decoration is of various sorts, free-hand drawing may be made directly on the "biscuit," or designs may be printed or stenciled. Another mode of decoation is called "slip-painting," and in its simplest form is practised by all primitive peoples.

This decoration is made by laying paste of one color upon paste of another color, in designs, the process not unlike that adopted by modern confectioners in frosting a cake. Of late years the beautiful painting with diluted paste has been brought to absolute perfection in the Minton factory, under Solon, who considers that his method of decoration called *pate sur pate*, is the most artistic of any employed by the potter. Wedgwood medallions are made separately and applied to the main body of the ware, but the *pate sur pate* process is much more difficult, as the artist depends upon the baking to render translucent the paste and secure the desired result.

Another way of decorating is to cut or etch the design on the paste, and then rub into the lines a color, so that a colored engraved effect is the result. Then above many more ambitious methods is one that has been in use for centuries, that called *sgrafito* in Italy, which appeals to the artistic sense and offers opportunity for broad effects. A clay body of one color is covered by a thin clay of another color, and through that outer clay a design is etched, and the removal of the outer clay in the etched lines reveals the color of the under clay body.

Glazes and enamels may be studied for a long time before an adequate conception is reached of the difficulties that attend their composition and their application. Stanniferous enamel is that employed by early peoples, and carried by the Arabians into Spain, and from there into Italy, where Luca Della Robbia discovered its secrets, and produced the rare old majolica by which he became so famous. Again, later on, Palissy, in France, worked for years to discover the art of enameling, burning his furniture finally in order to feed his furnaces. Stanniferous enamel is made of tin, and differs from the lead glaze which all primitive people have used to cover common earthenware. Lead glaze is transparent, stanniferous enamel covers the article upon which it is placed with an opaque covering. Various processes and methods give distinctive charm to the productions of the Orient. "Crackle" is supposed to have been at first the result of an accident, the glaze shrinking in a different way from the body of the ware, "crazing," or crackling, was the result. Afterward the crackle was produced at will, and so great an art has developed that cracks of various sizes are produced, and ability to control the shrinkage of clay body, and glaze, gives unlimited opportunity to the artist. Authorities differ as to the method of producing the crackle effect: it is interesting to form individual opinion on the subject, and to examine for ourselves everything of the sort that we see. Another Chinese method is to perforate the clay, producing lattice effects. This style has been copied by all European potteries, but none have equaled the Chinese in perfection of detail. The rice pattern is sometimes so beautifully cut in the body of the ware that it is past describing. A very natural manner of decorating is to form objects of clay in imitation of Nature—birds, reptiles, flowers, etc.—and apply them to the main body of the ware, then covering all with a glaze. Palissy ware is perhaps the most costly of European productions of this sort. Japan, however, leads the world in her ability to copy natural objects, and, when uninfluenced by Europeans, gives to the world the most beautiful specimens known to art lovers.



THE PORTLAND VASE.

The processes by which pottery is decorated in relief are numerous. The old Elers ware of England was made by pressing the sides of vases, teapots, etc., with dies in which were cut the desired decoration or design. Sprigs in relief, on the sides of our grandmothers' teacups, were produced by the Elers process. A later method was to apply the reliefs, and this art was brought to perfection by Wedgwood. The correspondence between Flaxman and the potter artist, in regard to the "Portland Vase," is very interesting. Flaxman saw the original vase when it was in the possession of Sir Wm. Hamilton, and wrote to Wedgwood about it. Finally, when the Duke of Portland loaned the vase to Wedgwood, the potter spent over a year on his reproductions, and fifty copies were made, which sold for fifty guineas each. The reliefs were produced in fine white porcelain and applied on Wedgwood's "Jasper ware," in a dark blue, almost black. Copies have been made since that time, both by the Wedgwood and other factories, but none have ever been copied from the vase direct, save the original fifty made by Wedgwood himself.

Relief work is also made by pouring liquid porcelain into molds, in which the decoration has been hollowed out. The famous Capo-di-Monte

ware of Italy was produced in this way. They are producing a ware in Japan at the present time, which suggests the Capo-di-Monte, but shows greater freedom of treatment, as the designs are modeled by hand on the face of the ware.

Monsieur Solon, the most famous among living authorities on the subject of stone ware and clay productions, to whom reference has already been made, insists that no process with clay compares with that he himself has developed, and which appropriately falls under decoration in relief. He writes: "By means of a brush, the slip is laid upon the piece to be decorated, by successive coats, care being taken to wait until the coat is perfectly dry before applying another. Failing that precaution, the raised work might crack and peel off; thus by degrees the reliefs attain their respective thicknesses; they are worked with sharp iron tools, which scrape and smooth the inequalities of the rough sketch, incise the details, and delineate the outlines, whilst the brush loaded with thicker slip (the liquid porcelain) brightens the whole work with sharply raised touches. When the piece is considered complete and ready for the oven, it is from beginning to end the original production of the artist's hand. Only through the action of the fire does the translucency of certain parts of the painting become apparent, and in the firing all his labor is often lost."*

Another method of decorating with clay is one that is employed to produce lace effects. Lace is dipped in thin slip, and then draped on the article to be ornamented, even at times across the face of a porcelain figure to look like a veil. Then the article is baked, and the heat of the kiln burns out the lace, leaving the form in thin network of porcelain in its place.

The patterns that may be seen in some egg-shell porcelain when held to the light, not observable when the article is casually looked at, are made in the soft, unbaked "biscuit"; glaze being applied, it fills in the openwork design, but the glaze being glass-like in its translucency, the designs are seen when the article is held to the light.

All of these processes are augmented by special methods of individual potters, and results are produced that appear to the uninitiated to be other than they are.

The subject branches out from this point in every direction. The art of printing on pottery, and of stenciling and painting, both under and over the glaze, should be studied. The methods of different factories, and factory and artists' marks, should be learned. In fact, up-to-date housewives should become so familiar with pastes, glazes, and enamels, with methods and processes, that when they look at their ceramic belongings they may know how they are made.

TRAVELS IN A LIBRARY.

A. C. R.

It is undeniably true that there is no experience equal to that of travel, and especially of European travel, for broadening the mind and thought, and making it possible to view the world and the people and things on it from a true, unprejudiced standpoint. The man or woman who has had the advantage of extensive travel is almost invariably termed *interesting;* and, although, of course, this statement cannot fairly be reversed, it is naturally difficult for the "stay-at-home" to compete with the more fortunate traveler. I have heard so many appalling blunders made quite innocently in everyday conversation, revealing the speaker's utter ignorance of life, and art, and association beyond her own country, that I resolved, as I had neither the health, wealth, nor opportunity required for a trip abroad, that I would do the next best thing, and travel through the medium of my library and imagination, without changing my position in my invalid's chair.

LUTHER'S ROOM IN THE WARTBURG.

With atlases, guide-books, etc., ready beside me, and a good, fat note-book open invitingly at the first page, I landed one morning at Liverpool (after a charming voyage with Washington Irving), and started, via old, walled Chester, for the English lakes. There I journeyed with no less a companion than Wordsworth himself, over hill and dale, through the beautiful lake country; dined, an uninvited guest, at Coleridge's dinner-table, where the great talker and his friends held "sweet converse" together over their wine; or made one with King Arthur and his Knights about the famous Round Table. Then, on north, across the border-lands and into the heart of the "Rob Roy" country, where that bold, magnetic chief swayed his unruly clan by a word or a look; on through the Trosachs with "The Lady of the Lake" and brave Roderick Dhu, into fair Edinburgh, where every stone tells of the great Sir Walter Scott, where linger traces of the unfortunate Queen Mary, and where the rugged old castle on the hill holds its secrets of the past, and has held them for centuries and centuries. So, on south again, with a reluctant farewell to the "Scottish Chiefs," through the cathedral towns to London, with the memories of years clustering around its streets and buildings, its river, and suburbs and parks. I wandered through Westminster with Irving; drove in Hyde Park with Ethel Newcome and wicked old Lady Kew; prowled around the City proper with Dickens; or visited the haunts of Goldsmith and his friends, or of Shakespeare and Bacon and Spenser, and "rare Ben Jonson," in the days of good Queen Bess. From London into beautiful Warwickshire I journeyed next, and there for days I rambled through the lanes and highways of Shakespeare's country, also among Kenilworth's ruins, picturing with Scott the revels of long ago.

And so on, across the Channel to Holland and Belgium, the Rhine, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, France—everywhere in the very best of company. Without realizing it, I had succeeded by my winter's charming research in making for myself a framework of fact on which to build in after years. I had studied London with Dickens; Edinburgh, with Sir Walter Scott; I had sailed along the storied banks of the Rhine and the Loire; I had studied modern art at Munich, and ancient art among the old masters at Florence and at Rome; and had delighted in the quaint little Dutch towns with their canals and tulips and windmills. I had wandered in the footsteps of Martin Luther, through beautiful Thuringia; lived at the bright German capital; floated in a gondola on the moonlit Venetian lagoons, and gazed up at Switzerland's marvelous heights—all from my chair in the old library. I had begun to realize my history, literature, and geography, and although I might never get any nearer to the Europe of my dreams, I could at least gaze at it all through the doorway I myself had opened, for my winter's work had shown me paths of interest hitherto unsuspected, and had interpreted for me the experience of others as revealed in both books and conversation.

Pasadena Cal Jany 18th 1897

Wm V Bryan Esq
San Francisco Cal
Dear Sir
Find check for $20.— for advt in The Traveler
We have had the Misses McMillan comfortably housed for some time and I think mostly through your personal efforts in the matter
The Jones party I have never seen nor heard from since they came South
Please accept thanks for your promptness in the matter
Yours Very Respy
M. D. Painter

* From "Rough Notes on Pottery," W. P. Jervis.

BORAX AND ITS HISTORY.

EMMA SECKLE MARSHALL.

BORAX has become such a household necessity that few people ever give even a passing thought to the source of its production. The signboard pictures of the "twenty-mule team" belonging to the Pacific Coast Borax Company is a familiar one to Californians, but the dangers of this manner of freighting, that are made so manifest in the picture, no longer cause exclamations of horror or dismay in the beholder, and yet there is no article in daily use that is obtained in its original state with so many attendant unpleasant conditions.

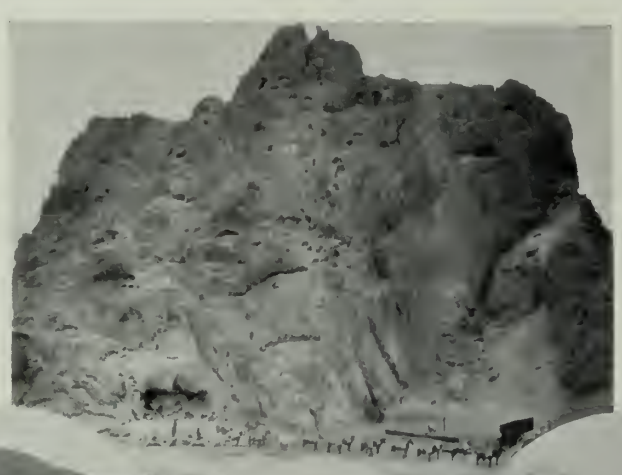
As far back as the seventh century borax was used extensively by the very wealthy people as an article of toilet luxury. It was then, as now, found in many parts of the Far East, and shipped by caravan over mountains and deserts to the cities where the luxury-loving people dwelt But three States in the Union yield this salt, and of these California at present supplies the largest quantity, though prior to 1890 the Nevada output was annually far in excess of that of this State. Oregon furnishes a very small proportion of the supply. There are a number of companies engaged in the borax industry, chief of which are the Pacific Coast Borax Company, the San Bernardino Borax Mining Company, and the Nevada Salt and Borax Company, all of which have offices in San Francisco.

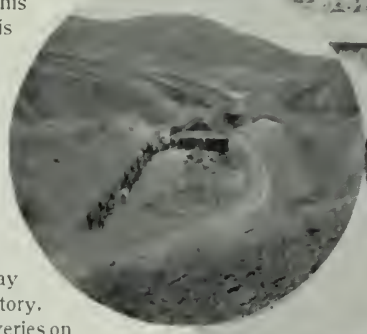
The principal producing field at present in operation is that owned by the first named company, located about ten miles from Daggett, in San Bernardino County, and known as the Calico Borate Mine. This portion of the country is especially before the eye of the public just now on account of the interest and activity in and around the Calico silver mining district, and, in consequence, there has been quite an influx of population to that section, which, however, may be characterized as migratory.

The first borax discoveries on the Coast were made in 1856 by Doctor John A. Veatch, when the waters of Borax and Hachinhama Lakes, in Lake County, were found to contain crystals of the salt in large quantities, and from 1864 to 1874 all the California borax was secured from these two lakes; since then, however, for several reasons, the output from these sources has been merely nominal.

There has always been somewhat of romance connected with the discoveries of borax, or, perhaps, it would be more true to say, considerable of tragedy. Doctor Veatch sought for and found the object of his search before his intention was even suspected, but other prospectors have not been so fortunate, and danger, privation, and even bloodshed, have marked the successful opening and operation of every new field, and the early history and vicissitudes attendant on gold mining have been repeated in the more recent industry of borax mining. Claims have been staked out on one day, and the next morning would find scores of squatters struggling for possession, shotgun in hand, and an expression of intended intimidation in the eye. The original settler must needs have been a man, brave, vigilant, untiring, and ready to act instantly in any emergency.

Following the Lake County discoveries came those of Nevada and San Bernardino County, and it is this latter section that still produces borax in inexhaustible quantities; for, apart from the vast interests of the Pacific Coast Borax Company, there is the field worked by the San Bernardino Borax Mining Company, known as the San Bernardino Borax Marsh, from whence the product, of excellent quality, is freighted by mule team to Mojave, seventy-five miles distant, over the barren, treeless Mojave desert. Few realize the expense attendant upon the production of this simple article.





DAGGETT MINE. FREIGHTERS' CAMP. SALT CREEK. AN OASIS HOME. FIRST BORAX CAMP.

Nevada possesses immense borax deposits, which are still highly remunerative property, although many of them have been worked for over two decades, for operations were pushed with rapidity on these marshes as soon as it became manifest that the Lake County industry was a paying one.

The greatest amount of interest centers around the borax fields of the famous and mysterious Death Valley, the tragedies, the mystery and horrors of which have been repeatedly told in song and story. Its very name is fraught with a vague horror that would be supposed to make one dread the necessity of even approaching its confines. Death Valley it certainly is, though the name was derived from the fact, now an incident of Californian history, that a party of emigrants who, in 1850, while seeking to make a short cut to this State, perished miserably from thirst, after having unwittingly entered this spot, which, though a part of the most glorious State in the Union, is yet so barren and uncanny that it impresses one as having been forgotten by the Creator. Of the thirty people who composed the party, not more than a dozen, if so many, escaped from the awful place. It was thirty years later that the important discovery was made that brought Death Valley again before the minds of the public. A pioneer of that section, who eked out a wretched living afar from the haunts of men, had noticed the immense stretches of alkali land in the valley, land that looked as if it had been powdered with snow, and fancied that it might be something possessing a commercial value; how correct his conjecture is evidenced by the immense output of borax from these marshes, and the fortunes already made from them.

John R. Spears, who has written a great deal about this valley, aptly terms it "a desert pit," and no word more fully descriptive of it can be found, from the fact that its depth has been estimated variously at from 110 to 200 feet below the sea level; it is 75 miles long, and from 5 to 15 miles wide, running from north to south. At its lowest depression its width is said to be not over eight miles from one wall to the other. This vast chasm lies between two mountain peaks that rise, one 8000 feet, and the other over 10,000 feet above the sea, the result, probably, of some great convulsion of nature that rent in twain the "everlasting hills," that succumb only to such an exhibition of power.

The real terror of Death Valley is not its barren waste, its distance from the home of humanity, or its lack of water, because all these can be overcome; it is the arid air which saps the moisture even from pine boards. Men have died with a canteen of water to their lips, because the moisture was sapped from their bodies faster than they could supply it. Think of such a place as this, the only natural evidence of water being a winding river course, the bed of which is marked by jagged incrustations of hard salt. However, much has been changed in the aspect of at least a portion of the valley, for water has been brought to an oasis, and a thriving ranch demonstrates the ability of man to conquer nature and make the "wilderness blossom as the rose." It was the discovery of borax that led to this transformation, for running water and shelter are necessities to mankind, and without the best of care for the laborers the borax could not have been obtained.

However, these marshes are no longer worked, and the "twenty-mule team" that traversed fearful mountains and awful deserts no more plods over the terrible 164 stretch of road, where the only evidences of humanity were the rude piles of stones, sometimes marked with a rough cross of pine boards, made from a small box, but more often without anything indicative of a headstone. Only a nameless grave where the remains of somebody's "boy" was preserved by kindly hands from those vandals of the desert, the coyote.

It must not be imagined that borax marshes are similar to morasses. They are really the beds of lakes from which the water has evaporated, leaving solid deposits of salts of various kinds. Areas of this kind, more or less extensive, are found in different parts of California and Nevada, but they do not always contain borax mixed with the other alkalies, or, as sometimes happens, it is in such small quantities as to be unremunerative. Again, all borax is not of the same degree of richness, and, of course, this affects its market value.

Since the discovery of borate of lime in stratified rock formations, a new era in borax production has been opened. Instead of scraping up the salt from the earth by necessarily crude means, it is now obtained in the same manner that minerals are. In other words, the mode of operation is similar to that of quartz mining, which entails many expenses that were not necessary in the "placer" mining. But these expenses are more than counterbalanced by the amount saved in expense of hauling the borax from points as far distant from the railroad and as difficult of access as Death Valley.

The Calico Borate Mines, in a district both rough and barren, and hard to traverse, are, nevertheless, but ten miles from the point whence the product is shipped to the refinery of the Pacific Coast Borax Company in Alameda, four hundred miles distant.

In its original state borate of lime is composed of rough, broken masses of brownish colored rock, which, when it leaves the refinery, has been transformed into beautiful white translucent crystals.

The manner of producing these crystals is unique. The crude material is first pulverized by going through various processes; it then undergoes a number of changes through the agency of different chemicals, and, finally, a solution of pure borax is run into tanks, into which have been suspended thousands of steel rods, upon which the crystals form. When they have reached the desired thickness they are removed, and the borax is detached, and either in the shape of crystals or a powder is ready for market.

An amusing story is told by Mr. F. M. Smith, President of the Pacific Coast Borax Company, and at one time sole owner of the immense borax deposits known as Teels Marsh, in Esmeralda County, Nev., property that now belongs to the company of which he is the head.

The story relates to his discovery of the salt at this place. He had recently completed the purchase of a large wood ranch, and was living in a cabin picturesquely situated in a narrow defile on the mountain-side and surrounded with the heavy timber which then characterized that section. From this spot he could look out over the valley, which presented the appearance of rather a barren plain covered with snow, and the contrast from his immediate environment was its charm. He knew, however, that distance only was responsible for the appearance of soft whiteness and the mistiness that seemed cool. In reality it was a tract of desert, the parched earth hidden under a dirty white alkali deposit.

A MOUNTAIN OF BORAX.

Borax had been discovered in several parts of Nevada, and Mr. Smith conceived the idea that the gleaming white substance out on Teels Marsh might be this salt, and he tested it to determine its quality. A portion was sent to Columbus, twenty-five miles distant, to be assayed, and the result was eminently satisfactory. Great secrecy had been observed, for prospectors were as plentiful, as keen, and much more rapacious than vultures in a time of slaughter.

However, the day following, a friend of the assayer arrived at the camp looking for borax claims, and desired to be directed to Teels Marsh. Mr. Smith told him of an alkali flat about twenty miles distant, and offered him a guide. They were absent three days, and on their return the claims had all been staked out, still leaving plenty of territory remaining for whoever chose to take it up. Mr. Smith located the assayer, among others, but eventually bought out every claim-holder.

Not long since while in the busy desert town of Daggett I watched the laden twenty-mule team come into town from the mines and swing around the wide street to the freight house. To those who see this occurrence frequently it is no longer a novelty, but to the eyes of the "tenderfoot" it is a feat of horsemanship which excites wonder and admiration, for the driver, perched on the high seat of the huge box-wagon, handles the reins which guide this "procession" as easily as though he was driving a pair of "plugs" attached to a buckboard. More easily, in fact, because a man who can drive a team of twenty animals would die of mortification, if he did not of fatigue, if compelled to take the reins over what an ordinary individual would consider pretty lively horseflesh. The "jerk line" by which the team is guided, is nearly 120 feet in length.

These wagons are a curiosity in their way, and, if I am privileged to lapse into the vernacular of the day, I might say that they weigh a good deal. The hind wheels are 7 feet in diameter, the front wheels are 5 feet, and the hubs 18 inches in diameter by 22 in length. The tires are 8 inches wide and 1 inch thick. The wagon bed is 16 feet long, 4 feet wide, and 6 feet deep, and each wagon weighs 8000 pounds, and carries 20,000 pounds at a load. Two wagons, with a water tank on a third wagon, complete the train.

Sometimes the "White Arabs," who have pitched their abodes in this uninviting section, become hard-pressed for nutritious food, and not only does this undesirable state of affairs happen to the "White Arab," but to the prospector and the Indian as well, and at such times they accept the food which Nature offers, and are thankful for it. This food is not inviting to the ordinary mortal, but when a man is prospecting for gold, or for borax either, he is willing to eat almost anything that comes easily to his hand. For meat there is the chahwalla, or "chuckwalla," as it is commonly called. It resembles the Gila monster very closely in appearance, but is not poisonous, and is said to be quite palatable—to a hungry man on a desert.

The mesquit bean is the great standby, however. The mesquit is, practically, the prospector's best friend. He pulverizes the beans, and thus has the material for a number of dishes, ranging from "flap-jacks" to fried mush.

Places that yield borax yield very little else, for vegetation is impossible where there is no nourishment in the soil, and where there is no vegetation animals cannot exist, except in the lowest forms. Lizards there are, and horned-toads and snakes, but even these are not plentiful. For vegetation one finds in the barrens depths of Death Valley what is locally termed "the skeleton tree," a gaunt, pitiful, leafless thing, which stretches up its bare, knotted branches in a voiceless prayer for something better, or else extinction.

The coyote prowls around these sections, and waits patiently for the prospector—who always comes. He can afford to wait and sit on his scrawny haunches and peer over the trackless waste. Somewhere in those parts somebody is searching the plain for wealth. Somebody is looking eagerly at a strange formation and painting vivid mind pictures that gleam with comfort and color and plenty, and he tests the brown rock, expecting, perhaps, to prove that he has found what will develop into rich borate mines, and that his wanderings are at an end. It may be that he had had a horse, but it escaped, and the coyote found it when it was too weak to travel further, as it will find him. It's a gruesome story, but it will be repeated over and over until men have learned to be content.

It may be interesting, while discussing the history of borax, to note that over fifty classes of artisans use this salt in some of its forms in the industries which they follow. In this connection, also, it is worthy of remark that while almost the entire home product is consumed in this country, the price has decreased in an astonishing ratio, and thus, what thirty years ago was an expensive luxury, is to-day so cheap that it is an ordinary household adjunct. What is procured at an outlay of so much physical discomfort, and at so great a cost in money, is one of our greatest labor-saving and health-preserving agents.

NATURE IN CALIFORNIA.

BERTHA F. HERRICK.

OUR COMMON WILD BIRDS.

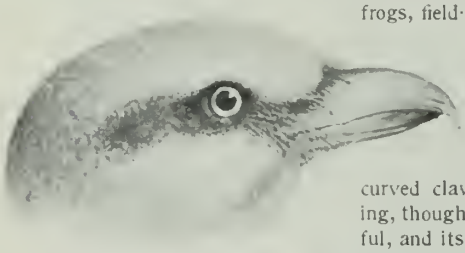
ONE of our most interesting songsters is the mocking-bird, which is found mainly in the southern part of the State, and often builds its nest in fruit-trees in the vicinity of houses, arousing the inmates in the early morning with a delightful burst of melody as it searches for its breakfast of berries and winged-insects. Although it has its own individual notes, it is also a wonderful mimic, imitating to perfection the songs of other wild birds, and often misleading them and bewildering the hunter. Added to this accomplishment is that of reproducing, with great exactness, the voices of domestic animals and various sounds connected with human occupations—an especially good performer mixing up the different sounds in a curious sort of medley, most entertaining to the listener.

The well-known jay, in its picturesque livery of blue and drab, is a striking instance of the fact that "fine feathers" do not always "make fine birds," for it is a veritable "wolf in sheep's clothing": its chief delight being to rob the nests of smaller birds, greedily devouring the eggs or fledglings, or even the parents themselves, while its harsh squawk echoes ominously through the tree-tops. It also consumes large quantities of fruit, soft-shelled nuts and acorns, though insects and caterpillars form a considerable part of its diet.

These birds often frequent parks and gardens, and may even be seen feeding with poultry. In captivity they can be trained to repeat words and short sentences, parrot fashion; though, like other members of the crow family, they are troublesome pets on account of their curiosity and thieving propensities.

Their clumsy nests, which are composed of grass, sticks, and roots, are usually placed in a bush or small tree, and the eggs are four or five in number, and of a bluish green color, spotted and splashed with brown.

Another rascal in feathers is the shrike or butcher-bird, the principal characteristic of which is that of impaling upon the thorns of trees the frogs, field-mice, insects, and young birds on which it feeds, first killing them by striking them on the head, and then pulling them to pieces like a hawk. Its cruel, stony eyes, sharp-hooked bill, and strong curved claws betray its blood-thirsty calling, though its shape is elegant and graceful, and its garb is a Quaker gray.



HEAD OF BUTCHER-BIRD.

The California robins do not have such scarlet breasts as their renowned English cousins, but their voices are just as sweet. They arrive in the mountains in the springtime, and generally return in the autumn to the fields and orchards of the more sheltered portions of the Coast; though they are sometimes overtaken in the Sierras by an early snowstorm, and are forced to pick up a scanty living on madrone or mistletoe berries.

In their company are often seen the beautiful blue-birds, which look like patches of a summer sky drifting among the pines.

The little yellow-breasted meadow-larks are always associated with springing grain, bright sunshine, and a wealth of poppies and buttercups—their liquid musical notes ringing over the open fields as they make their abrupt ascent from their nests among the waving grasses, or rest upon the rustic fences. Being not only the embodiment of cheer and sprightliness, but also of great value as insect-destroyers, it is a cause for no little shame and regret that they are exposed for sale in our city markets to cater to the jaded appetites of gourmands.

Skimming over the golden hay-fields, or chattering shrilly on the fence-posts, are the saucy little blackbirds, which, though they have a weakness for luscious fruit, amply repay for their ravages by consuming large numbers of slugs, snails, and harmful grubs and beetles. They take up their residences in thick bushes, making their nests out of wood-fibers, moss, dry grass, and mud-plaster, and lay four or five light-colored eggs, marked with dark spots.

The red-winged blackbird is also found in certain parts of the State.

Linnets are among our sweetest singers, and are sometimes caged like canaries. Though they usually live in woods and pastures, feeding on the seeds of such plants as dandelions and wild mustard, they often build their nests under the eaves of houses, or the roofs of piazzas, forming pretty pictures of domestic felicity as they industriously feed their young. Their cozy little dwellings are composed of moss, grasses, and sheep's wool, and are neatly lined with feathers and horsehair; and the eggs, which are five in number, are of a grayish white, covered with specks of black.

(*To be concluded next month.*)

A LETTER FROM THE MARQUESAS.

[We are indebted to Captain Thomas G. Taylor for advising us of the following letter to Mr. H. M. Alexander, written to him by his brother, J. M. Alexander of Oakland, Cal., and dated from the steamer "Richmond," latitude 26° 3′, longitude 168° West, 3½ days from Raratonga, November 18, 1896.—Ed.]

I presume you have heard how we had a long voyage of calm weather to the Marquesas. A rowboat could have gone all the way the sea was so smooth. It was like a sail on a pleasure yacht and did us good. We caught three sharks, two bonita, and one porpoise.

We found that the Marquesas Islands had suffered from drouth for four years. Their rugged mountains were browner than usual, yet they had considerable verdure and beauty, but they are more remarkable for the grandeur than the beauty of their scenery. I never saw grander rock scenery than that of Hakani Valley, next west of Taiohae on Nukuhina, where a great assemblage of peaks rise together from the bed of the valley, and a waterfall pours from two thousand feet elevation—the place where the natives ran up the ridges and rolled rocks on to the French soldiers in their last battle with them, and drove them back. The peaks of Uapau, that rise like church steeples five hundred to one thousand feet high from the summit ridge, are magnificent. By contrast the bright white fern that covers all the ridges, the bamboo-like brake that is sometimes gay with plumes like sugar-cane tassels, and the cocoanuts running up the ridges are very beautiful.

I saw hardly any land in the Marquesas that could be plowed. It was all like Kona Hawaii, very fertile, but rocky. The finest coffee in the world is raised on Hiuao. On the summit of that island there is a plateau of two square miles of the richest of land that could be plowed, and would be an el dorado for coffee, cocoa, or vanilla.

The Marquesans are the finest race we have seen, taller on an average than the people of the groups we have visited, muscular and finely proportioned. The Tahitians are taller and have more delicate features and seem effeminate. The Marquesans were, many of them, frightfully tatooed. To meet a powerful man, almost nude, alarmingly tatooed, with a knife two feet long, at the lonely head of a valley was rather startling. But they were very friendly and generous.

The French government having stopped excessive use of opium, rum, and gin, the natives now make toddy from cocoanuts. The gendarmes arrest sometimes one hundred at a time at a toddy drunk, fine them five dollars apiece, and get one-third of the fines. Nine-tenths of the income of the natives goes to pay fines.

The vanilla plantations were very interesting. The plant is a vine orchid and must be trailed up trees in shade in rainy districts. They gather the pods and prepare them by a very particular process of drying, for export. The price of vanilla has suddenly risen so that sixty thousand dollars were realized last season by the natives of a very small district.

I enjoyed exceedingly hearing the natives sing in church music composed by themselves, and equally in Raratonga.

We stopped a few hours at Raiatea, which was a very interesting island, and there purchased wreaths of beautiful land shells, some of them like the Aehatinella Rosea, only smaller, and others darker.

We had fine views of Huahino, Tahoa, and Borabora, which last is a wonderful pile of rock partly covered with vegetation and with a crater at the top. The next morning we were near Mauke of the Hervey or Cook group, an island rarely visited by ships. We landed there into a gayly dressed crowd of natives with great garlands of maile and other vines and flowers. They pressed forward to shake hands and say "lorana," (life to you). We walked a mile inland on a fine road through a forest of hau, kamani, kukui, hala, and other trees covered with vines, birds' nests, ferns, etc., to the settlement. Mauke is an "elevated coral island," one hundred and twenty feet high. The oranges were the most delicious we ever ate, the bananas like honey. The church of the island is a large building of coral, plastered over. The people are moral and happy because the mission work has not been counteracted by crews of ships. We passed near Mitiaro, stopped at Atiu, a coral island three hundred and ninety-four feet high, and spent ten hours at Aitutake, which we found to be a very delightful island.

The next morning we were near Raratonga, which is a more picturesque island than Tahiti, and just as verdant, though of one-half the size. We rode in a little over two hours, eighteen miles, entirely around the island, and all the way we were shut in on both sides by heavy forests. We visited the missionaries for a few minutes. It was their Sunday and therefore they did not press us to stay to lunch.

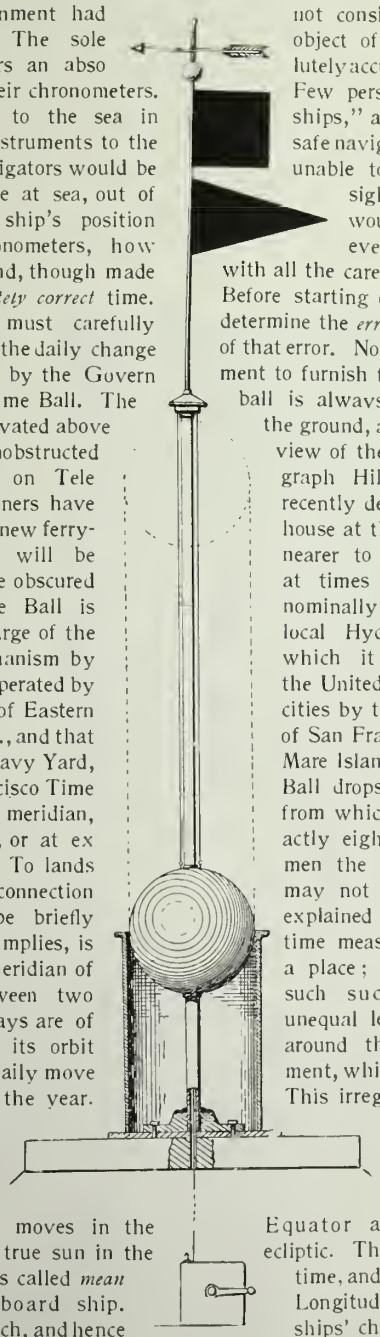
The natives of the Hervey or Cook Islands seem to average taller than the Tahitians, are quite handsome, appear to have more character, and certainly are more religious. The resources of these islands have not been developed but will some day bring an income of many million dollars.

We arrived at Auckland November 24th having voyaged seven thousand miles from San Francisco, counting our detours, and have had smooth seas, except two days. Auckland is a beautiful city, built on hill and dale, with considerable fine shrubbery. The people seem to be a superior class, but are slower than Americans.

THE GOVERNMENT ELECTRICAL TIME SERVICE.

LIEUT. W. S. HUGHES, U. S. N.

NE of the most important steps taken by the United States Government in the interest of sea-faring men was the establishment of what is known as "The Electrical Time Service." To the general public the visible part of this service is the dropping of a Time Ball in each of the principal sea-ports of the United States, enabling the people to accurately set their watches to the local standard time; but the system in reality has a much wider sphere of usefulness. In fact, the use of the Time Ball for the correcting of clocks and watches on shore is only an incidental feature of the time service, and one which the Government had not considered in establishing the system. The sole object of a Time Ball is to furnish to mariners an absolutely accurate means of finding the error of their chronometers. Few persons, except those who "go down to the sea in ships," are aware how essential are these instruments to the safe navigation of the ocean. Without them navigators would be unable to accurately determine the longitude at sea, out of sight of known landmarks, and the ship's position would consequently be unknown. Chronometers, however, are simply time-pieces, or clocks, and, though made with all the care and skill possible, never keep *absolutely correct* time. Before starting on a long voyage every navigator must carefully determine the *error* of his chronometer, and its *rate*, or the daily change of that error. No easier means could have been devised by the Government to furnish these data to ships than that of the Time Ball. The ball is always located in some position greatly elevated above the ground, and so placed as to command an unobstructed view of the harbor. That of San Francisco is on Telegraph Hill, but the State Harbor Commissioners have recently decided to change it to the tower of the new ferry-house at the foot of Market Street, where it will be nearer to the shipping, and not so likely to be obscured at times by fog or rain. Though the Time Ball is nominally under the control of the officer in charge of the local Hydrographic Office, the electrical mechanism by which it is automatically dropped is really operated by the United States Naval Observatories, those of Eastern cities by the Observatory at Washington, D. C., and that of San Francisco by the Observatory at the Navy Yard, Mare Island.



The San Francisco Time Ball drops at precisely *mean* noon of the 120th meridian, from which Pacific Standard Time is reckoned, or at exactly eight P. M. of Greenwich *mean* time. To landsmen the use of the word "mean" in this connection may not be clearly understood. It may be briefly explained as follows: Solar time, as its name implies, is time measured by the sun's transits over the meridian of a place; and a solar day is the interval between two such successive transits. But these solar days are of unequal length, because the earth's motion in its orbit around the sun gives the latter an *apparent* daily movement, which varies according to the season of the year. This irregularity in the apparent movement of the sun renders it necessary for astronomers to use for the exact measurement of time a fictitious sun, called a *mean* sun, which moves in the Equator at the *average*, or mean, rate of the true sun in the ecliptic. The time measured by this fictitious sun is called *mean* time, and is that kept by all chronometers on board ship. Longitude is usually reckoned from Greenwich, and hence ships' chronometers are set to Greenwich mean time. In practise, at the observatories, the time is determined by noting the times of transit of fixed stars across the wires of a telescope. From these star observations the sidereal, or star, time is found, and thence the mean time. As has been before mentioned, the time sent out by the observatories is *mean* time. This time differs only slightly from the true, or sun, time; but is sometimes earlier and sometimes later than the latter. The public utility of the time service has been greatly increased and extended by the cooperation of the Western Union Telegraph Company. Each day this great company suspends its business for a few minutes in all the principal towns and cities in the United States, turning over its lines to the use of the National Observatories while the time signals are being sent. Any message sent over the wires during this interval might prematurely drop the Time Balls. In ports where no Time Ball is displayed, navigators, by taking their chronometers to the office of the Western Union Company, where the time signal is received, can find their rates and errors with the same accuracy as by observing the Time Ball. These signals, also, automatically set the clocks and regulate the time for railroad companies, whose officials were quick to recognize the great advantages of a uniform time in the running of their trains.

MYSTERIES OF THE STAGE.

W. J. HENDERSON.

You have taken off your overcoat and made yourself as comfortable as possible in an angular little folding-chair that never was intended to give any human being a minute's comfort. The orchestra has crashed through the last measures of the overture. The footlights are turned up; the auditorium lights are turned down; the curtain rises. A dull, distant peel of thunder proclaims the approach of a storm. There is a flash of lightning. The storm breaks. Peal upon peal of crashing thunder rends the sky. The wind howls and shrieks, and the sharp cut of the driving rain is distinctly heard. The curtain falls at the end of the act, and you rub your eyes and wonder if you have been dreaming or have really seen these things on a wooden stage.

The next act shows a scene in the forest. Again the scene changes. This time it is a fire. The stage is filled with flames and smoke and the crash of falling timbers. You are almost tempted to believe that the house is really afire. But the same old curtain comes down at the end, and only a strong smell of powder reminds you of what you have seen. You leave the theater in a state of wonder. How is it all done?

Spectral appearances are often managed nowadays with a stereopticon. For instance, in "Siegfried" there is a scene in the forest in which the music of the opera is supposed to depict the rustling of the leaves. In order to heighten the effect of this scene, it is customary to produce the illusion of the flickering of the sunlight caused by the waving foliage. This is done by means of movable glasses, something like the arrangement of a kaleidoscope without the variety of colors. The white light is thrown through these moving glasses, and the audience sees the waving shadows, as if caused by sunlight filtering through wind-shaken leaves.

In the "Flying Dutchman" there is a view of the sea in the first scene, and a gale of wind is supposed to be blowing. The audience sees thin, gray, filmy scud scurrying across the sky from the beginning of the scene until the gale ends. This is also a stereopticon effect, and is produced by passing properly painted glasses across the opening of the lens. These few instances will give the reader some idea of the part which the stereopticon now plays in the illusions of the stage. One of the most familiar and beautiful effects produced upon the stage is the change from day to night or from night to day.

All is ready for the sunset except the lights, which are arranged thus: Behind the profile a row runs across the stage to throw its light on the lower part of the sky drop. The top part is illuminated by the border lights. A similar arrangement is made in front of the profile, while the foreground depends for its light on the borders and footlights. In all new theaters these are electric lights in three circuits. One circuit consists of lights with white globes, another red, and the third green. For broad daylight effects the white are used. In the scene we are describing, beginning with sunset, the red circuit is turned on. Calcium lights with red glasses are stationed at the sides of the stage, and thus the whole scene is suffused with a glow of red light. The change from sunset to moonlight is effected by slowly and imperceptibly lowering the sky drop. As the sun disappears behind the distant hills the red "mediums," as they are called, are turned off and the green ones gradually turned on. When the night sky has fairly got down to its place, the green mediums are all turned on at full force, and green glasses are placed in front of the calciums. The stage appears now to be flooded with moonlight. The moon cannot be shown, for it would be too far toward the audience.

The change from moonlight to sunrise is, of course, effected by simply reversing the process just described. Either one of these changes may be rendered more effective by certain additions. For instance, in the sunset part of the drop all the spaces between the clouds may be cut out. Muslin is then pasted over these openings, and is painted to represent the sky between the clouds. By placing lights behind this muslin a beautiful transparent sky is produced, and by gradually changing the color and intensity of the light as the sun goes down the appearance of the scene is made very realistic. This method is seldom employed, except in plays in which the scenic effects are an important element. A moonlit river is made also by cutting out the canvas, putting in muslin, and lighting it from the rear. Moonrise is produced with a sky drop, cut out between the clouds, as in the case of the sunset just described, and a "moon-box." This moon-box is simply a box with a circular hole cut in one side of it. Over this hole is pasted a piece of white muslin, and inside the box is a light. The box is placed behind the muslin sky drop, with the hole against the drop. The light is turned on, and the moon is drawn slowly upward by wires.

A SCENIC RAILWAY.

NELLIE BLESSING EYSTER.

THE latest feat in mountain railway building—a feat which has resulted in a scenic display incomparable in its beauty—was commenced February 5, 1896, completed August 7th of same year, and is known as the Mill Valley and Mount Tamalpais Scenic Railway. As a railroad, alone, it presents some unusual features. The height to be climbed is 2592 feet. The length of the road is eight and one-half miles. The elevation is reached by lengthening its line so that the average grade is only five feet in a hundred, and the heaviest grade but seven per cent. This low grade does away with the Rack and Pinion, as the adhesion of the locomotive drivers to the rails is ample for all purposes.

The contour of the country through which this road passes is very broken, and it is followed very closely by the line of road which makes 220 sharp curves, the sharpest being 70 feet radius. But the geared locomotive used takes these curves without any difficulty or actual danger at the speed run, which is eight miles per hour ascending and ten miles coming down. The roadbed and track are the standard United States construction, and cost $140,000.

The location of this unique railway, over which tens of thousands of admiring tourists are destined to travel as the wonders of California become better known to the world, is in Marin County, California: a peninsula washed on one side by the Pacific Ocean, and on the other by the Bay of San Francisco. The southern extremity of this peninsula forms the northern abutment or "post" of the "Golden Gate." The Golden Gate! With what a swoop the expanded wings of one's imagination enters through this majestic portal!

The eastern coast of the Pacific Ocean, from many miles to the south of San Francisco, runs in a northerly direction, till, at the entrance of the Straits of San Francisco, it meets a long line of ocean coast running southeast. These two extended lines of coast thus converging from a deep indentation in the land, and the two points respectively north and south of their junction, constitute the Golden Gate. The name was given to the passage by the Spaniards long before the discovery of gold in California, the State to which it gives such a glorious, sunny entrance. It is one mile wide. The southern point, bold and bluff, is elevated two hundred feet above the tide; the opposite northern point rises almost precipitously to the height of three thousand five hundred feet to the summit of Tamalpais, or Table Hill, which is the most elevated mountain peak on the immediate coast of the Pacific.

The distance from the City Hall, San Francisco, to the summit of Mount Tamalpais is thirteen and one-third miles in an air line. The tourist, leaving San Francisco in one of the splendidly equipped ferry-boats which leave its wharves every ten minutes, begins the trip to the foot of the Great Scenic Railway. As he heads toward the mountain peak lying in the dim distance, cloud-wreathed and intensely blue, he has the remarkable City of San Francisco and its hundred terraced hills on his left, and the wonderful Coast Range on his right. Soon the boat passes between "Black Point," the fortified coast of the city, and La Isla de los Alcatreces, or Pelican Island—a bold, barren, symmetrical rock situated a mile due north of the city, crowned with fortifications, bristling with cannon, and commanding the straits and the harbor.

As the boat approaches its landing at Sausalito, and he scans the beautiful villas which dot its hillside, he exclaims, if he is an Englishman, "By George! Old Torquay. This does, indeed, look like home." Transferred to cars which are in waiting for passengers to the matchless City of San Rafael, the State Prison at San Quentin, or Mill Valley among the pines, he rides through a dreamland of delight until he reaches the latter station and sees towering above him the lofty mountain peak which science and machinery have just made accessible.

Buying the privilege of the round trip for one dollar, he enters the coaches, open at either side, of the Scenic Railway, and begins the ascent. Round and round moves the train in its tortuous journey. The traveler becomes a human screw. He grows bewildered. First on this side, then on that, canyons, lakes, hills, appear and disappear with startling rapidity. He is ever on the one edge of a ravine, which grows deeper with every rod that the train measures. But the redwoods, majestic and awe-inspiring, are ever to the left of the ascent. The terminal branches of one group seem grasping the massive trunks of others just beyond. The air is full of their aroma. Exhilaration is everywhere. As the car rounds a sharp curve and a bit of the railway hundreds of feet below narrows into an amber-hued ribbon, admiration of the skill of the engineer deepens and all sense of possible danger is lost in the unfolding grandeur of the scene. An hour of such rare sensations and then the summit is reached. Here one alights at the doorway of an hotel, which has just been completed, and from its beautiful corridors he makes the survey to which his ride has been but a preparation. He pauses upon a rustic bridge to look down into Lake Lagunitas, nearly three thousand feet below, then back to the corridor to "view the landscape o'er." Thirteen counties can be seen—Marin, Sonoma, Mendocino, Lake, Yolo, Sacramento, San Joaquin, Santa Clara, Alameda, Solano, San Mateo, Contra Costa, and San Francisco. Their united area is 23,716,056 acres. A five minutes' walk from the hotel brings the tourist to the summit of a craggy cliff. As he makes the survey, not a word is spoken. All the stereotyped superlatives, such as "Magnificent!" "Unequaled!" are forgotten in the personal exaltation of being at one with such a vision of glorious reality.

VIEWS EN ROUTE. *Taber photo.*

It needs a quiet half hour, after having partaken of the excellent luncheon to be found in the hotel dining-room, to realize the greatness of the benefaction of the projectors and builders of this most charming and unique of all California's gifts to the world.

A LESSON IN FINANCE.

B. M. WILSON.

[The following narrative is founded on facts and relates the experience of a newsboy, now at the Boy's Training Home, 407 Taylor Street, San Francisco.—ED.]

LEASE buy a paper. I've jus' one left."

Can any one imagine a newsboy as having been a chubby dimpled baby, tenderly nursed in some fond mother's arms; and did you ever hear of a newsboy, grown to manhood, occupying any other position in life? Why, no; they are simply newsboys; a species of the genus homo indigeneous to the busy streets of large cities, swarming like gnats in the early morning, only to disappear in the dusk of the evening, except on the great occasion of an "Extra."

But since I bought that "last paper," in response to the plaintive pleading of that piping voice, I've a different story to tell.

I was hurrying down town the other morning, and had already been jostled out of temper by a group of scuffling newsboys, when I reached the maelstrom of our city, the crossing of Kearny and Market Streets. After two or three frantic efforts I reached the security of the Fountain curb. I paused a moment—just a moment—but long enough to be noted by a pair of bright eyes, and then, "Please buy a paper. I've jus' one left."

"Then what will you do if I buy that?" I asked.

"Oh, I'll go home, 'cause it's too late to sell some more, 'nd the fellers 'll be gettin' ahead of me with ther tables."

"What tables?" I asked, wondering if the child had had no breakfast, or what he could mean.

"Why, I'm a stoodent now. Me an' the fellers up to th' Home are learnin' everything; an' we'll soon be dividin' in figgers."

"But why haven't you learned your tables before? Surely you are old enough."

"Yes'm; I 'spect I'm about ten."

"Don't you know?"

"Well, they told me up in Or'gn as how I wuz six when they sent me off."

"Doesn't your father know?"

"Ain't got none."

"But your mother——"

"Nope, no mother, neither."

"Will you tell me all about your life, truly, if I give you two nickels for your last paper?" Surely there is no law against such bribery. Those eyes were very interesting.

"Ain't much to tell now, but ther' will be when I'm grown, fer I'm goin' to learn everything, and may be Preserdent some day. Boss says so."

"Who's Boss?" I gasped when I had recovered my breath. How could such an ambition be generated in that frail body and neglected mind?

"Oh, we call him 'Boss,' 'cause he runs the Home. He says as how it's perliter to call him 'Mister,' but I like short names, don't you?"

"Um—— well, they are easier to remember. But you haven't told me yours."

"Jus' Curly. What's yours?"

Here was equality not counted on. But I must learn more about him, so I satisfied his questioning, and led him back to the narrative of his own life.

"The folks that kep' me in Portland made me sell papers, but I used to go with a bigger feller. Then they said as how I was big enough to come to ther folks I 'longed ter, here, so they put me on a big boat and said I'd find lots of friens to take keer of me down here. I liked it on the boat, and the folks wuz all good ter me, but as soon as we got ter land I ran off ter see the friens that wuz waitin' fur me. I guess they's waitin' yet, fur I ain't never seen 'em. But I didn't keer much, ther wuz so much to see, until it got dark, and I wuz kinder hungry. The folks on the boat give me some money, so I got some grub, and tried to get back to the boat to sleep. But I couldn't find it, an' finally curled up 'longside of a big dog down on a wharf. Nex' mornin' I heard the boys callin' out their papers, an' I thought mebbe they wuz the friens I wuz lookin' fur. So I follered 'em and asked 'em, but they said, 'Git away. We ain't runnin' a kindergarten,' all but one. He wuz the biggest, and he kinder took my part, and I follered him 'roun all day, an' when he foun' as how I hadn't no place ter go or stay, he said, 'Well, little' un, if you'll work lively and earn y'r bed and lodgin' I'll look arter you.' And so we chummed. The other fellers didn't dare hit me when he wuz roun', an' I wuz quick and bein' so little could git aroun' lively, and people would buy from a little feller sometimes when they wouldn't from the big ones, so I got along first rate. Most always I'd have enuf for at least *two* meals a day and a ten-cent bed. Sometimes, of course, we'd have ter draw straws whether we'd have a dinner or a bed. I didn't mind sleepin' out so much as he did, and so sometimes when ther' wuzn't enuff to go roun', we'd git two dinners, and he'd git a bed, and I'd sleep under some steps or down at the docks. There's allers places at the docks where a little feller can crawl in and be snug. 'Course in the winter bizness is badder, cos people won't stop in ther rain, and ther cars is crowded, an' it's harder to get in mongst folks. An' then, 'nless there wuz some 'extry,' we'd hev to be mighty ekernomical. Five cents a day apiece wuz the limit then."

"What in the world could you get for five cents that would last you all day?"

"Well, we tried mos' everything. A loaf of bread wuz mos' allers the best, and then we'd genally find some milk wagon man that would give us a drop to drink. An' if I could get down to the docks I cud allers get somethin' from the men's dinner-pails. I tell yer the men at the docks is good friens to little fellers.

"Then my chum he got too big to sell papers—yer see I've been with him for more'n three years—an' so we got one of the men at the docks to put him on a ship, and now he's goin' all roun' the world. It seemed as if I couldn't hardly sell papers without him, but I braced up an' tried to do his bizness and mine too. It didn't seem ter work. All of a suddint there seemed ter be three times as menny boys sellin' papers, and ther' couldn't none of us make a livin', an' if it hadn't been for the Home I dunno what I'd done.

"One day I heard some of the boys talkin' 'bout goin' to the "entertainment" in the evenin'. I hadn't had money enuf ter go ter the theaytre for a long time, and I heard as how this wuz free to newsboys, so I just hung aroun' and follered 'em. We went right up from the Chronercle buildin' till we got ter Taylor, and then turned roun' the corner, and stopped at a house. Sez I to myself, 'What are they doin' here? This is a place where folks live, not a theaytre.' But I thought if they could go I could, and follered 'em in It was real nice inside, and warm and light, an' while the entertainment, as they called it, wuzn't a bit like the theaytre, there wuz some funny speakin' and singin', and best of all, somethin' good to eat. I found out that they had 'em every Thursday night and yer bet yer life I wuz allers there. I didn't know yer could go there some other time. I allers slipped out soon as the eatin' wuz over, for I wuz afraid they'd ask me who invited me to come, mebbe. But one night I stayed a little—I jus' hated to go out in the rain—an' I heard some of the boys tell the 'Boss' as how they wuz comin' there to stay. The 'Boss' said 'All right.' I thought about it all the week and ther very nex' Thursday night I braced up and sez to the 'Boss' as how I'd like to stay there, an' now I'm there for keeps, and mebbe it ain't bully!" And away he darted, singing,

"Four hundred and seven
Is the key to Heaven."

All day the bright eyes haunted me, and the picture of that tiny bundle of rags curled up in some sheltered nook on the docks, and the pitiful planning to make five cents buy sustenance for twenty-four hours. Could it be true? I must find out. So I ventured to call at the "Home" as I went up town. I found it just as he had described, and upon inquiring of the motherly matron if she knew a boy called "Curly," was gratified with the reply, "Oh, yes; he is one of our regular boarders now and gives great promise."

"How do you have the courage to carry on such a work?"

"Well, it is quite an undertaking, but San Francisco abounds with charitable hearts, and there is such need for helping the little homeless boys of the street. This 'Home' is new yet, but already we have placed many boys in good homes and gained better employment for others, with the opportunities for night school work. All the earnings of the boys while with us are turned over to us and deposited in the savings bank. If possible, we do not draw it out, endeavoring to clothe and feed them by means of the voluntary contributions received. It teaches them to lay by their little earnings, and when they leave us it is a small nest egg to add to in the future.

"This 'Curly' was the most forlorn-looking boy you ever saw. There was absolutely not a clean spot about him, unless it was his eyes, which were always too bright for mere rags and dirt to tarnish. We noticed him coming regularly to our weekly entertainments—that is the way we first attract the boys, you know—but he was dirtier each time, if possible, than before, and we had about decided that clean, pleasant surroundings had no influence whatever upon him, and that he was utterly hopeless. But one night he told Mr. C—— that he wanted to live with us. We almost tried to frighten him away by telling him he must give us all his money if he came, but quick as a flash a grimy hand dove into the rags he called clothes and brought out two nickels. He offered them so willingly, and said hopefully, 'Mebbe I'll have more to-morrow night,' that we surrendered and took him in, giving him back the money to buy his papers with next morning. He was given a good bath and put into a clean bed, and later, when Mr. C—— was going the rounds in the dormitory, seeing that all was right, Curly's voice piped faintly and drowsily, 'Please come here.' Mr. C—— bent over him expecting to hear some tale of wo, when two little arms clasped him around the neck and two soft little lips pressed a warm kiss upon his cheek."

Was it the memory of a mother's kiss to her cherished boy that had been stored away in some neglected cranny of that little brain, do you suppose, that prompted that token of love and appreciation, or was it the sudden vivifying of a dormant faculty, purely in accord with the scientific lines of evolution?

I want to know what becomes of that newsboy, don't you?

THE INDIAN RESERVATION SCHOOL IN CALIFORNIA.

JOHN E. BENNETT.

TO SIT six hours a day and gaze upon the stolid mahogany faces of thirty or more squalid, taciturn Indian children, all fronting you behind desks in a schoolroom 14x20, is an occupation which might fit the native disposition of a Junipero Serra, but to a gentleman from New York or Pennsylvania the taste for it must be acquired.

Yet here we are, these odd and thirty breathing brown bodies, variously sexed, their dark countenances framed in ovals of coarse, raven hair falling from their heads to their throats, all intent in their heavy way with pencil and slate, or with primary reading book, evolving mental images of one-syllable words.

For a gentleman of mild instincts to enter a country district school and teach orthography to the broganed rustics and the fat farm girls, it is easy and comparatively agreeable enough. They, indeed, know the uses of a pencil, and call a spade a spade: but when you are set among an aggregation of minor human units, to whom a spade is *un pala* and a pencil is not different from any other stick, and you find it your duty to instruct these in "readin', ritin', rithmatic," you have a task before you which requires an original genius to fulfil.

"What is this?" I say, holding up a book and addressing the largest boy.

I get a grunt in response.

"Book," say I. "B-o-o-k, book." The boy follows me with "bu." I write the word on the blackboard. I require him to copy the letters on his slate. In crude enough chirography, much like his ancestral picture writing on the "painted rocks," he imitates the blackboard letters. I insist that he shall again pronounce the word and repeat the sound, until I can hear "bu" blurted out from the density of dull ignorance, like children throwing their voices at the dark.

Thus on the stepping stones of nouns, impressed upon them by ocular contact with objects bearing those names, are the Indian children weaned from their tribal tongue and their mongrel Spanish into the English idiom. It is a difficult process, slow and tedious, the results to be measured more by comparison of dates than by consciousness of immediate progression; yet progress they do make, and it comes to pass that presently the ax lying against the log in the illustrated reader is the vehicle through which they become familiar with the printed translation of both words; and so they move on until they obtain a breadth of learning which entitles them for candidacy to the Carlisle or Hampton schools, or they are turned adrift to impress upon the people of their race the advantages which civilized American education brings to even the Indian.

But it is difficult and arduous work, this teaching school on an Indian reservation in California. Difficult far more so in a day-school than in a boarding-school. Of the former there are eighteen, and of the latter two, in this State, distributed over twenty-six reservations. There are also seven schools with which the Bureau of Indian Affairs contract for the boarding and tuition of pupils at a cost of from $108 to $125 each per annum. It is more difficult teaching the day-schools, for the reason that the Indians are not under the constant control of the school, but reside with their parents upon the reservation. The retroactive influence of this domestic environment manifests itself during the eight or ten weeks of summer vacation, when, after months of slow absorption of appreciation of the practical utility of the garden hoe, or the acquirement of a conscious light of the distinction between the capitals A and V, the Indian child forsakes all this tutelage and returns with its parents to the nomadic life of wandering all over the reservation, and frequently beyond it, camping on river banks, and moving the teepee from place to place, until they return to the school at its fall opening, shame-faced and discouraged, needing to begin all over again and study the strange things which were taught the term before.

The grim, glum pupils walk miles daily across the reservation to pass the hours under the teacher's ministrations. There is no compulsion upon their attendance, but the attractions of the place are relied upon to provide the incentive to assemble. These attractions would not appeal to one more cultured, unless they be the felicitous society of the teacher, for the school building is usually a pine board affair, roughly built, with a large hall for the classroom, and a small apartment partitioned from an end for the trunk and bed of the teacher.

Its location, too, unlike Katisha's elbow, would not prompt people to "travel miles to see it." It is usually set at the foot of a hill, with other hills mounting beyond it, with a desert stretching in front and bounding away over sandy levels and across dry washes, the area grown to sagebrush and chaparral. This scene is characteristic of the land which is usually set aside for reservation purposes, and the reservation school generally gravitates down upon the most characteristic spot of it.

The Indians are of both sexes, and range in ages from five to eighteen years. Many of the girls are married before they enter school, yet they continue in their attendance until maternity forces its suspension. Many of the boys formerly came with painted faces, strings on their arms, and feathers in their hair; some were donned with no fuller dress than a gee string. These styles are now, however, prohibited at all of the schools, and their bodies must be covered, if only to the thickness of pants and shirt.

School is called at nine o'clock; there is a recess at 10:30, and at twelve o'clock there is lunch. This is prepared in the schoolroom under the supervision of the teacher, who thereby turns matron and gives directions in the cuisine.

The teacher instructs the girls to sew, sees to it that both sexes wash their clothing, and upon the garden plot behind the schoolhouse he watches the tawny masculine arms plunge the mattock into the earth and drag the clotty surface with the rake. He instructs them also in the numerous seeds with which a garden is sown; shows them how and when to plant, familiarizes them with herbs and roots.

In all these studies the aim of the system is not to verse the pupils in literature, ethics, or esthetics, but to inculcate them with that knowledge, the use of which will render them self-sustaining; for the grand design of the Federal government is to complete its office of guardian of these wild people, and, equipped with understanding of methods and affairs, to turn them over to citizenship of the States in which are located their respective reservations.

There is no corporal punishment inflicted in the Indian school, the teacher being relegated to "firmness and will power" to secure obedience to his orders and necessary discipline. It is remarkable, however, with what slight friction such a school is conducted. The scholars do not display that excess of spirits, that ebullition of life which characterizes noisy, restless American children. They are quiet, almost to moroseness, talk little, even among themselves. Teacher W. H. Winship, who teaches Digger Indians at Tule day-school, says: "The pupils' conduct is good, gentle, usually obedient; sometimes they get sulky, when I have to use tact. They are apt in work requiring simple memory, and with pencil or pen: but they are slow in reasoning work." Teacher E. F. Thomas, of Capitan Grande school, preceptor of thirty Diagenians, says: "Their conduct is quiet and peaceable. They are apt in memory studies, and very imitative. They outdo white children in drawing and writing, but are slow plodding in most things, and difficult to arouse to enthusiasm."

The loneliness of the teacher of the Indian day-school is a feature of the sequestered situation of his habitat. For seven hours a day he has company enough of its kind, but then the swarthy urchins all depart, and a stillness as great as the silence of the vast ambient nature asserts itself. The teacher is alone. It is a loneliness dangerous, it would seem, to a woman, and not without its annals of crime. Theft perpetrated at the Round Valley school, where a woman taught, was traced to half-breed pupils. Two were expelled, and the Agent jailed some others. There were threats of the Agent's life, and there was peril in the life of the teacher, until the mutiny, thus firmly seized, died out. Not so fortunate was the upshot of that affair of Mrs. Mary J. Platt, teacher of the Pechango day-school on the Temecula reservation in 1895. The dark demons came at night. They murdered the lone and defenseless woman and incinerated her remains on the pyre of her burning schoolhouse. The fiends who perpetrated this deed were never identified to the satisfaction of a jury. Mateo Pa, captain of the Pechangoes, was tried and acquitted, as was also another Indian, the latter known to be a wretch of many crimes, and of whom a confessed participator in the outrage told in detail a story of the horrible manner in which the deed was done. The confessing Indian went to the penitentiary, while his alleged coadjutor was let go scot-free, to be shortly after, however, forwarded thither for the crime of stealing a cow.

Such are the duties and dangers of the life of an Indian school-teacher. He or she received seventy-two dollars per month for his or her services, with rent free, and some government rations. Of the nine day-schools on the Mission reservations in Southeast California, six teachers are women and three are men. But it would seem that the policy of the Bureau has of late inclined to the substitution of men for women in this branch of the educational service, since the perils which beset the isolation and the solitude of such a teacher are more fitting to be braved by a man than by a woman.

A Compliment from "Gameland," New York.

A JOURNALISTIC GEM.—Any literary critic who is imbued with the idea that New York City turns out all of the finest periodicals of the world—I mean, finest so far as typography, illustration, presswork, and paper are concerned—will change his opinion in a very decided manner when he views THE TRAVELER, published by Mr. Wm. V. Bryan, at San Francisco, Cal. THE TRAVELER is an illustrated family journal of travel and recreation, and is truly a literary gem. The paper itself will convey to you in a more forcible manner than we can, an idea of the attractions it presents from month to month. Send for a sample copy and remember that while the subscription price of THE TRAVELER is $1.50, you can secure it and *Gameland* for one year for 25 cents additional, or $1.75.

HO! FOR RANDSBERG.

ERMENTINE POOLE LONG.

A FORTUNE and Randsberg! What other motive than that of finding the sparkling grains which glitter so alluringly from the rocks could induce men to face the discomfort, the hardships, the biting wind, chilling cold, scarcity of water, and general disagreeables which go to make up Randsberg and its environment. Not one attractive feature in situation, climate, or accommodation, and yet the little town, if two thousand souls constitute a town, is growing and flourishing, in a way—in the way of all mining towns, whose first comers lived in tents, or rough shacks built of odds and ends of lumber. The song has it—

The days of old,
The days of gold,
The days of '49.

And those were days well worth a song. In the "days of '49" a mining town was a place to write of, with its excitement, its rush and confusion. Romance was there, and the elements of good and evil, which stirred men and women to unwonted action. It was a background of vivid color, on which life was etched in deep lines. It offered every opportunity to the brains and pen of one keen enough to take advantage of the situation.

But Randsberg! The mines are there, also the people, but what a difference between the days of '49 and those of '97. Not even the readiest writer with the liveliest imagination could find aught but the most absolute prose fitting to describe the spot which at present is the scene of so much activity. A story might be written of the vicissitudes which befall those unfortunates who arrive too late to get even the rudest shelter. Accommodations are, as yet, very limited. One college-bred man, after a vain search for "anything" under a roof, was pleased to find himself possessor, for the night, of a comforter, so-called, for which he paid fifty cents. The article was a fearful and mysterious combination, but it was warm, and things get to the freezing point over there. So, with not too close an inspection of his treasure, he folded his bed-clothes around him and laid down to sleep on the hard, cold ground, with the stars for a canopy. More fortunate the following night, he secured a cot, bare of all furnishing, however, and, as its length would not accommodate his inches, he added an extension by placing it against a chicken-coop. Here, again wrapped in his comforter, feet resting on the coop, he passed his second night. And he was only one of many, and more fortunate than most.

The approach to the spot where lies buried the desired treasure is wearying and desolate. One gets a taste of forthcoming misery when he responds to the call "Mojave," and steps from the comfortable car into the bitter gale which prevails at that forsaken spot, and only gives way to a scorching heat, which makes the wind something to be desired. Small wonder that a woman living there ended her existence. A short stay for "breakfast" is enough to rouse suicidal thoughts. What must a life-time endured there mean?

But across the desert, on the horizon line, toward the east, is a purple vein of hills, and over there lies Randsberg.

The four stages, clumsy-looking wagons, whose springs are more than doubtful, drive up to the station, and into them climb a varied assortment of humanity. A doctor, a lawyer, two miners, a tramp, who had scraped together the necessary funds to "get there," a Chinaman, and a Mexican made one load. Rolls of bedding, gunny-sacks, whose contents were unnameable, canvas bags, and two valises were tied on as baggage. No necessity for trunks has yet arisen. The four stages, each full, start off on their forty-mile drive, and every day the scene is repeated, and "still they come."

Marvelous stories are told of the richness to be found in the hills, and while a foot of ground is left unclaimed there is yet the chance of a "lucky find." One man and his son started off with pick and shovel, so reduced in pocket that Randsberg or any other place was good enough in which to make a start. Three months later they returned to Los Angeles and opened a bank account with twenty thousand dollars as a result of their labors. Such a reward inspired others to a like attempt, with what success deponent sayeth not. The above happens to be a fact, but "there are others," undoubtedly fiction. The man in search of a fortune, however, does not stop to discriminate, therefore the rush continues.

After jolting and bumping across the desert, which offers nothing of interest to relieve the monotony of the tiresome ride, unless, indeed, an unusual rain has converted the 'dobe into a mass of clogging mud, and the chances of miring cause a little excitement, one arrives. There are two hotels (!), so-called by courtesy, and the choice is restricted to one of name alone. The more pretentious sounding of the two, the "St. Elmo," recalling memories of Augusta Evans and her novels. The house is a sample of the few already built on the slope, for Randsberg is located on a side-hill. Four sides, a ridge-pole roof, a dining-room, kitchen, and saloon on the first floor, and six bedrooms, three on either side of a narrow hall, and the architectural structure is complete. The rough pine lumber is guiltless of any covering whatsoever, inside or out, and the cracks between the boards admit light and *air* in an impartial manner. The ventilation is superb; in fact, if the cracks were larger one might literally be blown out of bed. Two suits of woolen underwear, an outside suit of heavy material, topped off with a fleece-lined canvas overcoat, leggins, and thick gloves, and "I thought I'd freeze to death." Such was the story of one victim to the fever, who tried it for two weeks, and returned with the verdict that everything worth having was already "claimed," and that there was absolutely nothing in it for any one else.

Randsberg, of course, has its full complement of saloons, and the roulette ball spins merrily every night. The gambler and sharper are reaping their harvest, for such find their best field amid such scenes. The feminine element, more's the pity, is supplied by the waitresses and the "ladies" of the self-styled "theatrical troupe," whose performances add to the amusement of the gambling-rooms. The question of morals has not yet been raised, but the community is a peaceable one, the ready revolver of the old days not being so much in evidence, though the conditions would seem to be similar. But the temperament has changed, and men think and act more slowly than they did, when a movement of a man's hand toward his hip pocket meant a scattering of the bystanders.

HILO, OF THE HAWAIIAN GROUP.

HENRY M. WHITNEY.

Hilo is a gem, an ideal tropical village, nestling in a beautiful grove, with pretty rustic cottages almost hidden among arbors of vines and flowers of the richest hues. It lies at the base of the two grandest and loftiest mountains in the Pacific, and on the shores of a placid bay, the surface of which is rippled by the cool mountain and sea breezes, which alternate with the regularity of sunrise and sunset. Tall groves of cocoanut trees fringe the shores, waving their graceful fronds as a welcome to the visiting tourist. Back of the cocoas may be seen other groves of breadfruit, mango, pear, and guava stretching in either direction far as the eye can reach, along the shores and up the mountain-sides.

And such a sea-beach as nowhere else can be seen! with the heavy rollers following each other up the steep shores, then sliding back to be met with succeeding waves. While here and there may be seen the sportive natives, male and female, clothed in Nature's bathing suit, standing upright on their surf boards and riding on the crest of the incoming waves, with outstretched arms and jubilant shouts that rouse the admiration of the most stolid observer.

The dwellings of the villagers stretch along the shore to the right and to the left of the bay for two miles or more, and still farther on are the plantations, around each of which clusters a village population, most of whom are employed on the plantation, or in some way connected with it.

At some seasons of the year when the trade winds blow strong, this district is supplied with an abundance of rain, which, while it serves to give a luxuriant growth to the vegetation and especially to the growing cane, sometimes proves a temporary but harmless discomfort to the visitor. The atmosphere at night is usually cool and refreshing, owing to the breeze from the mountain-tops. It is in every respect an ideal tropical village, and a place of rest. There are excellent accommodations for tourists, who may plan to spend here a few weeks or months.

When Lord Byron visited Hilo in 1824 (after he had landed at Honolulu the bodies of Kamehameha II. and his Queen, who died in England) he became fascinated with the scenery of the village and the charming bay, its shores and islands, and named the former after himself, Byron's Bay, by which it is still designated on most English charts. On the eastern side of this smooth sheet of water, a mile distant from the village, is Cocoanut Island, so called from the cluster of trees on it. It is a charming spot, often resorted to on festive occasions for picnics, where old and young gather to spend an afternoon under the cool shade of its lofty trees, fanned by the sea breezes, which form so attractive a feature of Hilo and its vicinity. Fortunate, indeed, is the tourist who happens to witness one of these unique and cosmopolitan gatherings of people from every quarter of the globe. It will form a red-letter day in his checkered life, never to be forgotten, for the beautiful panoramic view which it affords of the lofty mountains and island scenery can nowhere be surpassed. In front lies the placid bay, and on the shore beyond is the village almost hidden with luxuriant foliage; while in the background are seen the two mountains—at the right, grand old snow-capped Mauna Kea (white mountain), and at the left the still more majestic Mauna Loa (long mountain), its summit volcano often wreathed with a cloud of smoke.

This, That and the Other

LILLIAN FERGUSON.

She was young, ambitious, pretty, and she thought that with her pen
She could probe her way to glory just as well as scribbling men.
So she climbed ten flights of dingy steps with graceful, jaunty air,
And sought the city editor within his cobweb lair.

"I want to go upon the staff," with confidence she said.
The great man turned and looked at her, and slowly shook his head.
"Perhaps you do not realize quite what that means," said he;
"The girl reporter of to-day an Amazon must be.

"She must prowl about all night alone in search of lively news;
Must interview such murderers as I see fit to choose;
Must visit morgues and lunatics, and travel in disguise,
And chase exclusive stories warranted to paralyze.

"She must camp for weary hours and hours upon a hopeless trail,
For journalism's lexicon has no such word as fail;
She must, if I so wish it, go and jump into the bay"—
But here his visitor arose and faintly said, "Good day."

Marvelous are the ways of science. And dictatorial, too. It is but a few months since the deadly dangers that attend kissing were unfolded to us in all their terrors, and the ancient form of salutation threatened to become quite obsolete. One says "threatened" advisedly. So few threats ever are carried out! Fast upon the heels of the terrible disclosure that microbes infinitesimal and innumerable attend the kissing process, comes the remedy. This is not to stop endearing manifestations, on the principle that prevention is the most expedient cure. Oh, no! It is a kiss disinfectant. Doctor Somebody-or-other—ah, I have it, Doctor Hurty of the Indiana State Board of Health—has devised a process by which a kiss may be safely and thoroughly disinfected. He declares that the only thing necessary to make kissing healthful is to carefully wash the mouth with the disinfectant before indulgence in the luxury under discussion.

Engaged couples will please take warning accordingly. They should lose no time in getting their prescriptions filled at the nearest drug store. It has been expensive enough heretofore, goodness knows, to be engaged, without adding this new item to the florist's and jeweler's list in a young man's account book. The demands of modern science must, however, be complied with. A bottle of Rough on Microbes should be in every Native Son's pocket—I don't mean in every pocket, because that would imply that it was necessary for him to purchase the stuff wholesale, but in a pocket of each Native Son who has sentimental tendencies. Imagine a lover saying, when he calls upon the idol of his heart, "My angel, have you disinfected?" before venturing to give her a carbolized salute. And how about a Native Daughter who adds the new commodity to her shopping items?

I'm sure that all my readers will agree
It must be quite embarrassing to her
To say to druggist's clerk, "Please give to me
A bottle of your Rough on Microbes, sir."

Through its glassy, intellectual eye, Boston turns some very warmly approving rays on its stage favorites, and among the leading men that the city of beans and mental culture loves to lionize is Herbert Kelcey. Socially he is made much of, and recently concluded a very successful engagement at the Hub. Midnight suppers galore have been graced by his presence, and the Boston matinee girl appears to have been quite as enamored of him in her marbleized ways as is consistent with maidenly decorum in that eminently proper and intellectual metropolis. At these little fraternal, nocturnal, and infern—— that is to say, internal repasts, Mr. Kelcey's great and shining accomplishment comes into play for his friends. It is not speech-making. No. The good-looking Herbert's lines on such occasions fall into other places. He fairly revels in his skill at evolving that most suicidal, homicidal, and altogether awful delicacy, a Welsh rarebit. The concoction turned out of the Kelceyan chafing-dish under that seductive name, would, it is declared by one who has sampled and survived, tempt the palate of an epicure. Moreover, it is built in the real English fashion, the art having been mastered by Mr. Kelcey during his residence abroad. Here is the recipe which in a momentary burst of generous confidence he gave to a friend:

"Put two-thirds of a glass of ale into the chafing-dish; add a teaspoonful of butter, with a pinch of salt and mustard, both of which have been rubbed fine, and a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce. When the mixture is hot, pour in two pounds of grated cheese of the medium strength, English dairy variety. It should be stirred constantly, and when it becomes creamy, the whites of three eggs beaten to a froth should be added. Serve hot on slices of toast."

My early education in Welsh rarebits was very much neglected, so I cannot judge of the merits of the above directions, but self-preservation is the first law of nature, and I am quite willing that the length and breadth of a continent, and an ocean or two thrown in, should lie 'twixt me and a Kelcey rarebit. Surely such a combination is enough to give a mummy the nightmare. It would be rather interesting to know just how many cases of permanent and violent dyspepsia are directly traceable to the talented actor's chafing-dish.

I can but wonder when, in love scenes tender,
I see you, Mr. Kelcey, on your knees,
If inspiration in the lines you render
Is due to midnight ale and melted cheese?

Apropos of the stage and its people, Mr. William Dean Howells ventures a peculiar suggestion for entertaining. He objects to the high prices so often charged for good theatrical performances, and declares that it is ridiculously extravagant to attend theaters; that instead of buying seats to the opera or play, it would be just as pleasant, if not more beneficial, to read a good romance at home. (He does not mention preference for any author named Howells, and this modesty should be carefully chalked up to his credit, for the temptation to do so must have been a fearful one indeed.) He further suggests that a young man might ask a girl and her chaperon to read a book with him some evening, the former to call in evening dress, the latter to gown themselves in festive manner. Or, instead of theater parties, a hostess could invite several friends to spend the evening reading with her, presenting each guest with a copy of the book, all of which would be a trifling expense compared with the regulation theater party, which necessitates carriages, supper, and flowers. Mr. Howells is willing that on such occasions light refreshments should be served. He does not specify, but presumably a soda cracker and a glass of Spring Valley would meet with his sanction. The economy motive runs so strongly through the novelist's argument that his objections appear to be based upon this point alone. Now, there are two distinct kinds of economy—honest, sensible economy, and penurious economy, otherwise classified as stinginess; and a very sorry thing it is, too, by my faith. Money spent at the theater is money well invested, if the performance be a good one. There is nothing that can so completely take one's mind off one's daily routine, can refresh the brain, alleged or otherwise, that you carry under your hat, as the theater. Fancy reading Juliet, to seeing the character live and die in Julia Marlowe Taber. Compare the "Prisoner of Zenda" with the magnetic personality of James K. Hackett in the play of that name. Think of the breath of life that Edwin Booth breathed into Shakespeare's characters. Oh, Mr. Howells, how can you relegate us to outer darkness by taking the stage from us (if you could) with a stroke of the pen? We love it; and may it live forever!

Among the dozens of reasons, more or less, why Mr. Howells' suggestion is (beg pardon) stale, flat, and unprofitable as a substitute for the theater, there is one more pointed than the others—so few, so very few, people know how to read aloud well. Then, too, it would take several evenings to read a romance—but why enumerate the objections to the plan? Mr. Howells moves that the theater be abolished in favor of home-made, "cheap" entertainment. Do I hear a second to that motion? Dead silence. Motion lost. Be seated, Mr. Howells.

He paused upon the noisy, cobbled street.
Said he: "Some day
Not far away
This City Hall of ours will be complete."

They seized him; gagged and bound him, hands and feet;
Bore him away.
"The Board," quoth they,
"Of Lunacy Commissioners must meet."

His face through grated bars I sometimes greet,
And, sad to say,
He to this day
His strange hallucination will repeat.

Of all the men who wear Uncle Sam's livery, and render service to the people in his name, no class is more deserving of its remuneration or more faithful in the discharge of duty than the letter-carriers. Invested with great responsibilities, bearing heavy burdens through any and all weathers, prompt, efficient, and patient, the letter-carriers are among the most important factors in our system of government. Does it not seem exceedingly unjust, then, that these indefatigable workers must serve a period of four or five years before being put upon regular pay? While they are "substituting," their small allowance of thirty dollars a month must be paid by the "regulars," notwithstanding that the latter are poorly paid. When a regular position is finally secured, the salary for the first year is only $600; the second year, $800, the third, $1000. The Letter-Carriers' National Association has for seven years been endeavoring to secure the passage of an act by Congress providing for adequate pay. At the time THE TRAVELER goes to press this month, a measure is on the Speaker's desk, which has received favorable committee report, and which passed the Senate unanimously last June. Among its important provisions is a new class whose members shall be entitled to $1200 a year, after seven or eight years of service. It will also enable the substitutes to get regular employment earlier than is possible under the present system. It is earnestly to be hoped that this bill will become a law. The justice of it must surely appeal to every one. May the letter-carriers meet with the success which is their due.

From observation, I at last am forced
To think that, though domestic skies may fall,
'Tis better to have loved and been divorced
Than never, never to have loved at all.

Every once in a while a spasmodic effort is made in this city to put to rout that ineffable nuisance, the street masher. The movement dies a natural death after a few offenders have been punished or admonished, and the evil—for it is a serious evil—continues. It is a pity that a crusade cannot be inaugurated against the nuisance, which shall not cease until it is permanently abated. The professional masher is a being extremely low in the social and moral scale. His presence is an offense to all respectable persons. He is despicable to a degree, and a pavement plague. His methods, like himself, are contemptible. If he confined his attentions to women who were old enough (beg pardon, dear sisters, for even casually alluding to the subject of age) to take care of themselves, his time would be wasted. The trouble is, he is constantly on the lookout for girls of tender years, and it is upon them that he tries his blandishments, trusting to their ignorance and innocence for the notice that he has the unspeakable impudence to seek from them. Old in the worst of experiences, with a mind lost to ordinary decency, the masher is a creature to be summarily dealt with wherever found. It would not be a bad idea to drop a few dozen of him into the bay some dark night—only that one has too much regard for the bay to ask that it be the final resting place of such as he.

NEW GOLD.

LOVE AND HOPE.

[The following pretty conception is from the pen of our well-known and eminent counselor, Mr. Henry E. Highton, and bears more than usual interest not only because of the prominence of its author, but that it has never been published, and was written nearly forty-one years ago, during the early spring-time of his youth, at a period when sentimentality blossoms if ever.—Ed.]

A beautiful bird of golden wing
Came with the fragrant winds of Spring,
And flashed between the earth and sky.
Sometimes in its nest near the roses 'twould lie,
And then 'twould soar into regions above,
Dance on the sunbeams and warble of love
To a star that shone in the garish day
With a strangely brilliant and sparkling ray,
Scatt'ring its light o'er valley and hill,
On ocean and river and mountain rill.
Like hues of the sunset reflected afar
Were the beams of that beauteous, twinkling star.

For they pierced through the chinks of the cabin wall,
And mellowed the glare of the lordly hall,
And they touched the hearts of the young and fair,
And melted the eye of frozen despair.
On the wings of the morning they flew to the West,
And tinged with their crimson the snowy crest
Of the mountains, and smiled on the lowliest vale,
Danced on the rivers and laughed in the gale.
Chasing the shadows within and without,
Till a dull cloud came and the star went out.

But the little bird cheerfully danced along,
Glittered in beauty and piped its song,
Which was wafted about by the fragrant breath
Of the gentle zephyrs o'er city and heath.
And the little bird's song was borne on the breeze
That shook the rich grain and rustled the trees;
In hovel, in hamlet, in palace 'twas heard,
The song of that glittering, beautiful bird.
And the pale cheek glowed with a rosy flush,
Like the Goddess of Morning's delicate blush,
When she first discovers the sun is nigh,
Breathing warm love o'er earth and sky.

And the weary listened—their footsteps were light,
And their hearts were filled with a gentle delight,
And the lily lifted its drooping head
And shook the warm dew on its fragrant bed,
And the earth was filled with the notes of love,
As the little bird sang on its flight above.
But a cold wind came and chilled the flowers,
And the clouds descended in snowy showers,
And the lily sank to a frosted sleep,
And its petals closed and refused to weep,
And the little bird's beauty was turned to decay—
Its notes were frozen—it passed away.

The storm was over—the sky was fair,
But the warbler's song had left the air.
Its color had faded—its body was cold,
Rusty and dull was its plumage of gold.
No longer the sound of its carol was heard,
For dead in the snow lay the beautiful bird.
The clouds were dispersed—the star shone again
O'er valley and mountain, o'er river and main,
And a voice was heard, of a sweetness rare,
Which said, "When Love fades, yield not to despair;
Though the bird is dead, the star shines above,
The star *is* Hope and the bird *was* Love."

A lucky man was Adam. Naught at stake
Had he, according to well-founded rumors.
No milliner had power to make him quake.
He did not live in terror of costumers.
But just supposing Eve had tried to make
Her last year's fig-leaf over into bloomers!

What jolly times for husbands are in store—
What blissful lives—
When they can exercise hypnotic lore
Upon their wives!
They'll merely have to put the dears to sleep
When they their little orgies wish to keep.

Mrs. Innit—Grace, are you sure Mr. Huggard loves you for yourself alone?

Grace Innit—I am sure of it, mamma. When he calls, he hates awfully to have any one else come into the room.

THAT REMINDS ME.

Tabes photo.

New Cook—No, ma'am, I can't stay any longer. Your daughter has so many dudes calling on her I'm afraid the neighbors will think they come to see me.

Mother (to runaway Tommy)—Is there any place I can put you and be sure of finding you there five minutes after?

Tommy (meekly)—You might try the cupboard.

Pipkin—I don't understand how Brace manages to dress as well as he does.

Potts—Nothing could be simpler; he pawns his old suit for money enough to make a deposit on a new one.

Mr. Sculptor—Is that last bust of your husband finished yet?

Mrs. Jaggs—Well, I hope so. I found his hat on the gas jet, shoes in the brush tray, and him under the folding-bed.

Wife—Dear me, you can never find a thing without asking me where it is. How did you get along before you were married?

Husband—Things stayed where they were put then.

Old Mr. Soakley (to his wife)—Just think, dear, a camel can work eight whole days without drinking!

Mrs. Soakley (with a withering look)—That's nothing! I know an animal who will drink for eight days without doing a bit of work.

Mr. Soakley sighs resignedly and turns to the sideboard.

Hardup—Hello, Charley; your trousers bag at the knees.

Deadbroke—I wish they bagged at the pocket-book.

The Ramona Hotel, cor. Third and Spring, F. B. Mallory, proprietor, has been entirely refitted with sanitary plumbing, electric bells, and other luxuries of modern civilization. The hotel is doing a prosperous business.

Mrs. Newcook—Dear me! I wish we could have something new for dinner.

Mr. Newcook—Why not make some good coffee?

John W. Carmany, No. 25 Kearny Street, leading shirtmaker and men's furnisher. Winter styles now ready.

Johnson—You are drinking too hard. Your nose is as red as a beet.

"But that comes from a week's fishing trip."

"That merely confirms what I said at first."

Chollie—Chappie, deah boy, you aw pawsitively and gwossly intoxicated—you actually have a jag on!

Chappie—Haw! Is it on stwaight?

The Robert Malcom Co., 735 Market Street, San Francisco, carry an elaborate supply of bicycle parts, tires, etc. Call on them for anything in that line.

SWAIN'S.

In response to the demands of many of our patrons, we have concluded to establish a "Table d'Hote" dinner, beginning Thursday, June 25th, from 5 to 8 P. M., the price of which will be $1.00.

The high standard of excellence that we have so carefully preserved for so many years will recommend this new feature to the public.

SWAIN BROS.,
Proprietors, SWAIN'S RESTAURANT.
No. 213 Sutter Street, City.

H. L. Davis. W. D. Fennimore. J. W. Davis.

317-319 KEARNY STREET.

DEFECTIVE VISION is the cause of about 95 per cent of all headaches, neuralgia and dizziness, which are often attributed to ill-health. Properly fitted glasses, in such cases, will give immediate relief.

THE NATICK HOUSE. Cor. Main and First Sts. LOS ANGELES, CAL.

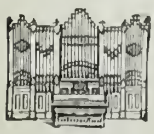
Most centrally located. Cable cars pass the house for all parts of the city. Floors carpeted with the best body brussels and velvet. Electric bells and heated by steam. The only house in the city running a FREE 'BUS both ways and independent of the Transfer Co. Watch for the Natick House 'bus. Rates, $1.25, $1.50 and $2.00 per day. HART BROS., Proprietors.

London, Chatham, & Dover Railway.

A. THORNE, Formerly at H. B. Claflin & Co's, New York. American Representative in England, London, Chatham and Dover Railway, Victoria Station, London, S. W.

The London, Chatham, and Dover Company's Trains run through the prettiest parts of Kent, and passengers have the privilege of stopping over at Rochester to visit the Cathedral and Castle, and at Canterbury to view the Cathedral (containing the tomb of the martyr, Thomas à Becket), and other places of interest.

Telegrams: Caldover, London.



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Beautiful home on the mountain side over-looking Napa Valley, consisting of large main building, cottages and tents. Elevator, steam heat, call bell and night watch service. Swimming tank, gymnasium and beautiful walks are among the attractions. Best adapted for those who want quiet and rest. Massage and electricity among the agents used; treatment for all chronic ailments. Accommodations first-class and terms reasonable. Send for circular.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA ITEMS.

ON TUESDAY, the 19th of January, the doors of the new Hotel Van Nuys, at Los Angeles, were opened to the general public. The hotel is situated on the corner of Fourth and Main Streets, directly opposite the Hotel Westminster, and is strictly modern in every particular. Special arrangements have been made for plenty of daylight, and the architect has succeeded admirably in this respect. The hotel is heated by steam, lighted by electricity, and enjoys the special distinction of being provided with private telephones in every room in the house. This is certainly a somewhat unique and interesting feature, as the wires are so arranged that communication can be had by guests between any two rooms in the house by simply calling up the hotel office and making connection the same as by the regular telephone service. It is elaborately equipped, and it is said between seventy and eighty thousand dollars have been spent in furnishing the hotel. The Van Nuys has been leased for a long period by M. M. Potter, one of the most energetic hotel men in the South, and he will perhaps be more readily recognized as formerly connected with the Hotel Westminster, which house he brought into prominence and popular favor during his regime.

The Hotel Coronado looks the same as ever, with the exception, of course, of the usual finishing touches that are given to Southern California hotels about this season of the year. Considering the somewhat backwardness of the season, the Coronado is doing its share of the business, and Mr. Babcock, the Manager, anticipates a much larger influx during the present month. Coronado has recently issued a very handsome panoramic photograph, in colors, of the hotel, which is now adorning prominent locations in different parts of the world.

The Hotel Florence, at San Diego, under the management of E. E. Nichols & Son, looks as beautiful and homelike as formerly. The large enclosed veranda and the comfortable sitting-room are attractions that are hard to resist to any who appreciate real home comforts. Nichols & Son are doing everything in their power to popularize this hotel, and will no doubt make a splendid success of it. They are likewise interested in the well-known Cliff House, at Manitou, Colo., and which, by the way, will be opened by them about March 1st, although the Florence will be continued until very late in spring.

MISS LILLIAN REIS.
Well-known in San Francisco social circles, and widely esteemed for her talents, vivacity, and amiability.

The Hotel Brewster, at San Diego, is doing an excellent business. They always get their share of it whenever there is any travel, and it is not too much to say that Mr. O'Brien, the proprietor, has always kept it in an absolutely perfect condition, regardless of the general condition of the hotel business. We have before remarked that it is one of the neatest and best-equipped hotels in Southern California, and no one will deny that fact who has ever had the pleasure of remaining in it for twenty-four hours.

The Hollenbeck Hotel, at Los Angeles, is now under the exclusive control of A. C. Bilicke. Since the death of his father, Mr. C. G. Bilicke, the young man has taken in no assistant to release him from the arduous duties of this immense hotel, but, while it required great work, there is not the slightest indication of a variance in the previous conduct of the Hollenbeck. Mr. Bilicke has spent many thousands of dollars this year in making additional improvements, almost every room in the house has been recarpeted and refurnished when necessary, and, in fact, everything is being done to keep it modern and up to date in every particular. Mr. Bilicke is a popular host, and one of the best known hotel men on the coast, besides taking an active and prominent interest in all matters concerning the welfare of the hotel men and their organizations, being at the present time President of the Southern California Hotel Men's Association. The Hollenbeck enjoys the advantage of being the most prominently located hotel in Los Angeles, at the corner of Second and Spring Streets, which to that city is like Market and Kearny to San Francisco.

The Southern California Railway has done a great deal to popularize tourist traffic below Tehachapi. Their main lines and feeders permeate almost every quarter of that interesting section, until to-day one of the best local train services in the country can be found in Southern California. But recently they have made a splendid addition to the famous Kite-Shaped Track service in the shape of an observation car. This car is run over the Kite-Shaped Track daily, except Sunday, on the following schedule: Leave Los Angeles 8.00 A. M., Pasadena 8.27 A. M., arrive Redlands 10.32 A. M. (stop of two and a half hours), leave Redlands 1.00 P. M., arrive Riverside 2.15 P. M. (stop of one hour and fifteen minutes), leave Riverside 3.30 P. M., arrive Los Angeles, via Orange, 6:05 P. M. The observation car is specially constructed with large plate-glass windows, movable and revolving upholstered wicker arm-chairs, an enclosed platform provided with an awning, a commodious smoking apartment, and a buffet from which substantial lunches will be served at moderate rates. A porter and experienced chef accompany the car, and a nominal charge is made for the additional comforts and privileges. Tickets for the trip over the Kita-Shaped Track are good six months from date of sale and allow stop-over at pleasure. If you desire any special information the agents will promptly respond to your request either through the mail or by personal call.

The Hotel Painter at Pasadena is enjoying an excellent business. It is truly a homelike hotel in every sense of the word, and occupies a most picturesque location overlooking the town and the entire San Gabriel Valley. Mr. Painter, the proprietor, is a splendid entertainer, and is constantly planning some form of amusement for the enjoyment of his guests. The rides in and about Pasadena are famous for their beauty and variety, and, as the Painter maintains a well-equipped stable, diversions in this direction are as frequent as they are delightful.

Messrs. Chas. Bauer and J. A. Kelly, under the firm name of Chas. Bauer & Co., have just established one of the most complete pleasure resorts on the coast at No. 243 South Spring Street, Los Angeles, between Second and Third, and less than a block from the Hollenbeck Hotel, the very heart of the city. The establishment runs through from Spring to Broadway, with entrances on each street. It combines a splendid cafe, supplied with all the delicacies of the market, the best assortment of beverages, including the famous Anheuser, apartments for private parties, and above all, a splendid, large plunge bath for swimming. It is the only place in Los Angeles offering these varied facilities, and under the management of its popular proprietors, Messrs. Bauer & Kelly, cannot fail to prove a most delightful center of amusement, good living and luxury.

The Arlington Hotel, at Santa Barbara, is enjoying a most prosperous season. For some months past it has been under the exclusive control of Mr. E. P. Dunn, and if reports count for anything it has not only maintained its former prestige, but improvements seem to be the order of the day. Santa Barbara is celebrated for its perfect climate, its beautiful drives and its incomparable sea bathing, and in order to fully enjoy these attractions it is only necessary that the headquarters of all tourists should be made at a first-class hotel. There is but one—the Arlington.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

PRICE FIFTEEN CENTS. *MARCH, 1897.* SAN FRANCISCO AND LOS ANGELES, CAL.

L'AVENUE DES CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES. PARIS.

Hotel Del Monte

NO ONE picture or group of pictures can do more than serve as a suggestion of the great attractions of Del Monte. There is such a wide variety, and everything is on such a broad scale, that from no one standpoint can the story be told; and while we have attempted in the above cut to illustrate interesting bits of the grounds, hotel, etc., there are scores and scores of other scenes of equal interest and attractiveness. It is yet to be placed on record that any stranger has visited this resort and been other than agreeably disappointed. Everything is up to (and beyond) the brag. The grounds and flowers are a revelation, the eighteen-mile drive around the ocean shore and back through the sweet-smelling pine forests is a marvel, and the hotel itself is as near perfection in all its appointments as it is possible to reach. It is little less than criminal for strangers visiting California to miss seeing Del Monte.

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THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

WM. V. BRYAN, Editor and Proprietor.

General Office, 20 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

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OFFICIAL statistics for the past five years have shown a most distressing decrease in railway construction, and the year 1896, just closed, presents the most discouraging report of all. It is refreshing, however, on top of these items, to note that since the first of this year we seemed to have reached the turning point, and while no data can be given at this time, yet the fact remains that a considerable number of new undertakings have assumed a definite shape, while many enterprises of this character which have lain dormant for many years appear to have secured a new lease of activity and the means for continuing it.

This opinion is based only upon telegraphic news, but savors strongly of genuineness, and, in addition to these legitimate enterprises, there seems to be something of a stir in paper schemes for the construction of a new transcontinental line, etc. Let us hope that these are stern facts.

THE beginning of each year seems to be the occasion for all the suckling vampires of the daily press to spread their wings, dilate their nostrils, and swoop down upon the successful branches of the community with a recklessness and a venomous swish characteristic of their invidiousness and their motives. Periodically the so-called "Soulless Corporations," men of wealth and prominence engaged in public enterprises, form the target for the mercenary sting of these great dailies who never undertake an attack of this character except for the "public good," and an innate conscientiousness of "what is right."

Journals that indulge in this reprehensible sortie are really more to be pitied than despised, because their motives are at once palpable, as indicated by the virulence of their onslaught, and have really no weight with the thinking population at large.

Just now the Gas and Water Companies of San Francisco have been passing through a campaign of this sort, and the Pullman Car Company has been contending with cinch bills in various states for a modification of their charges. It seems preposterous on the face of it that any body of men could in the period of sixty days act with any degree of intelligence or fairness in attempting to alter the fixed charges of any public corporation, whose interests extend into the millions, and conserved after years of experience and study by some of the brightest and most capable business men in the municipality.

THE province of modern journalism should not be to evolve pessimistic ideas, but there are conditions in society at large where it is better to ventilate the absolute facts rather than suppress them. Those who are ignorant of their faults can hardly be expected to correct them unless they are called to their attention.

It is undeniably the fact that the past four years have been the most disastrous and discouraging in the history of our commonwealth, eliminating, of course, the periods covered by foreign and internecine strife. The heavy hand of stagnation has pressed upon us with a weight never before experienced. The rich and the poor alike have suffered. Values have shrunk to an alarming extent. Labor has been largely idle because of the suspension of thousands of enterprises upon which it depends. Property-owners have been compelled to waive the returns from their investments to the extent of from one-fourth to one-half of the former emoluments, and, in consequence, the investment price has correspondingly depreciated. Thousands of the unemployed are raising their voices in desperation, waiting for even a faint glimmer of hope that may justify a little further patience. And even while this unfortunate condition of affairs exists, what are the adjusters of our grievances and our distress engaged in? Our law-makers are now playing high jinks with what little money there is left in the public treasury. High taxes seem to be the rule, the unblushing greed of the office-holder flaunts before our very eyes, and those of them who are proverbially impecunious are flagrantly liberal with the money of others. New sinecures are created, expensive buildings provided for, salaries increased, and the roll of pseudo-pensioners constantly augmented, thereby burdening and mortgaging the resources of the country, and crushing the energy of its people. The question is, how long will the people stand this terrible drain and criminal recklessness?

CHILDHOOD. *Chas. Y. Lamb, Artist.*

WHEN THE RAILROAD COMES TO MENDOCINO.

E. BROWN.

MENDOCINO COUNTY, though one of the largest in California, has less than thirty miles of railroad in operation. Ukiah alone, of all its towns and hamlets, has direct rail communication with the metropolis, though the villages of the coast enjoy occasional opportunities, when the wind and tide permit, of traveling to the bay on the deck of the small steamers which sometimes visit their ports.

The very first glimpse of the return to the State of the prosperity of former years will witness the revival of the railroad building spirit which has lain dormant for some years, but is only waiting the opportunity to burst forth into vigorous life again.

The line from Ukiah to Eureka, in Humboldt County, has been surveyed again and again, and a route perfectly practicable and offering no special engineering difficulties has been selected. The people of Eureka, now that the government has created for them one of the best harbors on the coast—the best between the Bay of San Francisco and the Columbia River—have been clamoring for a railroad connection. They have built a short road running into the lumber district and are willing to bond their city for a liberal amount to aid in the construction of a line to Ukiah, where the North Pacific has its present terminus. By extending this latter road up the valley of Russian River to its headquarters, an entrance to the valley of Eel River could be secured, and a direct course to Eureka would be open. The whole line could be easily constructed at a minimum of cost, with grades that would be easy and light and through a country most wonderfully rich in agricultural, forest, and mineral resources.

MENDOCINO REDWOODS.

To many who know the charms of Mendocino the advent of the iconoclastic railroad would be observed with profound regret. Most of the area of that great County is to-day in a state of nature as complete as when the bands of Indians roamed in undisturbed seclusion among its lofty redwoods. The County was always the favorite hunting ground of the aborigines. Its rivulets teemed with fish and its woods with game, and life was easy to live among its leafy groves. The whites, when they succeeded the tribes in possession, also found the land fair to look upon. Their cattle throve on the hillsides and increased mightily. They were a rigorous race, those settlers of Mendocino, and when the Indians, looking upon all game that roamed at will as their own, acquired a taste for the white man's beef, the latter retaliated by exterminating the thieves. The flocks and herds were then left in peace, and with the removal of the few surviving began the real onward march of this section of California.

DEVIL'S GLEN, MENDOCINO.

Statistically, Mendocino has in its redwood forests alone over sixty thousand million feet of timber. It has mines of coal which are exhaustless, and abounds in silver, gold, iron, and copper mines, and all these resources are unavailable so long as transportation facilities are so meager. Until the railroad is built, Mendocino must remain stagnant. The first breath of railroad extension would quicken into life numberless projects of development which are now dormant. Mendocino is truly the paradise of the hunter and sportsman. Bruin still stalks through its dense woods and wildcats abound within call. The deer swarm by thousands, and, in the season, affords to the most inexperienced an easy chance for building up a reputation as a mighty hunter. Nowhere else can the trout fisherman enjoy himself half so well. The streams are the native haunts of this gamy fish, and for ages they have sported undisturbed and waxed mighty, both in size and numbers. The home of the trout is in the dark recesses of the deep gorges which descend from the mountain tops, each the bed of a trickling rivulet whose waters are of icy coolness.

Deep in the recesses of these dense forests are found the camps of the hunters of big game, built of logs and furnished with a degree of comfort quite unlooked for by the chance visitor. The stranger is always sure of a hospitable welcome from these hermits of the chase. He is tempted to linger and his welcome never grows less.

With the advent of railroad communication the hundreds of medicinal springs which abound in Mendocino will derive a more extended reputation than they now enjoy. Around Ukiah are several, the waters of which are unsurpassed. These springs are of all kinds, hot and cold, effervescing and chalybeate, and of such copious volume, many of them, as to be able to turn a mill wheel. The waters at Vichy are much like their European namesake and satisfying and delicious.

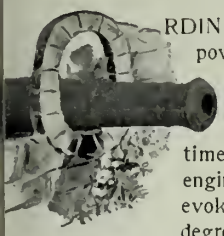
HUNTER'S CABIN, MENDOCINO.

Mendocino County is not without its natural freaks, like the Devil's Glen, for instance, whose weirdness is impressive and strikes the beholder as appropriately named. There are hundreds of other scenes as wild and peculiar to which thousands of tourists will flock as soon as they are made accessible to the outside world.

Not the least of Mendocino's attractions is its celebrated and picturesque lumber camps, the largest being located on the Gualala River. This stream, and the canyons through which course its several tributaries, afford every inducement to the sportsman. Two and a half miles up the river from the town of Gualala is the confluence of the North Fork, and just beyond is the beautiful Rock Pile Creek. Here may be had some of the finest trout fishing in the world. Early in the season they are rather small, but voracious and plentiful. Now and then a gamy twelve-incher would display himself, grasp the tempting bait, and then comes a few minutes of real sport until he is landed. A more delightful locality for camping cannot be found than in this neighborhood, for in addition to splendid fishing and hunting there are ample facilities for both bathing and boating. With the Gualala only a day's ride from San Francisco by rail and stage, or easily reached by steamer to Point Arena, it seems odd that it is not better known and more frequented.

THE "OREGON" IN BATTLE.

HENRY G. TINSLEY.



ORDINARILY when one sees anything suggesting aggressive power—a regiment of infantry on peaceful parade, a battery of light artillery dashing through a rattling drill of men and guns, a great coast defense gun in operation for the training of the soldiers who will serve it in time of war—there is a natural wish to see all the dread engines in action with serious purpose. That feeling is evoked with almost fierce desire in a man possessed of any degree of imagination who sees the new mighty American battle-ship "Oregon," as she lies at the docks in San Francisco awaiting the final completing touches before she goes into the service of Uncle Sam's maritime and coast defense. The dashing battery of light artillery, the plunging troop of cavalry, the composed and steady ranks of infantry, suggest latent power; the battle-ship—our first and greatest Pacific Coast battle-ship —"Oregon" is the most eloquent expression of power. It is not necessary to know that this terrific fighting thing is rated by naval experts as one of the four most effective battle-ships afloat to be profoundly convinced of that fact; that conviction would rush into the mind of any one without technical information on the subject as quickly as it would into the mind of the expert most deeply versed in the esoterics of naval architecture.

From the "Oregon's" turrets, with a roar of thunder, will be hurled ponderous masses of steel, which will crush through the armored sides of a ship miles away: from her superstructure a crash of quick-firing guns will batter and desolate any enemy less mighty than herself; from her fighting tops machine guns will dash a vicious hail to dismay and stampede the enemy's men, and from lower portholes will plunge the awful torpedoes, swimming silent and unseen beneath the waters, to rush with a volcanic fury of explosion under the doomed and helpless target.

She lies low, as a tiger crouches for its spring. There is little of her hull exposed as a target, yet what little there is above the water line of the "Oregon" which could be shot away, might be shattered and torn from her sides to sink in the sea, and still leave her terrible batteries, her chief aggressive forces, uninjured. With all of her superstructure and her hull above the water line forward and aft of the two greatest turrets wrecked and battered into uselessness, this fighting machine would still be not only unconquered, but unconquerable and resistless. She would still have in dreadful action, above this confusion of wreck, not one, but six turrets; not two, but twelve guns; a warrior whose helmet was crushed, and whose cuirass was rent, but whose shield was whole, and whose stout arm and sword were unscathed.

THE "OREGON."

One forward, one aft, are the great turrets, each containing two of those most terrible instruments of war, the 13-inch rifle. They do not contain them all, they hold the breech of the guns and so much of them as holds their charge and projectiles, but the long, fine steel muzzles project far out over the decks. In the turrets, too, are the mechanism which operates the guns, and the men who serve them. It is as silent as the tomb in one of those turrets, and black as night until some one turns a current of electricity into a lamp; then you look about and are startled to see at your feet a dark hole leading down into some unknown depth, where the ammunition is safely stored.

Let us imagine a battle is imminent for the "Oregon." It is time to prepare for work, and the ten men at each gun stand tense and alert for the gun captain's orders. A signal is given to the magazine, and up from that mysterious depth shoots a "carriage," in whose hollow lies a long mass of steel and powder weighing 1700 pounds. At an order one man turns a wheel —a child could turn it—and the 5000-pound gun is slightly depressed at its breech; another man turns a crank and the breech block is unlocked, slips from its resting-place and swings open. Now, you may look through the long, polished bore of the rifle and see a disk of blue sky. The open breech is opposite the carriage with the projectile, but how is that mass of steel to be forced into the chamber? A third man touches a lever and a rammer is lowered, its end snuggles up to the end of the charge, and, as a telescope extends, the rammer extends, pushes the charge into place by steady, hydraulic power, and automatically goes back out of the way. The breech block is swung back, screwed in, and locked. The gun-captain's hand touches a lever, his eye is upon the enemy, which he sees through the opening for the gun, and the mighty turret turns smoothly until the lever is reversed, and then stops without shock or jar. Another signal, and the gun is depressed more or raised. The gun captain knows (science has supplied him with simple instruments for determining these things) the exact distance of the enemy, his rate of speed and course, and thus he adjusts his aim. There is a quick jerk of a cord in his hand, and the air is rent by the shrieking flight of steel which, with a horrid crash, will burst through any armor afloat. Before the long flight of the projectile has ended the breech block of the gun will be swung back, a stream of water turned into the chamber, and compact sponges will be cleaning away the choking deposits made by the exploded powder. So adapted to every purpose is every bit of machinery, so carefully trained and cool-headed are the bare-skinned men in the turrets, that all that has been here described is done and repeated in the time that it takes you to read the paragraph. And not one, but four 13-inch thunderers, and eight 8-inch rifles are all being operated at the same time by the men who are proud to affirm in that way their love for the flag floating above them.

On the superstructure, higher than the turrets, swinging as easily as a sportsman swings his rifle, sixteen 6-pounders, rapid-firing guns, are being directed up, down, right or left, where they will cause the most destruction, create the most panic, by their accurately aimed, maddingly persistent rain of tearing, splintering projectiles. Higher yet are 1-pounders plunging their vicious fire on to the decks of near-by ships, and higher yet the machine guns are darting long, slender shafts of steel encased in lead at any human target in sight. Even that is not all. The marines and any sailors not employed at the other guns, at any opening they can find, are ready, with rifles in hand, to add to the greater attack their missiles of death.

In a duel with any ship afloat the "Oregon" would probably receive very little damage, even to her superstructure, from the enemy, but she cannot select the kind of battle her officers might prefer. She may be called upon to go into action with a fleet against a fleet, and in such an engagement she could be shot away in her lighter structure by one ship while engaged against another. It has been told how she could fight even then, but she must also be navigated, and the wheelhouse has gone with the other parts of the superstructure. Still, she would be properly navigated. Beneath the wheelhouse is a conning tower, a steel cell so small it could scarce hold more than the skipper and a quartermaster at the wheel. From here she could be navigated until some gun, if there be one powerful enough, destroyed the conning tower, and yet this fighting thing would not be without a man at a wheel. There are five widely separated points from which she can be steered, and one of them, below the line of her armor belt, is believed to be impenetrable. When this was told the wonder was what use it would be to navigate the ship after the conning tower was destroyed. An enemy which could injure that could also injure her turrets, and then would it not be time to surrender, or blow up the magazine? No; she is as good a ram, her officers say, as is the "Katahdin." Oh, but it was good to hear that said, understanding what was meant. If her mighty guns were silenced, if her torpedoes all went astray, if her last chance of destroying by projectiles was gone, she could ram—and she would! So down in some protected depth they have equipped the means for navigating her when no other way is left to her to assault the enemy except to charge.

Some statistics about this supreme fighter of the seas may be interesting. The "Oregon" cost Uncle Sam $3,180,000. The contract for her construction was let to the Union Iron Works, of San Francisco, in August, 1890. She is similar to the other first-class battle-ships—the "Indiana," "Iowa," and "Massachusetts." Her keel was laid in November, 1891; she was launched October 23, 1893, and her trial took place in March, 1896. She is the fastest battle-ship afloat. Her crew will consist of 36 officers and 424 men.

A DAY'S FISHING AND HUNTING IN ALASKA.

JOHN E. BENNETT.

THE territory of the Alaska region is such that so long as its climate remains as at present it will be impossible for human nimrods to exterminate, or very materially decrease, its wealth of game. Nature has well protected the game that abounds there, for the surface of the country is wild and broken and in a great number of places is covered by foliage impenetrable to man, and often paved with perpetual ice, or blanketed with enduring snows, also by the fierce blasts which punctuate the interval of its long and gloomy winters, its season of pelting and pitiless rains, and the general spirit of danger and desolation which pervades it, disastrous to sporting proclivities, and indulged in only by those indifferent to danger and hardships in the search for gold and wealth.

Alaska is not likely to be ever a district where the pot-shot sportsman will repair with his lackey for a season of unlaborious fun. But there is a period in its dreary year when its climate yields to the sun, and opens an inviting opportunity for the hardy and the venturesome to indulge their appetites for sport, rendered keener by the peril which its quest involves. This is the summertime, between the early days of the months of July and September. It is at its best in August, and it was in this month last past that our party equipped themselves for a hunting trip to that country.

Arriving in Juneau we proceeded by a small sailboat northward for a distance of sixty-five miles, when we moved toward the shore behind the archipelago—the group of islands which flank and shelter the coast of the mainland, and distribute themselves over a vast area of sea, along almost the entire shore line of Alaska. In these comparatively quiet waters the little sailboat proceeded to a little creek gushing from the mainland, and to which we gave the name of Mellon. A short distance off shore our boat was anchored, and a skiff carried us to land.

Our party had really come to this place in search of bears, which were said to be plentiful there, not because there were not an abundance of them everywhere along the coast, but because here a safe landing could be made with ample opportunity of lying in wait for the bruins.

Upon arriving at Mellon Creek the attention of our party was attracted by the quantities of big salmon in the stream. They had just entered it, and were en route to its headwaters to spawn. The salmon is supposed to be prompted to enter the fresh water streams by their comparatively cold temperature in contrast to that of the surrounding atmosphere. At the period of entering these streams the salmon are considered as being in their most delectable condition, and it is not until they have progressed farther (never to return to the sea) that they become unfit to eat. Then they become thin, often white, are cut and bruised by rocks, the abrasions sometimes resulting in gangrene, yet swimming on until exhausted they seek a cove, deposit their eggs, and die. But the salmon at Mellon Creek were in a fine condition, full of life: few of them weighing less than twenty-five pounds. The hunters caught them in a most unique manner. As the fish moved slowly along they thrust a boat hook into the shallow water, and yanked them out by the gills. Sometimes they shot them with a pistol, when the dog ran in, seized them in his mouth and brought them to the shore. We saw several in a little, shallow rock-hedged pool; big fellows they were, waving softly their thin tails, and working their jaws most contentedly. One of our party approached them from behind, thrust his hands quietly into the water, and slowly closed his thumb and forefinger about the tail of the largest one, just where it joins the caudal fin; then looking about him he successfully repeated this experiment upon another big fellow, when suddenly, and incredible as it may seem, he pulled the two twenty-five pound salmon out of the water and landed them on the shore, having thus landed both fish entirely with his hands. But, strangest of all, was the manner in which large numbers of these fish were taken. A large log was turned diagonally across the stream, so that its lower end rested at the water's edge upon a broad dry sand bar. Then one of us stood by with a club, while several of the party some distance up the stream drove the fish toward the log. Panic-stricken, they came scudding down and gliding by the log, struck the bar, many of them leaping high in the air through their momentum, and landing out of the water on the hard sand bar, where they were quickly rapped on their heads with a blow of a club. In this way there were caught in less than an hour fully one thousand pounds of excellent salmon, making in all over fourteen hundred pounds caught in about two hours. Fortunately for the veracity of these statements, we had a photographer in the party, who took a view of a quantity of the fish just after they were caught, and which is here presented.

Night coming on, all of the party, except one, proceeded to load the boat with fish to take off to the little vessel; but the latter took his rifle and pushed a short distance up stream, to determine if it were possible to get a shot at a bear. Along the banks of the creek he could see a number of bear signs in the quantities of torn and half eaten salmon which lie strewn about, and which the beasts had caught and wasted. Here and there as he passed were paths leading out of the brush, which the animals had made in coming to the stream to fish. He took position on a round stone and kept very still; so still that the pestiferous gnats swarmed upon him as bees about a hive. Afraid to break the stillness, when the scourges became unbearable, he merely raised his hand and passed it along his face, killing as many of the gnats as was possible.

It was a painful and heroic business hunting bears in this fashion, and the period of waiting and discomfort was fast becoming intolerable. But as the night shadows began to deepen and the air become colder, there came from the opposite bank and a short distance down stream a crackling of twigs and brush. It was a burly black bear, just coming out of his lair, making toward the stream, intent upon salmon. With flushed face and thumping heart he raised his rifle, and taking quick but sure aim, pressed the trigger. Bang! went the rifle, and the noise reverberated as it rolled through the ravine, while the bear, growling frightfully, turned about and made for the thicket.

He did not proceed far, for our friend could plainly hear him groaning and gnashing his teeth in his anguish of death pangs and spasms. He listened breathlessly, his cocked hammer ready to send another bullet into his bearship should he reappear from the copse: but he came not, and the growls were too ferocious for him to venture there.

A DAY'S SPORT IN ALASKA.

The next morning we visited the scene of the tragedy and found everything as it had been left. The hunter at once forced his way into the brush, while the others remained on the outside awaiting developments, soon there was a triumphant cry from the hunter, for there against a log, his head resting upon it, his paw thrown over it, lay the great bear dead as a door nail. We dragged the three hundred pounds of bear out of the brush and upon the open bank. A little further on he was photographed when the camera was adjusted, as shown by the above illustration.

ANCIENT ORIZABA.

KATE CLARK BROWN.

IN THE road that leads from the City of Mexico to Vera Cruz there is a remarkable ride down the mountain, from the Tableland to the Hot Lands, unlike anything else in America.

After leaving Boca del Monte, which is more than seven thousand feet higher than Vera Cruz, and only one hundred miles away from that city, the grade is so steep as to alarm the traveler if he were not lost in wonder at the marvelous and beautiful scenery. As the train winds round and round the mountain, dashing through tunnels, over trestles, one catches glimpses now and then, down the dizzy stretch of mountains, of a rushing river tumbling out of sight into the depths below, and still further on of a lovely valley and the pretty little town of Maltrata far, far below.

On the border of the Hot Lands is the quaint old town of Orizaba; it was a city—to use the words one so often hears in Mexico—"before Cortez came." High hills surround the town, and a broad, swift stream of water, clear as crystal, flows through its very center; the banks are always lined with busy workers, Mexican and Indian women, washing clothes—washing as they always have washed since they have worn clothes, by rubbing the garments on rocks that are on the river bank.

Orizaba is an oriental-looking place; the houses are mostly one-story, with red-tiled roofs and low iron-grated windows. The two-story houses always have balconies, but whether balcony or window many a saucy, coquettish face can be seen peeping at the stranger from behind the iron bars. The streets are uneven and crooked and paved with lava sent out—whether for that purpose or not—from the great volcano many years ago. It is as much as one's life is worth to drive over these streets, and it is seldom that a wagon or carriage of any kind is seen. The Indians and burros carry goods to and from the markets.

ORIZABA.

Along the banks of the river, and on the outskirts of the town, the banana, orange, and coffee trees are growing everywhere. There is no describing this wilderness of growth, this tangle of fruit and flowers and vegetables, the intense green of the foliage, nor the vivid hues of the flowers in the tropics.

The old Alameda, neglected as it is, is a never-to-be-forgotten thing of beauty; the old stone gates and rows of curious stone benches stand as they have stood for years. The trees are so green, the flowers so brilliant, the sky so blue—and it is all softened and beautified by a great quantity of soft, gray Spanish moss that hangs from each one of the grand old trees and hovers over the whole of the Alameda like a bit of soft lace. And here and there, through the gray and the green and the red, flit butterflies whose wonderfully colored wings might put all the flowers to shame. And the air is heavy with the perfume of orange blossoms, of tuberoses, and jessamine. Orchids are everywhere. Above it all towers the hill of El Borega, where thousands of Mexicans were routed that night in 1862—during the French invasion.

Just beyond the green mountains rises the famous Peak of Orizaba. Only the snow-covered top can be seen from the City of Orizaba of this mountain next in height—some claim higher—to Popocatepetl.

Poor Maximilian loved Orizaba. It was the irony of fate that he should have been deserted at this place by General Bazaine—of course, by Napoleon's order. Where he had spent so many happy days he was forced to realize the falseness of friends, to awaken from a bright dream, to see his kingdom tremble, and to lose hope after brief happiness.

Like all Mexican towns Orizaba has many churches. El Calvario, the oldest, was built in 1564; the newer and handsomer one of San Miguel, in 1720; and San Jose de Garcia, church and convent, is still more modern. There are a number of smaller ones, none of them so imposing nor as rich in interior decorations as the churches and cathedrals further north in the Republic.

A Mexican market-place is always interesting, and Orizaba has an excellent market. The building, if it can be called that (it is a large shed with open sides), covers nearly a block. Confusion reigns, but if you are patient and stay long enough you are sure to find anything and everything that is grown or manufactured in Mexico. At the stalls are onions and oranges, pomegranates and pineapples, nuts and dulces (sweets), sombreros and shoes; fresh meat and dried bones, and beans, beans, *beans*. Sometimes an exquisite rose or orchid finishes off a heap of carrots. Outside, on the sidewalk, and even out in the street, sit many men and women selling wares of different kinds, baking tortillas on little charcoal ovens, or selling straw work or pottery. They are picturesque, these people, the women with their cotton dresses and bright colored reboses, and the men barefoot often, and with handsome sombreros and gaily embroidered zarapes. Many of them are Indians, and they have not changed their habits nor customs in these many years. Some writer says they are never known to laugh. They are industrious, more so than they get the credit of being, and they laugh a great deal, for they are as careless and happy as children.

LA FIESTA DE LOS ANGELES.

The Executive Committee of La Fiesta de Los Angeles has prepared an elaborate program for the annual carnival, which will commence on April 20th and conclude on the following Saturday.

On Tuesday evening the opening ceremonies will consist of a fancy dress ball, at which La Reina de La Fiesta will make her first appearance, surrounded by her court, consisting of twelve maids of honor, selected from among the most prominent families of Southern California, her Prime Minister, her pages, all in gorgeous court costume, and escorted by Her Majesty's lancers as the guard of honor.

At sunrise on the following day a salute will be fired from different parts of the city, and during the morning concerts will be given in the city parks. At two o'clock the grand street parade will take place. In this procession will appear a cavalcade of caballeros in their characteristic Spanish costumes, and the evolutions of their fiery steeds have been one of the most attractive sights of the day parades. The Chinese colony in gorgeous Oriental costume will be another attractive feature in line, and they will carry with them the Sacred Dragon, five hundred feet in length and operated by over one hundred Celestials. The different companies of the National Guard stationed in Southern California, uniformed societies, and elaborate floats from surrounding towns will form the remaining part of the interesting parade.

In the evening there will be a grand concert, in which well-known artists will take part, the program consisting of both vocal and instrumental music of the highest character.

On Thursday, April 22d, the afternoon will be devoted to athletic sports, participated in by over one hundred Indians, showing their native sports and old Spanish athletic exhibitions. There will be tournaments, bicycle races, and, in fact, everything that constitutes the highest of sports. At eight o'clock in the evening the grand illuminated pageant will take place. The theme selected for this pageant is the "Legend of the Flowers," portrayed by twenty of the handsomest and most artistic floats, designed and constructed by Mr. James Robinson, the well-known artist, who, for years, has supplied New Orleans, Kansas City, and Mobile with their pageants, and who was the artist who inaugurated the "Carnival of Mountain and Plain" at Denver, which has been considered one of the most artistic and successful events in this country.

Friday at two o'clock the floral parade will take place, the event that has made La Fiesta de Los Angeles famous throughout the world. In no other section of the Union can a similar sight be presented at this season of the year.

At eight o'clock in the evening the grand Water Carnival takes place, for which has been selected the largest lake in the city. A magnificent display of fireworks will be given. The Queen will be enthroned upon an elaborately decorated Venetian gondola, draped in the most gorgeous and richly embroidered tapestry, and Her Majesty will be surrounded by equally beautiful barges for her large court and retinue. Some of the handsomest floats will also be displayed on the water amidst a sea of electric lights.

On the last day of the Fiesta, Saturday, the school children of Los Angeles will form the main feature of the morning. There will be some patriotic exercises, such as flag-raising, singing of National hymns, salute to flag, and May-pole dancing.

But the grand event of the Fiesta, and one which has caused the greatest surprise and joy to all visitors, is the Revelry of the Maskers. Although an impromptu affair, the residents and visitors vie with one another to make this event one never to be forgotten. Over thirty thousand maskers in every conceivable costume throng the streets until locomotion is almost impossible, and the street cars are even obliged to stop running for several hours during the evening. For ten blocks the street from one side to the other is made impassable by the maskers who celebrate the end of the successful carnival in a most ridiculous manner, but at the same time free from rowdyism.

CALIFORNIA WINES.

EMMA SECKLE MARSHALL.

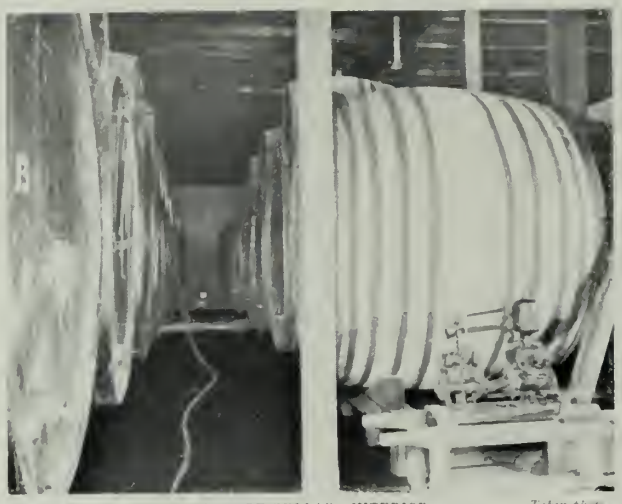
THE subject of California wines is one with so many ramifications that an endeavor to treat it thoroughly in the compass of a single article would certainly prove futile.

As my mind dwells upon the latest inventions which press the juice from the purple globules, my thoughts involuntarily revert to the past, when, as a child in the City of Los Angeles, I used to watch, with the fascination of a horrified sense of the fitness of things, native Californians manipulating a primitive wine press, and the comparison, to say the least, is highly satisfactory.

In a little back yard in the rear of a long, low *adobe* stood a huge vat; the laden wagons were driven close to it, and the grapes—great luscious bunches—were tossed into it by the medium of pitchforks, and then, when the wagons were empty, the men jumped in, too, and champ, champ, slush, slush went their booted, or bare, feet, as often happened, as they patiently trod out the vintage.

How well memory retains the vision of those dusky sons of the soil, who earned their wine by the sweat of their brows, for it was warm work in those early fall days.

Then, later, thought travels to another winery near the same city, where the grapes were pressed by horse-power, and again a picture is flashed athwart my mind—this time of a patient animal who plodded around and around until the tightened rope gave evidence that the press needed refilling, and he might rest for awhile. To-day, steam furnishes the power and endless elevators deposit the grapes in the presses.



STORAGE CELLAR—INTERIOR. *Taber photo.*

Of yore the great square wagons bore their contents loose and unboxed, over rough country roads, but to-day the necessity for rapidity of weighing and handling renders boxing necessary.

The march of progress blots out the picturesque, and the dreamy, *dolce far niente* days of the past, when labor was at a discount and existence above par, have given place, in wine-making, as in everything else, to the hissing of steam, the whirring of wheels, and the rush for achievement and pre-eminence.

I doubt if the majority of our people are aware of the magnitude of the wine industry in California, or even the amount of the export. To such a successful issue has the business been brought that it is certainly only a question of time when this State will lead the world, not only in the quality, but the quantity of the wine produced.

Even now our wines are sent in quantities into some of the wine-making countries of the Old as well as the New World. There is food for thought in the fact that while Central America is a wine-making country, it is at present the best foreign market we have, as about ninety per cent of our export is sent there. Our neighbor, Mexico, however, takes very little from us, though she produces a comparatively small amount, preferring to import from Spain. Germany is an excellent customer, and the Hawaiian Islanders consume considerable California wine.

DISTILLERY. *Taber photo.*

The trade with Tahiti alone is $40,000 a year. France and Spain are beginning to import small quantities, and a remunerative trade has been established with China and Japan, so you will see that, though we are at present exporting only about four million gallons a year, the markets of the world are open to us, and it depends alone upon the ability to supply the demand whether we, in time, gain a large proportion of the trade.

There is England, for instance; her great adjunct, Australia, is a wine-making country, and has been trying for a quarter of a century to gain a monopoly in the English markets, but the history of the past few years proves how ineffectual her efforts have been. During the whole time that Australia has been shipping wine to England the largest amount shipped in any three years was 3,000,000 gallons, while California, in the three years last past, sent over to the "mother country" 249,355 gallons, and 97 cases besides. One firm alone marketed 150,000 gallons in London in 1896.

Now let us glance over our own land and note the manner in which home productions are appreciated. In 1885 only about three million gallons found a market in the East, while last year fifteen million gallons were shipped to various points east of the Rockies.

In this State 7,000,000 gallons were consumed; add those two sums to the amount exported and we have a total consumption of 26,000,000 gallons, which indicates that we have something of an industry in our State.

Of home markets the best are found where there is a preponderance of the Latin race, who, as we well know, are a wine-drinking people. This makes our sales largest in New York, Chicago, and the cities of Texas. Think to what an extent wine-making would be carried if the population of the United States used native wines in the same proportion that the people of California do. In such an event 300,000,000 gallons would be consumed annually. Certainly with the acreage that would then be under cultivation, the employment that such acreage would afford, and the increase in the number of men requisite to handle the product, there would be a cessation of the cry of "hard times," and the causes therefor.

The Great Tun of Heidelberg, the fame of which has come down to us from preceding generations, will no longer be gazed upon with awe by those people who know there are larger ones in California. A redwood tun at the Malter Vineyard, Fresno, has a capacity of 105,000 gallons, and an oak tun in one of the vaults of the California Wine Association, in San Francisco, holds 80,000 gallons, or 32 carloads. Pretty big specimens of cooperage, are they not?

California possesses the largest vineyards in the world, that at Vina, Tehama County, belonging to the Stanford Estate, comprising 3840 acres. However, wine men will tell you that large vineyards are not so desirable as smaller ones, for the reason that the smaller the size, the more thorough the attention that can, of necessity, be bestowed upon it; therefore vineyard holdings of from twenty to thirty acres can be more advantageously worked than those that are a hundred-fold, or more, larger.

The total area of wine vineyards in this State is ninety thousand acres while of table grapes there are probably ten thousand acres, and of raisin grapes possibly ninety thousand acres more.

Though Zinfandel is the truly characteristic California wine, other varieties of claret manufactured here are equally fine, and, with the sweet wines, certainly compare favorably with those that come to us from the Old World. The Zinfandel grape came originally from Hungary, and is used for wine-making in this State only. There is a growing demand for California sherry, and when our sherry-makers have learned a lesson in patience from those of the Old World, there will be an increased demand for their wine. California champagne, too, is esteemed of excellent quality, and the day will come when our champagne will stand comparison with the best in the world.

Some interesting facts worthy of note are connected with the localities in which wine grapes yield their best, that is, contain most juice and finest flavor. Berries grown upon hill-land will not produce sweet wines, but as white wines are made from fruit which requires a cool, dry climate, the hill-lands are best adapted for these. The soil in the valleys is richer and the climate warmer, hence the fruitage from valley vines is better flavored, contains a larger proportion of sugar and yields a greater percentage of juice. Had it not been for the phyloxera it is probable the production would be much greater to-day than it is, but it is doubtful if the quality would be as fine, as, in the endeavor to graft resistant stock upon vines that were but too surely food for the disease, the necessity for observation and study became apparent to every one interested in fine wines.

NATURE IN CALIFORNIA.

BERTHA F. HERRICK.

OUR COMMON WILD BIRDS *Concluded.*

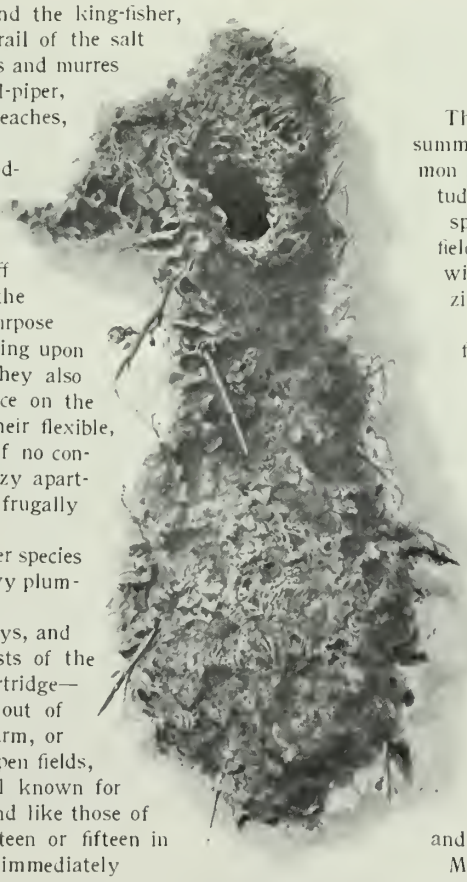
ONE of our largest wild birds is the crane, or heron, which frequents the vicinity of the tule marshes, in company with ducks, geese, and other water-fowls. When fishing, it is not easily detected by the ordinary observer, as it usually stands motionless, on one leg, under the shadow of a shrub or bank, watching for fish, reptiles, and water-rats, which it pierces with its long, sharp bill. On its breast there is visible at night a patch of phosphorescence, which is said to serve as a lure to attract its prey. About September large numbers of these birds may be seen migrating in the direction of Mexico, each flock being headed by a chosen leader and executing a series of maneuvers that are very interesting to the observer, while their shrill cries echo through the quiet air. A near relative of the crane is the bittern, though it has shorter legs and its color resembles that of a sea-gull. It is sometimes found in the neighborhood of the Overland Station in Oakland, but is very shy and retiring in its habits and quickly resents unusual intrusions.

Other aquatic birds include the pelican and the king-fisher, the dusky little California snipe, the clapper-rail of the salt marshes, the plaintive-voiced curlew, the gulls and murres of the Farallones, the little, long-legged sand-piper, running nimbly along the edge of the sea-beaches, and the cheery water-ouzel of the Sierras.

In the woods live the black and white woodpeckers, one variety being adorned with a crimson cap or hood. Clinging firmly to the tree trunks by means of their strong, hooked claws and propped by their straight, stiff tail feathers, they industriously peck holes in the decaying wood of forest trees, either for the purpose of storing away acorns for winter use or of feeding upon the grubs and insects beneath the bark. They also consume large quantities of ants and wood-lice on the surface of the trees — spearing them with their flexible, pointed tongues. During the nesting season, if no convenient hole presents itself, they excavate cozy apartments in which to place their nests, which are frugally composed of the bored-off chips.

The "flicker," or yellow-hammer, is another species of woodpecker, and is characterized by its showy plumage of red, gold, and drab.

Partridges inhabit many of our coast valleys, and grouse are found in summer in the pine forests of the high Sierras. Those near relatives of the partridge—the valley and the mountain quail—whirring out of sight in the shrubbery at the first note of alarm, or sending their triple notes ringing out over the open fields, or through the tangled canyons, are too well known for comment. Their nests are built on the ground like those of meadow-larks, and the eggs, which are fourteen or fifteen in number, hatch into pretty, fluffy chicks, which immediately begin to skurry after their demure little mother as she searches for their food. Mountain quail prove an interesting study for those who take an interest in the feathered tribe.



NEST OF TITMOUSE.

The diminutive, mouse-colored house-wren is readily distinguished from other birds by its small, plump form, active movements, delightful warble, and queer, jerky, little tail, which it carries in an upright position. It takes up its residence impartially in a cavity in a tree, in the side of a hollow gate-post, or in odd corners around barns and houses, its arch-enemies being the inquisitive boy and the family cat.

The titmouse, or "bush-tit," is a tiny, long-tailed bird that belongs to the chickadee family and constructs a remarkable nest, shaped like a bag or purse about nine inches in depth, the opening being through a round hole near the top of the structure.

The specimen shown in the illustration was found hanging in an oak in the Berkeley hills, and is composed of small dry leaves, grasses, and red sorrel blossoms, bits of moss, lichens, and wood-fiber; and the floor is thickly padded with sheep's wool and the stamens of wild flowers—the whole representing a vast amount of patience and ingenuity on the part of the little feathered architects.

In a garden shrub, in a shade tree in the open field, or in the great pines and firs of the mountains the beautiful, iridescent humming-birds settle down to the delights of housekeeping. Their fairy cradles are barely two inches in diameter, and being composed of chaff, gray lichens, cobwebs, and other substances of neutral shades, are often mistaken, at a distance, for a knob or other natural growth of the tree. The two white eggs are about half an inch in length, and develop into comical little fledglings, whose mites of bills are ever open to receive the sweet nectar brought by their attentive parents.

These birds are easily tamed, and may be kept for some time in captivity if regularly fed with honey, sugar syrup, and minute insects, or if allowed to feed themselves from growing flowers and to exercise *ad libitum*.

The bold, omnipresent English sparrows, chattering noisily under the eaves or picking up a scanty living in our busy city streets, are universally despised as they not only kill or drive away our native song-birds, but are great consumers of newly planted grain, young sprouts, and garden seeds, extermination being impossible on account of their numbers. Their redeeming characteristic, however, is that of devouring certain species of insects, which, if permitted to increase unchecked, would work great ravages with vegetation.

Among other winged denizens of field or forest are the eagle on the crags of the Sierras, several varieties of owls, the swallow and its cousin, the swift, the condor and the turkey-buzzard, the mourning-dove, the oriole, the finch, the bunting, the dainty little fly-catcher, the grosbeak, and the curious road-runner, or chaparral cock of Southern California and Mexico.

THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

MORRIS RICE.

This interesting, but hardly well-known, bird is an invariable summer resident of the State of Missouri, and is more or less common in certain localities. It is a bird that loves the deepest solitudes, and is usually found in the darkest and most secluded spots of the thickest woods. I have never seen one in an open field, although I have been told that, when in search of food, it will sometimes hunt over open fields, always flying low, a low zig-zag flight being characteristic of this bird.

The principal food of the whip-poor-will consists of night-flying lepidoptera (moths, etc.), and the number of these insects destroyed is immense; it is therefore a very valuable bird to the farmer. The whip-poor-will and night-hawk closely resemble each other in general appearance, and one is frequently taken for the other, especially by persons unfamiliar with our birds. The whip-poor-will is a nocturnal wanderer, generally arriving about the last of April. It begins to sing with the approach of twilight, but not in the dark woods only; it is then it begins to move about, and occasionally lights near the farmhouses, uttering plainly its doleful song, "whip-poor-will"; sometimes it will utter a kind of cluck as a sort of preface to the song. When two or more males meet, their "whip-poor-will" articulations become much more rapid and incessant, which seems to indicate that a spirit of rivalry in song-making exists among them. Toward midnight they become silent, except on bright moonlight nights, when they may be heard with little intermission 'till the gray of early morn. During the day they are silent and rarely move about. They begin to lay about the middle of May. They make no nest, but deposit their eggs in a very slight hollow which the female makes by scratching; always selecting dry situations usually near a log or rock. Sometimes they choose a bare spot on a hillside, making no pretense whatever at nest building. I have found their eggs in such situations, but whatever the character of the nesting (?) site, it is sure to be in the most unfrequented part of the woods. The eggs are two in number, of a creamy white color, with light brown and lavender markings, although liable to variations, and, altogether, are very pretty eggs.

As I have remarked, the whip-poor-will is a bird of the deep forest, a lover of the silence and twilight, but it has also one other favorite haunt, a creek with high precipitous banks covered with a dense growth of bushes. If there are any of these birds in your neighborhood, you are sure to find some of them in such situations. The female, when her young are discovered, feigns lameness, and does it so well, that the intruder, if unacquainted with her trick, will surely be led a fruitless chase, and far from the nest of her fledglings. About the first of September they begin their southern migration, the female leaving first.

The whip-poor-will is a bird that is frequently heard, but seldom met, and may even dwell in the same locality, year after year, without even once being seen. When it does happen to approach the dwelling of man (which is not often) it is generally so late in the evening that it cannot be distinguished in the darkness.

GLIMPSES OF PEKING.

BY A GLOBE-TROTTER.

PEKING, the capital of the Chinese Empire, is situated on the northern extremity of the great alluvial delta which extends southwards from its walls for 700 miles. For the last nine centuries Peking, under various names and under the dominion of successive dynasties, has, with some short intervals, remained an imperial city. Its situation near the northern frontier recommended it to the Tatar invaders as a convenient center for their power, and its peculiarly fortunate position as regards the supernatural terrestrial influences pertaining to it has inclined succeeding Chinese monarchs to accept it as the seat of their courts.

The modern city consists of two parts, the *nui ch' ing*, or inner city, commonly known to foreigners as the "Tatar City," and the *wai ch' ing*, or outer city, known in the same way as the "Chinese City." These names are somewhat misleading, as the inner city is not enclosed within the outer city, but adjoins its northern wall, which, being longer than the *nui ch' ing*, is wide and outflanks it considerably at both ends. The outer walls of the double city contain an area of about 25 square miles, and measure 30 miles in circumference. Unlike the walls of most Chinese cities, those of Peking are kept in perfect order. Those of the Tatar portion, which is the oldest part of the city, are 50 feet high, with a width of 60 feet at the base and 40 feet at the top, while those of the Chinese city, which were built by the Emperor Kea-tsing in 1543, measure 30 feet in height, and have a width of 25 feet at the base and 15 feet at the top. The terre-plein is well and smoothly paved, and is defended by a crenellated parapet. The outer faces of the walls are strengthened by a square buttress built out at intervals of 60 yards, and on the summits of these stand the guardhouse for the troops on duty. Each of the sixteen gates of the city is protected by a semi-circular enclosure, and is surmounted with a high tower built in galleries and provided with countless loopholes.

OBSERVATORY. MERCHANDISE SERVICE.
WALLS OF PEKING. CHINESE STREET BARBER. PORT OF JUNG CHEON.
STREET IN PEKING. NATIVE STORES.

The population of Peking is estimated to be about one million, a number which is out of all proportion to the immense area enclosed within its walls. This disparity is partly accounted for by the facts that large spaces, notably in the Chinese city, are not built over, and that the grounds surrounding the imperial palace, private residences, and temples are very extensive. Viewed from the walls, Peking looks like a city of gardens. Few crowded neighborhoods are visible, and the characteristic features of the scene which meet the eye are the upturned roofs of temples, palaces, and mansions, gay with blue, green, and yellow glazed tiles, glittering among the groves of trees with which the city abounds. Enclosed within the Tatar city is the *Hwang ch' ing*, or "Imperial City," which, in its turn, encloses the *Tsze-kin ch' ing*, or "Purple Forbidden City," in which stands the emperor's palace. On the north of the *Tsze-kin ch' ing*, and separated from it by a moat, is an artificial mound known as the King shan, or "Prospect Hill." This mound, which forms a prominent object in the view over the city, is about one hundred and fifty feet high, and is topped with five summits, on each of which stands a temple. It is encircled by a wall measuring upward of a mile in circumference, and is prettily planted with trees, on one of which the last emperor of the Ming dynasty (1644), finding escape from the Manchu invaders impossible, hanged himself. On the west of Prospect Hill is the Se yuen, or "Western Park," which forms part of the palace grounds. This park is tastefully laid out, and is traversed by a lake, which is mainly noticeable from the remarkably handsome marble bridge which crosses it from east to west. Directly northwards from Prospect Hill stands the residence of the Titu, or "Governor of the City," and the Bell and the Drum Towers, both of which have attained celebrity from the nature of their contents—the first from the huge bell which hangs in it, and the second from the appliances it contains for marking the time. The bell is one of five which the Emperor Yung-lo ordered to be cast. In common with the others, it weighs 120,000 pounds, is 14 feet high, 34 feet in circumference at the rim, and is 9 inches thick. It is struck by a wooden beam swung on the outside, and only at the changes of the night-watches, when its deep tone may be heard in all parts of the city. In the Drum Tower incense-sticks, specially prepared by the Astronomical Board, are kept burning to mark the passage of time, in which important duty their accuracy is checked by a clepsydra. Another of Yung-lo's bells is hung in a Buddhist temple outside the northwest angle of the city wall, and is covered both on the inside and outside with Chinese texts.

Turning southwards, we again come to the "Purple Forbidden City," the central portion of which forms the imperial palace, where in halls which for the magnificence of their proportions and barbaric splendor are probably not to be surpassed anywhere, the Son of Heaven holds his court, gives audience to ambassadors from tributary states, and receives the congratulations of his ministers at the annual seasons of rejoicing. In the eastern and western portions of the city are situated the residences of the highest dignitaries of the empire, while beyond its confines on the south stand the offices of the six official boards which direct the affairs of the eighteen provinces. It was in the "yamun" of one of these boards—the Le Pu, or Board of Rites—that Lord Elgin signed the treaty at the conclusion of the war in 1860, an event which derives special interest from the fact of its having been the first occasion on which a European plenipotentiary ever entered Peking accompanied by all the pomp and circumstance of his rank.

Outside the "Purple Forbidden City" the most noteworthy building is the Temple of Heaven, which stands in the outer, or Chinese city. Here, at early morn on the 22d of December, the emperor offers sacrifice on an open altar to Shang-ti, and at periods of drought or famine presents prayers for relief to the same supreme deity. The altar at which these solemn rites are performed "consists of a triple circular marble terrace, 210 feet wide at the base, 150 in the middle, and 90 at the top." The uppermost surface is paved with blocks of the same material forming nine concentric circles, the innermost consisting of nine blocks, and that on the outside of eighty-one blocks. On the central stone, which is a perfect circle, the emperor kneels, "surrounded first by the circles of the terraces and their enclosing walls, and then by the circle of the horizon." In the same temple stands the altar of prayer for good harvests, which is surmounted by a triple-roofed circular structure 99 feet in height.

In the southeastern portion of the Tatar city is the observatory, which was built in 1296. During the period of the Jesuit ascendency, the superintendence of this institution was confined to Roman Catholic missionaries, under whose guidance the bronze instruments now existing were constructed. Unlike the thoroughfares in the cities of central and southern China, the streets of Peking are wide and open, but, being unpaved, and the soil being light and alluvial, they easily become almost impassable from mud in wet weather, and ankle-deep in dust in dry weather. The inhabitants of Peking being consumers only, and in no way producers, the trade of the city is very small, and the article of the European treaties which prohibits foreign merchants from trading within the walls is, therefore, to be regretted only as an instance of the narrow-mindedness of the Chinese government.

BY TALLY-HO FROM LOS ANGELES.

J. TORREY CONNOR.

TO BE exact—and exactness is one of the tenets of modern literature, is it not?—the day set for our excursion to Santa Anita was the reverse of propitious. At the risk of damaging Southern California's reputation as a "land of perpetual sun" I am constrained to admit that nowhere within the range of vision was there a strip of blue sky as large as the proverbial "sailor's breeches"; that the roads were as "heavy" as recent rains and a soil largely 'dobe could make them; also a rawness of atmosphere that tinged the artist's nose an unbeautiful red and played havoc with the frizzes of the feminines. But as a compensation for these drawbacks, the lunch baskets were ample and filled to overflowing, the Bicycle Girl wore her stunning new suit—a dream in cream and gray—and the driver had thoughtfully provided an extra brass horn, which was tooted by the young man from the Business College and the Stamp Crank alternately. The Stamp Crank rode on the front seat and gave the driver points on the management of a four-horse team. The Artist and the Booby flocked with the Bicycle Girl and the Soloist, and the rest of us appropriated the intermediate spaces. The tally-ho, scheduled to leave town at 8:30, did finally get off, though an hour late.

En route to Pasadena a short stop was made at the ostrich farm, where we hoped to catch a glimpse of the ungainly birds from the high seats of the tally-ho, thus avoiding the customary tax of ten cents per head. But the ostriches would not lend themselves to this scheme, and not so much as a feather did we see. With a clatter and a braying of horns we swept through Pasadena, past stately mansions, rose-covered cottages and handsome business blocks, and again we were on the highway to Santa Anita. The girl who said she "didn't like the mountains because they hid the scenery" was not of our party, judging by the expressions called forth by the sight of the Sierra Madre Range, that loomed like a mighty citadel far ahead, seemingly no nearer than when we set our faces toward it. The Soloist thought the mountains "sweet," the Bicycle Girl said they were "immense," and the Chaperone so far forgot herself as to proclaim them "out of sight."

The brother of the Booby grew faint with hunger; his watch announced the noon hour. "I say" he called to the driver, "how long before we reach the Santa Anita ranch?"

PATHS FOR LOITERING LOVERS.

A semblance of a smile passed over the driver's face as he replied: "We've been on the Santa Anita ranch for the last twenty minutes."

It was indeed true! A ranch of 47,000 acres is not to be traversed in a hurry. We drove down a long avenue of eucalypti; there was apparently no end to it. Finally the driver drew rein and informed us that *he* was going on to the hotel for lunch, and as for us, we might as well take our cold bite right there as anywhere.

We needed no second invitation, and while the Booby, his brother, and the Stamp Crank started a smudge under the coffee pot, the cloth was laid and an appetizing lunch set forth.

The Bicycle Girl had just finished her second dozen of deviled eggs when we heard the rumble of wheels, and forthwith appeared our Jehu, fed and in his right mind. We clambered into the vehicle and were driven past groves of orange-trees, powdered with blossoms that gleamed snow-white above the golden fruit still ungathered, past olive orchards and vineyards, and then we were told that we could proceed no further unless we wished to explore the grounds adjacent to the house on foot. Not to see the grounds of Santa Anita would be like witnessing the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out; so we disembarked in short order. There were winding paths trending through mazes of shrubbery, that seemed made for loitering lovers; there were rustic houses, embowered in vines and almost hidden from view by broad-leaved tropical plants; and there were flowers everywhere. The graveled walks were bordered with masses of purple violets, which were so temptingly lovely that a bunch was surreptitiously gathered by the Soloist and divided with the Booby. These little pilferings were all the more enjoyable because they were like the "stolen fruit" from the garden of the Hesperides.

The waters of the pretty lakelet reflected the down-bending trees with the fidelity of a mirror, and likewise the charming phiz of the Freak as she leaned over to see if her hat was on straight.

Beyond the home grounds were the stables, and here one of the most attractive features of the ranch, Lucky Baldwin's "string" of race horses, was to be seen. Row after row of stables, divided into commodious box stalls, were ranged along the race track, where the young horses are broken to the serious work preceding the purse-winning on eastern tracks. The upper half of each door, leading to the stalls, was open to admit light and air; and as we passed along velvety noses were thrust out, and wistful eyes begged for just a taste of the juicy grass that grew beside the fence. They did not beg in vain.

A crowd of grooms and stable boys loitered near, and to our anxious inquiry as to the whereabouts of the horse with a record, they pointed out the corner stall in the row. There we saw the famous Emperor of Norfolk, that won the Chicago Derby in 1887, besides other winnings amounting in all to $87,000. Not only did we see him, but we were permitted to pat his aristocratic nose, and he condescended to munch the grass that was respectfully tendered him. In an adjoining pasture were a number of colts, rough-coated little fellows, without a trace of pedigree about them so far as was apparent to the eye of the uninitiated. But that was where the uninitiated eye was at fault, for every one of the little creatures was a thoroughbred.

Retracing our steps to where we had left the tally-ho in waiting, we found the Freak and the young man from the Business College, who had gone on ahead, moralizing over the old bell of San Gabriel, which was swinging in a rustic temple. The Freak—who is nothing if not instructive—was giving facts and figures relative to the founding of San Gabriel, and so forth, in a way to beat a modern encyclopedia, when we rescued the hapless young man and bore him away. The return trip was made by the way of San Gabriel.

OLD BELLS, SAN GABRIEL MISSION.
LAKELET—BALDWIN'S RANCH.
SAN GABRIEL MISSION.

As we drove through the narrow, crooked street of the little *pueblo*, under the low-hanging boughs of the plumy pepper-trees, the Artist was heard to remark to the Soloist that with one congenial soul he could dwell forever among such sylvan scenes.

The little *pueblo* of San Gabriel matches the Mission,—so said the Soloist. It has the same old-time, musty atmosphere. The narrow street zigzags about after the manner of a cow-path. The houses are low, one-story adobes, and the whitewash is mellowed and *yellowed* by the wear of the elements into an indescribable tint.

The street swarms with black-eyed, olive-cheeked babies, and dogs galore; one is in luck if one can avoid stepping on either. We turned our backs on San Gabriel with regret, but the sky, which had been sulking all day, grew more lowering, and the prospect of an eight-mile drive through a rainstorm is not enticing. The four-horse team made such good time that we did not feel the first warning drops of the threatened shower until we were in sight of the twinkling lights of Los Angeles, and a quarter of an hour later we clattered through the streets, just ahead of the oncoming storm, for in spite of all that has been said of this glorious "land of sunshine" we are forced to admit that sometimes we do have rain—to bring out the flowers!

THE PRESIDENT OF MEXICO.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

SEPTEMBER 15, 1830, in Oaxaca, Mexico, Porfirio Diaz was born. After receiving the education obtainable in the schools of his native town, he began to study law, but when the Americans, in 1847, invaded his country, he left his codes and joined the National Guards. It was not the fault of brave young Diaz that Mexico lost two-fifths of her territory as a result of that war, now almost universally admitted to have been an utterly unjust one. In 1854 Diaz joined the army of insurrection against Santa Anna, and for many years was engaged in various revolutions against the governments that successively tried to gain supreme control of Mexico. He showed himself possessed of great capacity as a soldier and leader, and, in 1861, at the suggestion of his military chief, General Ortega, he received his commission as a General. On May 5, 1862, he performed his greatest military exploit, repelling the French army at Puebla. Besides being a capable soldier, Diaz was gifted with that good fortune which is an indispensable part of the equipment of the man who is destined for great things, for, though twice made a prisoner by his enemies, on both occasions (in 1863 and 1865) he effected his escape. The present Consul-General of Mexico in this city, Mr. A. K. Coney, owes his position to the valuable aid he rendered to Diaz at a most critical point in his career. In 1876 Diaz became President, but Mexico was in so disturbed a condition that his time and energy were almost entirely occupied in quelling revolts. When his term expired in 1880, he secured the election of General Gonzalez, who had been Secretary of War, as President, and himself became a Cabinet officer and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. However, he did not take his seat on the bench. In 1884 Diaz was elected President for the second time, and since that time he has regularly succeeded himself.

Diaz has a swarthy complexion, and is, I believe, a pure-blooded Zapotec Indian. He is a worthy successor of his predecessor in office, Benito Juarez, the Liberator of Mexico. Firm will and executive capacity are plainly stamped upon his countenance. When he first became President there were scarcely any railways or telegraphs in Mexico; now telegraph lines run to every part of the country, and there are 7000 miles of railroad track. He is an admirer of the energy and business ability of Americans, who, on account of their brusqueness, are not generally liked by Mexicans, who are exceedingly punctilious and courteous, and never allow business to interfere with politeness. Diaz has great organizing ability, and has pressed the railway and the telegraph into his service; every morning there is laid upon his table news from his agents in every part of the country. The certainty and quickness of the intelligence received by him have rendered brigandage and revolution practically impossible. Troops are at once sent by train to any point where disturbance threatens; a brigand caught plying his trade is led up to a wall and promptly shot. There is no trifling with Diaz, yet he knows how to temper severity with clemency; many of the most faithful and efficient *rurales* (or country police) were notorious bandits, whom good pay and the certainty of a whole skin have lured from the dangerous profession of brigandage. No man better suited for the work that has to be done in tranquilizing and modernizing Mexico could be found than Porfirio Diaz—his methods are, doubtless, autocratic, but they are prompt and entirely effective. In the twenty years that have elapsed since he was President for the first time his enemies have died or become his friends; there remains no man who has it in his power to become a dangerous rival.

PRESIDENT DIAZ.

Diaz is well aware that no real and permanent elevation of the mass of a people can be effected without education. Accordingly, he has encouraged the extension of a system of public education, until now almost every village in Mexico has its well-equipped public school, while in the larger cities there are schools for the training of teachers, law schools, and many other institutions of higher education. According to the most recent observer, Mr. Charles F. Lummis, who has traveled extensively in Mexico to gather fresh material for a series of articles on that country for *Harper's Magazine*, the teachers in Mexican schools are almost uniformly enthusiastic, and generally well-equipped for their work. The schools of law and medicine, of surveying, engineering, etc., are excellent, and near the capital is a military academy modeled after that of the United States at West Point.

Life and property are now almost universally safe in Mexico, while the City of Mexico, with a population of nearly 400,000, is the most orderly and best-managed city on the continent. Mexico has a well-organized postal system, and telegrams are cheaper than anywhere in the United States. Both the Federal and the State officials are honest and capable, though it is not many years since they were exact counterparts of the office-holders in other Central American States. Modern waterworks are being constructed, electric lights are found even in small towns, and the buildings devoted to public purposes far surpass in commodiousness, suitability, and beauty the public buildings of the United States. The Paseo de la Reforma, the fashionable driveway of the capital, is one of the noblest avenues in the world, and between three and five o'clock on any fine afternoon can show a display of horses and carriages surpassed by few cities in Europe.

Though Diaz must have had extraordinary opportunities for self-enrichment, he is only a moderately wealthy man, and has always scorned to make politics a speculative trade. His personal habits, in a country where ostentation is much to the taste of the people, are remarkably simple; the carriage in which he drives from his summer home at Chapultepec to the city is quite plain, the driver dons no livery, and the horses wear their tails long, as Nature intended them to do. Sometimes Diaz even contents himself with so humble a conveyance as the ordinary street car, which reminds me to say that the "tramways" of the capital and its suburbs provide an excellent service and are extremely profitable. Though now in his sixty-seventh year, Diaz looks younger, and is still capable of much hard work in his office.

The wife of President Diaz is Senora Carmen Romero Rubio de Diaz, daughter of a lawyer who was one of the framers of the present Constitution of Mexico, and who has successfully administered the affairs of the Interior Department. She is a charming and highly cultivated woman, a sincere Catholic, and a friend of the poor. Personally, she is very comely, and an universal favorite; she is commonly spoken of as "Senorita Carmelita." All Mexican women named "Carmen" celebrate the 16th of July as that of their patron saint, and on that day in each year Senora Diaz receives innumerable bouquets and wreaths of flowers. She is the leader of the society of the Mexican capital, and has proved a helpful companion to her husband.

President Diaz's official town residence is the National Palace, which occupies one side of the Grand Plaza in the City of Mexico. It is one of the most extensive buildings in the world, and contains, besides the President's quarters, rooms for the various Cabinet officers and their clerks, the Hall of Ambassadors, and accommodation for a regiment or two of soldiers.

But far more attractive than the National Palace is the President's summer home at Chapultepec, a few miles from the city. The Castle of Cha-

pultepec is a huge, rambling structure, built upon a rock, and commanding a superb view. From the base of the rocky "hill of the grasshopper" runs the Paseo de la Reforma, 200 feet wide, with a double row of trees on each side, and here and there expanding into a *glorieta*, or circular space, adorned with a fine statue. The towers and domes of the many churches of the city, topped by those of the great Cathedral, rise in picturesque confusion, and beyond them are the blue waters of Lake Texcoco. To the left is the Church of Guadalupe, and to the right are the country-houses of wealthy Mexicans at Tacubaya and San Angel. Beyond is a barren expanse covered with lava belched forth from the entrails of the volcanic mountain, Ajusco. The Valley of Mexico, over which we are looking, is surrounded by mountains that are barren, chief among which are Popocatepetl, (the mountain that smokes), and Ixtaccihuatl, (the white woman). The bold rocky hill of Chapultepec is one of the most historic spots in Mexico. In the days of the Aztecs two colossal statues, said to represent Montezuma and his father, were carved upon the face of the rock, which was crowned by an Aztec palace: rock statues and palace were alike destroyed by the *conquistadores* of Cortez. The castle built upon the rock necessarily follows the shape of its foundation, and is a long, rambling structure, commanding a view over the Valley of Mexico and its surrounding mountain ranges that is surpassed by few in the world, and, when its sentimental interest is taken into account, it might almost be said by none. The present castle was built by the Spanish Vice-Roy Don Bernardo de Galaz in 1785, and was used by him and his successors as a country house. Before Maximilian became Emperor of Mexico it had ceased to be a sovereign's residence, and was used as a military school. The Austrian Archduke had it thoroughly repaired and decorated with classical statuary and wall paintings like those of a Roman noble's villa at Capua or Pompeii. The castle was the favorite abode of the ill-fated monarch and his wife Carlotta. After them came President Juarez and Lerdo de Tejada. Now Chapultepec is a military college once more, and in its historic corridors wander beardless students of the art of war. The rock and Castle of Chapultepec stand in the midst of a grove of cypress trees, some of them forty or fifty feet in circumference, and all of them draped most picturesquely and fantastically with long streamers of Spanish moss. The largest and oldest of them is called "Montezuma's Tree." Compared with the sequoias of Calaveras and Mariposa Counties, and the still greater eucalypti of the Blue Mountains in New South Wales, it is a small tree, being only 48 feet in circumference and 170 feet in height, but in the wealth of its associations it is perhaps the most interesting tree in the world. Think of the changes in men and manners that this venerable giant, itself almost unchanged, has witnessed! What a different Mexico now from that of Aztec days! Different indeed; but a noble, glorious country, that has made great strides in recent years, and may yet play a great part in the world's history.

NATIONAL PALACE, CITY OF MEXICO.

CASTLE OF CHAPULTEPEC.

THE FICTION OF ROMANCE.

J. M. SCANLAND.

In "Old Town," which means the original San Diego, and, by the way, is the oldest town in California, the traveler is shown a magnificent specimen of an ancient adobe building in ruin. He is glibly told by the guide that it is "the 'dobe where Ramona was married." The guide then tells who Ramona was, according to Mrs. Jackson's novel, and that she was married to Alessandro.

If the traveler visits San Jacinto, he is shown the village of Ramona, and if he continues up the coast line, on reaching Camulos Rancho, he is invited to poke his head out of the car window and see the old cracked bells that summoned Ramona and Alessandro to service in the little chapel. The story is well written, as a fiction, but its romantic interest is lost sight of when the characters stand in their true light. Ramona is not a "beautiful Indian maiden," neither is Alessandro a type of the heroic lover. Ramona, whose real name is Maria, was a domestic at the Camulos Rancho, north of Los Angeles. Alessandro followed sheep-shearing and was an excellent horseman, also a "fiddler." His love for horse-flesh got him into trouble, and on that hinges the romance.

It was at the annual sheep-shearing at the Camulos Rancho that he met Maria, or Ramona. He first saw her at vespers, and at once their minds were diverted from worship to love. Their next meeting was at a brook where she was washing the altar cloth which she had mended after having accidentally torn it. Here they told to each other their troubles and concluded that matrimony was the only remedy. And so they eloped and were married in this old adobe house, but, strangely, did not "live happily ever after." Alessandro unromantically became possessed of a horse which was owned by Sam Temple, known in the novel as Jim Farrar, and depicted to be a desperado and bad man generally. He owned a ranch near San Jacinto, and the loving couple had located in Temecula Canyon not far distant. Temple claimed that he shot Alessandro only after he had refused to surrender the stolen horse. The novelist characterizes the killing as unjustifiable, as Alessandro had taken the horse "while bereft of reason," to which state he had been driven by previous wrongs from white settlers who had taken his lands.

The burial of their baby-child on the San Jacinto Mountains was pathetic and describes the spot on Cheyenne Mountain, Colorado, which the novelist had selected for her own burial, and in describing Alessandro as carrying the little coffin on his shoulder to the summit of San Jacinto Mountain she also described the manner of her own burial, for, a few years later, Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson died and was buried on the summit of Cheyenne Mountain, a few miles from Colorado Springs, Colorado. The hearse could only travel about half the distance, and the coffin was carried by hand to the summit, where it was deposited at a spot previously selected by herself and which she has so realistically described as the burial-place of the baby of Ramona and Alessandro.

After her visit to Camulos Rancho, where she laid the opening scene of her novel, Mrs. Jackson spent some time at San Jacinto, and being a lover of nature, made many excursions over the mountains and through the picturesque canyons.

Ramona was not pretty as the novel depicts her to be. She was rather homely and affected red dresses and cigarettes. She appreciated her importance and did quite a good business in selling her photographs to sentimental curiosity seekers who visited the Indian village, near San Jacinto, named in her honor. Since then, several rival Ramonas have sprung up and there are also several villages of that romantic name, one being near San Diego. And in "Old Town" we have the only and original house in which she was married. This is a historic "adobe," one of the oldest in California. In the early days "before the Americanos came," it was the *gran casa* of Don Juan Estudillo, and was noted for its *gran bailes* and the hospitality of its owners. It was successively the "palace" of the military commandante and of the alcalde, and then of wealthy dons, and always the headquarters of social life. After the lapse of nearly a century, the old *casa* seems good for at least another half century. Only for the telegraph poles which have invaded its picturesqueness, and the sign of a painter, who, for a time, dwelt in one of its corners, this old *casa* would appear more romantic. This modernism somewhat dispels the charm of antiquity. It has far more interest than being the "wedding place" of Ramona. Its history is one of romance. But its sweetest romances are buried with the gay characters that for so many years enlivened its walls.

RAMONA'S WEDDING PLACE.

A TRAIL OF ARROWS.

An Actual Experience.

C. F. DAVIS.

WHEN at work, one day, about seven miles from our camp, one of the escort was seen approaching us at top speed, wildly brandishing his carbine and evidently much excited. Clustering together, we anxiously awaited his arrival. He was soon up to us, and pulling in his horse, white with foam, he blurted out: "Two hundred Cheyenne warriors in our camp!" and, pointing toward the hills, "Just look over there!" Glancing in the direction indicated, we could see smoke issuing from at least half a dozen different points, presumptive evidence that the Indians had been watching us, possibly for days, and, having now disclosed their presence, were starting their signal fires.

To say that we were badly frightened, puts it mildly. A hurried consultation followed, and coming to the conclusion that there was nothing for us to do but return to camp we at once set out, the two engineers, who were mounted, leading the way. I believe I carried that heavy level seven miles without changing shoulders, and so engaged were we with our own gloomy thoughts that hardly a word was uttered during the entire distance. Personally, I had concluded—as, indeed, from all precedent, I well might—that our chances of living until sundown were extremely slight, and the many terrible stories I had heard of Indian atrocities, and long since accepted as true, now flocked through my mind with startling rapidity.

Mingled with these vivid pictures were "melting thoughts of home and friends," and it was no little relief when our funeral procession—as, indeed, we so considered it—came in sight of our camp. It was occupied, as the cavalryman had said, by at least two hundred Indians in full war paint. The chief of the party, a small but aged savage, whom we afterward learned was Pretty Bear, stepped forward to greet us, and by means of signs informed our chief engineer, Mr. Mills, that he and his warriors wanted something to eat. We breathed again: this was a respite, if nothing more: and the haste with which all hands set to work getting dinner ready was something astonishing. Our unwelcome visitors quite evidently appreciated the humor of the situation; for, while we were so engaged, they sat around us, laughing and chatting, and evidently having no little amusement at our expense.

Humiliating as our position was, it was not nearly as unpleasant as being burned alive at a stake, or perforated with barbed arrows, and the alacrity and politeness with which we waited upon our savage guests when the meal was prepared have, I believe, seldom, if ever, been equaled, even at first-class hotels! And the gluttony of the brutes!

I remember passing one of them a plate of crackers, and, instead of taking one, as I had expected, he cleaned the plate at one swoop, concealing all but a handful of them under his blanket. I smiled, however, as if it were a good joke, and passed him the meat! It was evident that the Indians were making alarming inroads into our stock of provisions: but there was no help for it, so we kept actively at work until their hunger was appeased.

They remained with us all day, and, toward evening, to our great relief, withdrew about half a mile down the creek, and there camped. It became apparent, during our interview with them, that the young bucks were disposed to annihilate us, and were only prevented from doing so by their chief, Pretty Bear. As the power of an Indian chief rests largely on personal influence—which we felt, in this case, was liable, at any moment, to be overcome—we slept that night with our boots on, and it is no figure of speech to say that we confidently expected to die that way. But our time, it seems, had not yet come, for the band moved eastward the next morning.

Some days after this, the wagons reached us, in escort of a company of cavalry—the latter having been detailed to accompany us through the more dangerous portions of our work. Proceeding with our survey, we crossed over the Divide, from the head of Pawnee Creek to Crow Creek—near where Cheyenne now stands—then a rolling prairie, covered with prairie-dog villages and sage-brush.

Escorted only by a company of cavalry, some sixty in number, under command of Major Doolittle, we were still pushing our weary way along the Platte, when, one day, our assistant engineer, Toland by name, reported that he had come across a camp, recently occupied by Indians. Others of the party also reported "Indian signs," and, one day, we came across a rifle-pit, evidently constructed a short while before by some emigrant train as protection from an attacking band of savages. It will be remembered that there were then no whites to the eastward of us nearer than Julesberg, opposite the mouth of Lodge-Pole Creek, perhaps one hundred and twenty-five miles distant; in a southwesterly direction, the nearest settlements were on the Cache la Poudre, fully seventy miles away; and north of us there were no whites, save at the widely scattered trading-posts. One morning, the engineers and linemen proceeded to their work, escorted, as usual, by ten soldiers, and Mr. Mills, the engineer in charge, and a man named Barker, pushed ahead, on horseback, to select the route for survey. Mr. Mills, it may be well to mention, had often been remonstrated with for going on such trips without an escort; but, apparently unaware of the meaning of danger, had always treated such remonstrances with indifference. The balance of the party, consisting of cooks, teamsters, and soldiers, remained behind to move camp to the point the surveying party expected to reach that night, a distance of perhaps ten miles.

Mills and Barker had just left us, and we had begun work on the line, when one of the soldiers raised the startling cry of "Indians!" Our first assistant engineer, Shaw by name, had speedily brought us together, and, thus bunched, we made all haste to join the escort. The line, at this time, was being run through a shallow swale, or depression, one edge of which overlooked a wide expanse of rolling prairie; and, when first seen, the Indians, a hundred or more in number, all mounted, were coming across this prairie at full speed, and headed directly for us!

Feeling sure that we could not better our position, we stood our ground, and the Indians, separating at the base of the hill, completely encircled our little party, brandishing their bows and arrows, and uttering their fierce war-whoops! In executing this maneuver, they did not, however, come within gunshot, though they were near enough for us to see that they were profusely decorated with shells, beads, and feathers, and in full war paint. Had we been ensconsed, we will say, behind the walls of a substantial stone fort, or in some equally secure position, the yelling horde of picturesquely attired savages, riding their fiery, half-wild mustangs with consummate grace and skill, would have presented a decidedly brilliant and interesting spectacle; but, as it was, the sight had few charms for us. Our only thought was: Outnumbered five to one, on foot, and poorly armed, what chance have we for our lives if they make a determined attack upon us? And our own beating hearts supplied the answer—None! I have said that we were poorly armed; such, to our consternation, proved to be the case, though it is true that there was no one else to blame in the matter but ourselves.

As had often been the case before, the weather being warm, and our pistols heavy, many of the latter had been left behind, in camp; and, upon making a hasty examination, we found that there were but five or six in the party, and some of these not fully loaded. The soldiers, it is true, had their carbines, but several of these, even, were out of repair. Serious as our predicament was, I could not help being amused, inwardly, at our attempts to present a fierce and formidable appearance—several of the party standing ready to fire off the transit with the "plumb-bob," while others made similar warlike demonstrations with the level and rod. Whatever the cause—whether from a wholesome dread of our instruments or not—they continued to keep at a respectful distance, and, encouraged by their show of indecision, we commenced moving slowly toward camp, the Indians still encircling us, but falling back as we advanced. In the meantime, the wagon train had started ahead, and could be seen, perhaps a mile below us, moving slowly across the plain.

Making all haste possible, we had soon come up with it, when the Indians withdrew, in a body, to a considerable distance, soon disappearing from view behind a slight "rise" in the prairie. It seems that the party in charge of the wagon train had observed the Indians about as they surrounded us; the teamsters and cooks urging the officer in command of the escort to go to our rescue. This he had flatly refused to do, claiming that what they believed to be Indians were wild horses.

Our first thought, upon reaching the wagon train, was concerning Mr. Mills's safety, and Mr. Toland begged the Major to go in immediate search of him. This he finally consented to do.

Selecting a few men to look after the camp, we took the mules out of the wagons, and, mounting every available animal, set out in pursuit of the Indians.

We then had an opportunity of observing, for the first time, the tactics so often and successfully adopted by Indians under similar circumstances. One by one they separated from the main body, branching off at both sides of our course; and, not daring to break our own party, we soon found ourselves in pursuit of a mere handful of them, and they—evidently among the best mounted of them—commencing to draw away from us.

The uselessness of pursuing them farther soon became apparent to us, and, giving up the chase, we commenced an active search for Mills and Barker. It was, for a time, fruitless, but, at last, one of the party discovered an arrow sticking nearly upright in the ground. Following the direction it pointed, another was soon found, and still another—in fact, it finally developed into a clearly defined trail of arrows! Our fears for the safety of our comrades were now aroused to the utmost, and not without cause, for, at the end of this singular trail, we came upon the nude body of poor Mills, scalped in two places, perforated by several bullets, and transfixed by no

less than nineteen barbed arrows! It was, indeed, a horrible spectacle, and our own escape that morning from a similar fate was brought home to us with startling distinctness.

But there was little time for words or tears. Reverently covering "the poor, cast-off garment of humanity" with our coats, we conveyed it back to camp, and at once instituted an active search for Barker.

We had about abandoned it, when, near the end of the third day, the searching party of which I was a member came in sight of the missing man making rapidly away from us. Upon overhauling him, we found that he was partially demented, and had mistaken us for Indians.

We took him back to camp, where, after a few days of rest and careful nursing, he recovered sufficiently to tell his sad story. The Indians, it appeared, had come upon them just as Mr. Mills, who was an enthusiastic sportsman, was attempting to extricate an empty shell from his Henry rifle; he having dismounted a moment before to take a shot at an antelope. At sight of the Indians he sprang upon his horse, and, together, a pistol in each hand, they attempted to dash through the encircling band of savages. Barker was almost immediately knocked from his horse by one of their clubs, and as he fell one of the Indians pulled up to give him his *coup de grace* with an arrow. But it was not so ordained. The arrow flew from the string with enough force to have pinned him to the earth, but, striking a huge tin tobacco box that he carried in his pocket, fell to the ground. The Indian started back in astonishment, and, as Barker leveled his gun at him, yelled "Pohone!" (Medicine Man) and kept on after poor Mills, concluding, no doubt, that Medicine or no Medicine Barker would not be able to get far from the spot on foot. Crawling off among the bushes, he had finally succeeded in reaching the hills, and making good his escape. Both men were well mounted and armed, and had they but kept on high ground would have stood a good chance of escape.

Mills's body was taken to Cache la Poudre and there buried. Barker recovered, in the main, though, I believe, that his terrible experience left an impression upon his after-life.

We boarded the train at North Platte, and happier men than we, when we realized that for a time, at least, our troubles were over, it is difficult to imagine. That was my first experience in frontier life—though by no means my last—and for months, aye! years, afterward, the more startling incidents of it intruded themselves even upon my dreams.

THE POSTAGE-STAMPS OF THE WORLD.

CHARLES E. JENNEY.

How little attention the average person pays to so insignificant a thing as the postage-stamp on the letter he receives from the postman; yet it is a talisman of wonderful, aye, magic power. It has brought the letter to him from a friend miles away, perhaps across the continent, perhaps over the sea and half around the world. It tells him at a glance from what far country it has come, and also gives him more or less practical information about that country. A collection of the postal-stamps of all countries is a veritable encyclopedia of knowledge. Not only is the collecting of these little pieces of stamped paper fascinating, but the number of facts, otherwise unheeded, impressed on one's mind in the process of collecting them, is astonishing. History, geography, biography, zoology—lessons under all these headings and many others are learned by the philatelist, which means a collector of old postage-stamps.

Many countries have, as a design, their coat-of-arms displayed on their stamps, as Russia, with its double-headed eagle, Germany, and Turkey, which usually denotes them as monarchies.

The portrait of its ruler is the favorite design of a great many countries. Queen Victoria's portrait has adorned every English stamp ever issued and most of the stamps of England's colonies, and in this way has traveled to every corner of the world. Good British subjects are reminded that they are kissing their Queen whenever they moisten the gum of a stamp to put it on a letter.

Oscar II. of Sweden is seen on the Swedish stamps and Victor Emanuel on the Italian. Little Queen Wilhelmina, though now quite a young lady, still sends out her picture, taken when nine or ten years old, on the stamps of Netherlands; while baby Alfonso of Spain may be seen on the Spanish, Puerta Rican, and Cuban stamps—at least those Cuban stamps that come from Havana and the Spanish lines, for the insurgent Cubans have issued a stamp for themselves with the motto "Cuba Libre" on it.

Our own United States stamps are a regular portrait gallery of our great statesmen and warriors. Franklin, Washington, Lincoln, Jackson, Garfield, Grant, Sherman, Webster, Scott, Clay, and Commodore Perry are all pictured on our postal issues. The one-cent stamp has always borne the face of Franklin and the value of the common letter rate usually that of Washington, a living testimonial to the Father of his Country.

It has been the aim of most countries to present on their stamps characteristic features of their climate and soil, either in the animal or vegetable world, or scenes of great interest for which those countries are noted. Such stamps are not only very beautiful examples of engraving, but of especial interest for the lessons they teach.

On the stamps of Guatemala we find the quetzal, the sacred bird of the Aztecs; on New South Wales stamps, the lyre bird, the emu, and the kangaroo; on Peruvian stamps, the llama. Stamps from Indo-China and the Straits Settlements picture a tiger springing from the jungle; Persian stamps show a lion; Newfoundland, a seal, a codfish, and the head of a Newfoundland dog; Sirmoor, a Native Indian state, has an elephant. On the stamps of Labuan may be seen a stag and a crocodile; on Liberians, a hippopotamus; on Seychelles Islands, a turtle.

The handsome West Australia stamps have a swan on them, for this colony was once known as Swan's River. Tasmanian stamps show us the duck-billed platypus, that curious "missing link" peculiar to this country.

Illustrative of the vegetable world, Samoan stamps show the palm tree; Japanese, the chrysanthemum; and Nova Scotian, the shamrock and thistle.

Designs emblematic of the postal service and its methods are also used on the stamps of many countries. Certain Austrian and Greek stamps have the head of Mercury, that fleet-footed messenger of the gods, on them. Norwegian stamps have a post-horn, that being the means of notifying the people of the arrival of the mails in that country. On New Brunswick stamps is seen a locomotive, and, also, a steamship; on Nicaraguan stamps, a telegraph instrument. Mexican stamps represent a peon runner with a mail-pouch slung on a pole, and, also, a pack-mule train. Stamps from the Somali Coast, in Northeast Africa, represent a camel, there a factor in the transportation of the mails to the interior.

Changes in government are at once indicated by the postage-stamps of the country. In France, the First Republic used stamps with a picture representing Liberty. When Napoleon changed it to an empire again his portrait appeared on all the stamps; and after his downfall and the return to a republican government the design on the stamps represented "Fraternity and Equality." In Brazil, the displacement of the Emperor, Dom Pedro II., was made known to all the world by the withdrawal of the stamps that contained his portrait and the issue of a set representing "Liberty" and showing the Southern Cross.

The few and rare stamps of the Southern Confederacy, representing Jefferson Davis in place of our own revered Washington, are a frail memorial of the brief reign of the Southern Confederacy, when our nation nearly became two.

Among other interesting stamps are those of Hawaii, showing a view of the harbor of Honolulu; Congo, picturing the cataracts of the Congo River; Salvador, showing a volcano; Obock, with its group of naked savages; Egypt, presenting the Sphinx and the Pyramids; and the stamps of Greece, issued last year to celebrate the Olympian Games held at Athens, and representing the wrestlers, the discobolus, and the amphitheater.

The first stamp, an English one, was issued only a little over fifty years ago, in 1841. The first United States stamp was issued in 1847. The best work of the artist and engraver has always been employed in the design and manufacture of our stamps, and the same care is taken in handling them and guarding against theft that is taken with our paper money.

A two-cent stamp will take a letter from the tip of Alaska to the most southern cape of Florida, a distance of over six thousand miles. Is it any wonder that we should look with pride to our Postoffice Department? Is it any wonder that these little pieces of paper—postage-stamps—have found a wonderful interest for collectors? It is probably not more than thirty years ago that the first boy conceived the idea of keeping all the different stamps he could get from foreign countries, yet the fad has so spread that to-day there are 600,000 collectors in the United States alone. So strong a hold did the fad take that men began to deal in old, cancelled stamps, selling them to collectors. To-day the stamp dealer is a recognized tradesman in all our large cities, and transacts thousands of dollars' worth of business in stamps in a year. Catalogues are issued, and the stamps are all priced according to their scarcity. Some very high prices have been paid by collectors for certain very scarce stamps. For instance, two British Guiana stamps sold for about three thousand dollars, and recently two United States local stamps sold for almost five thousand dollars. Of course, these were exceedingly rare specimens, but they help to show to what extent stamp collecting has been carried, placing it in the rank with autograph, rare china, and old coin collecting; in fact, it has almost displaced the latter in popular favor. The mania for stamp collecting has struck all classes of people—doctors, lawyers, ministers, as well as schoolboys. Royal heads of Europe are not exempt from the fascination, and it is pretty certain that if once a person becomes thoroughly interested he never gets over it. After all, if it is a fad and a mania, have I not shown that it is a most useful and instructive one, and have I not proven that there is a vast amount of interest in those little pieces of perforated paper we call postage-stamps?

This, That and the Other

LILLIAN FERGUSON.

DAY.

A sweet smile dawned on her fair, young face
As she slipped from Night's shadowy, fond embrace.

Spangled with dew in her bright array,
She wakened the world where it sleeping lay.

And lo, at her coming, the wild birds sang
Till valley and woodland with music rang.

On through the cities she blithely sped
Where the struggling masses toil for bread.

She lit up the byways of Charity,
But they pressed on blindly and would not see.

She whispered of gold in its earthy bed;
They reached for the shining dross instead.

She pointed the path to the goal of Right;
They covered their faces from her sight.

When the lilies drooped and the fading west
Sent a mute farewell to the mountain's crest,

Slowly and sadly the lonely Day
In her dust-stained garments stole away.

Weary with watching the haunts of men,
She crept to Night's sheltering breast again.

Paris has a veteran executioner in the person of M. Deibler, who has gone through life decapitating his fellow beings until now he has a list of two hundred people whom he has beheaded. These names he "points" to "with pride," much as an Indian wears the scalps of his tomahawked victims at his belt. It is, of course, a very commendable and praiseworthy thing to take a great deal of interest in one's vocation, and to be ambitious about making a success of one's profession. But it seems a trifle gruesome to behold an executioner entering with zest into the details of his peculiarly unattractive business; and when he carries his enthusiasm to such an extent as to hope (which the Parisian gentleman is credited with doing) that he will lop off the three hundredth head before his career closes, it rather jars upon the sensibilities of a person who has not had any experience in the gentle art of decapitation. Some beings are, however, singularly constituted. No doubt the guillotine and Monsieur, its operator, are on as friendly terms from long association as a woman and her curling irons, or a housekeeper and her cheese knife. Constant intimacy, perhaps, may take the rough edge of horror even from a guillotine, to one who lives, as it were, within its shadow, but I do not envy the French expert his job. It surely cannot be conducive to sweet slumber, when one seeks one's pillow in the dark, stilly hours of night, to recall the day's achievements in the matter of head collecting. M. Deibler must have cast-iron nerves, a heart of steel, and a digestion that would make an ostrich turn green with envy, else would he abandon his fearful responsibilities and gladly become a trolley-car gripman, where he could take human life unintentionally, if taking life were his peculiar destiny. I think I would be supremely glad of "any old thing" that would net me a livelihood were I in M. Deibler's shoes. Two hundred heads! Br-r-r-r-r! It makes one shiver just to think of it. And do they never haunt you, M. Deibler?

It seems to me, did any sinful mortal,
Through me, approach eternity in dread,
That I, than send him crashing through death's portal,
Would infinitely rather lose *my* head.

That lowly but succulent morsel, the potato, has great possibilities, if we are to believe the statement of a recent German writer that there are no less than eight hundred and ten ways of preparing it for the table. The ambitious young housewife who is heroically trying to master the secret of boiling a potato properly is apt to get discouraged when she reflects on these eight hundred and nine ways that she don't know anything about. Cookery is such an elusive art, anyway. It takes pains and brains to be a good cook. As for the other virtues in the way of patience, angelic temper, and a fondness for soot, perhaps the least said concerning them the better. Nor is it necessary to dwell upon the physical side of the question. A fine scorn for such petty frailties as backache and weary muscles should animate every woman who grapples with this stupendous question. In the bright lexicon of a cook there should be no such word as fail, for failure means that indigestion will be the frightful consequences, and divorce follows indigestion as the night the day.

Of all the idiots, cheerful and otherwise, abroad upon the face of the earth, none is so insufferable and so dangerous as he who deems it a witty thing to pull a chair from under another and suddenly precipitate the victim of his murderous pleasantry to the floor. The injuries that result from this all too frequently recurring demonstration of lunacy are always painful and sometimes fatal, and 'twere indeed a thousand pities that the fatality could not be shared by the several kinds of fool (will my men readers kindly supply the blanks for me with the strongest epithets at their command?) who is responsible for the disaster. A case of this kind occurred not long ago in Sacramento, the very estimable young lady upon whom the trick was played by a young man, expiring after a frightful illness. Although as much a murderer as though he had performed the equally idiotic and death-dealing feat of pointing and firing a pistol that he did not suppose was loaded—after the manner of other idiots the world over—this perpetrator of a crime goes free of punishment. This is not right. In all justice, a terrible example should be made of such offenders, in the hope that similar accidents might be prevented thereby. The world can well spare the idiots who infest it.

Wonderful, indeed, are the improvements made for the simplification of domestic duties, but somehow nobody has so far brought scientific invention to bear upon a new method of darning punctured socks or spanking refractory babies.

When work and I have said good-by,
And folded lie these hands of mine:
When dumb to all thy questioning
I answer not by any sign;
Yet shall I know that sad thou art,
And love thee even more, sweetheart,
Than in the days ere work and I
Had said good-by.

When work and I have said good-by,
The voice that soothed my every ill
And cheered me when the way was dark
Shall be my sweetest music still.
The dead can hear. The dead can see.
In death I shall have need of thee.
Oh, be thou nigh when work and I
Have said good-by!

Mrs. Cleveland, in planning her new home at Princeton, has given the decorative work to a young Washington artist, Miss Grace Temple. This graceful recognition of her talent will, without doubt, lay the foundation of a fortune for Miss Temple. Other people of wealth and prominence will follow Mrs. Cleveland's example, and the future of her protege will be assured. In many ways the charming mistress of the White House has been a mascot to others. It pleased her fancy, in the early days of her social reign, to "drop in" for luncheon at an obscure little establishment unknown to the world of fashion. The news went abroad throughout the city, and so great was the rush of patronage to the restaurateur's shabby parlors that in a very short time he was enabled to remove to commodious quarters. By the time his distinguished patron, annoyed at the staring to which she was subjected, was obliged to seek a more secluded retreat, his place had made its reputation, and he was on the high road to prosperity. This once struggling caterer is now a wealthy man.

Baby shows having been declared illegal in New York, will not, it is to be hoped, have a depressing effect upon that branch of home industry. It is a sensible law, and should be enforced in every State in the Union that betrays a tendency to break out in this fashion. The place for babies is at home, and not on exhibition in a hall which, however ventilated, may injure by its temperature the health of the unfortunate infant thus paraded before a public which is more than likely to bring countless disease germs within breathing distance of the "exhibits." Notwithstanding what it can do in the way of lung exercise, especially in the solemn watches of the night, a baby is but the tenderest of earthly blossoms, and cannot be too carefully guarded from physical ills that may render its future existence a curse instead of a blessing. Mothers, keep those dear little prizes of yours in the home nest.

"What shall we eat?" the man of science cries,
And solves the problem deep, as he has met it.
But that which most concerns us, I surmise,
Is not "What shall we eat?" but "But how to get it."

Somebody is agitating the question, "If a man were placed in a twenty-year trance, what would be his first request upon regaining consciousness?"

Well, if he were a San Francisco man, he would probably say, "Put me to sleep for another twenty years. I want to see them lay the corner-stone of our new postoffice."

This is a very inconsistent world. Sarah Bernhardt, we are told, is particularly fond of tiger cubs as pets, and the young Duchess of Marlborough prefers vultures, eagles, and reptiles of all kinds. We look upon such idiosyncrasies with mild indulgence, but let a man have snakes and we bundle him into the Home of Inebriates without ceremony.

A "practical" invention which seems decidedly impractical is a revolving table for the dining-room, a burst of inspiration on the part of a woman, who must certainly be the mother of a large and hungry family else would she never have been driven to such a labor-saving expedient. It is a table in two parts, a central revolving disc, with an outer stationary ring. Around this the family sit in their accustomed places, and when they desire something from the opposite side, they move the central part of the table until the wished-for article is at hand. There are only about twenty objections, more or less, to this scheme. It is confusing to even imagine the uproar at that up-to-date family board when papa's darling boy wants the syrup at the identical moment that mamma's pet daughter decides to whirl the patent table until she can reach its syrup cargo herself. For a noisy household of badly behaved infants from three to thirteen years (you and I, unfortunately, have at some time or another encountered such in our pilgrimage through this vale of tears), I can imagine the pandemonium that would ensue at meal-time, and the wholesale slaughter of dishes when that table was groaning under the manipulations of half a dozen youngsters intent upon whirling it in half a dozen ways. Then the question of patent adjustable tablecloths suggests itself. No, that "practical" table of yours, dear sister, will prove a delusion and a snare. Try something else that will benefit the human race in general and your suffering sex in particular. Invent a theater-chair that will snap, with a time lock, a clamp across the knees of the man who sits therein, and not release him until the play is over, in order to conquer that little habit he has of going out via your toes between the acts. Invent a pocket that we can locate in our skirts without calling in the neighbors or telling our troubles to a policeman when we want to find a handkerchief. Invent a folding-bed that will not abuse your confidence by trying to make a ham sandwich of you when you are asleep and can't help yourself. Invent any one of a hundred things for which there is a long-felt want, from a hairpin that will not lose itself inside of five minutes, to a suspender button contented with its sphere of usefulness. Your table, dear sister, won't work a little bit.

NEW GOLD.

MY SWEETHEART.

W. V. BRYAN.

Sometimes a fellow will digress
From beaten paths of life;
And, doing so, perhaps impress
Another than the wife.

I have a sweetheart, cute as can be,
Prone to hug and kiss.
How on earth could any man be
Cold to one like this?

I confess that I've embraced her,
In our great armchair;
Often kissed her as I faced her,
Stroked her sunny hair.

One day my wife came in and found me,
As in my arms I caught her;
And hers, too, were both around me,
Why not—she was my daughter!

ITEMS.

Swain's Restaurant, on Sutter Street, has been more than unusually popular since the adoption of the "Table d'Hote" dinner for $1.00. Swain's is one of the best known restaurants in the city, and caters especially to the tourist trade. With these splendid dinners and their elaborate bill of fare, one can be as well served as at the famous Cafe Savarin at New York.

In case you are troubled with defective vision or any other difficulty in connection with the eyes, you will find that the California Optical Co., at 317 Kearny Street, San Francisco, is unquestionably the best place in the city to visit. They are both scientific and practical in the conduct of their business, and rank among the best opticians on this Coast.

Since Messrs. Nichols & Co., San Francisco, took the agency for the Sterling Bicycles, they have had every reason to feel more than encouraged at the outlook for the season. The Sterling this year is built just as fine as ever, and little improvements have been made wherever it is possible to do so. The Sterling will always be popular, and without question ranks to-day as the highest classed wheel in the American market. It is well when buying a wheel to bear facts of this kind in mind, and get one upon which you can have some dependence when you may be ten or fifteen miles from home.

Tourists visiting San Francisco should make it a point to call on Frank Deardorf, 218 Post Street, who makes a specialty of keeping on hand a most elaborate and elegant assortment of Japanese curios. Mr. Deardorf is, furthermore, a most congenial gentleman, and would be pleased to have any visiting tourists at San Francisco call upon him and inspect his beautiful collection. It costs nothing to look at them, and it is really one of the places of San Francisco which should not be missed by those visiting the city.

The Robert Malcom Co., 735 Market Street, San Francisco, carry an elaborate supply of bicycle parts, tires, etc. Call on them for anything in that line.

"I'm not going to let this paper be caught in any more libel suits, if I know it, by George!" exclaimed the editor of the *Morning Sensation*, running his eye rapidly over a page of copy that lay on his desk. And he inserted a word, so that the sentence read: "Cain, the alleged murderer of Abel," etc.

Cheap articles are usually the most expensive in the end. When you want anything in the fur line (especially sealskins) drop in and see Max Hoflich, No. 121 Post Street, San Francisco. He carries a complete stock, and does nothing but first-class work at reasonable rates. You may save a few dollars by trying him.

THAT REMINDS ME.

Copyrighted by Wm. V. Bryan.

Willis—When my wife makes me a present, it is sure to be something that will last.

Wallace—My wife is just like her. Five years ago she made me a present of one hundred cigars, and I have ninety-nine of them yet.

Prattle (to his wife)—You don't seem to have the courage of your convictions.

Mrs. Prattle—I should like to know how you get at that conclusion.

Prattle—You say, there's no use talking, and then you talk for hours.

Mme. Trapino—You told me, sir, that all I had to do was to leave the table-cloth outside during the night, and the fruit stains would disappear. Well, I did so last night.

"Ah! then the stains——"

"No; it was the cloth that disappeared!"

Together they were looking over the paper. "Oh, how funny," said she.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Why, here is an advertisement that says, 'No reasonable offers refused.'"

"What's so odd about that?"

"Nothing, nothing," she replied, trying to blush, "only those are my sentiments."

John W. Carmany, No. 25 Kearny Street, leading shirtmaker and men's furnisher. Spring styles now ready.

Senior Partner—Look here, Mr. Sheeply, the first of last month you came to me and said you were thinking seriously of getting married, and on the strength of that I gave you a raise in your salary. What's the matter? Aren't you going to get married?

Sheeply—No, sir. I thought so seriously of it that I concluded I wouldn't.

Little Ethel surprised cook in the kitchen in the act of skinning a rabbit. Shocked beyond measure, she inquired with mingled pity and indignation in her wide-open eyes, "Whatever are you doing, cook?" "I'm dressing the rabbit, Miss Ethel." The child reflected an instant, and said, "I should think you were undressing it."

The Colonel—What was that noise I heard just now?

His nephew—Oh, I was blowing up my servant.

The Colonel—May I ask why?

His nephew—Well—aw—you see he is such a confounded idiot!

The Colonel—But did it never occur to you that if he weren't such a confounded idiot he could never have been your servant?—*Punch.*

Miss Casey—I always pay as I go.

Gertrude (who is tired)—Do you see anything in this room you would like to buy?

GOOD LIVING

is the first requirement for an even temper and peace of mind. You like your meals well served, palatable, and reasonable in price. We combine all these features, and between the hours of 5 and 8 P. M., serve the finest "Table d'Hote" dinner in the city for $1.

AT "SWAIN'S"

213 SUTTER ST., Near Kearny. SAN FRANCISCO.

H. L. Davis. W. D. Fennimore. J. W. Davis.

317-319 KEARNY STREET.

DEFECTIVE VISION is the cause of about 95 per cent of all headaches, neuralgia and dizziness, which are often attributed to ill-health. Properly fitted glasses, in such cases, will give immediate relief.

THE NATICK HOUSE. Cor. Main and First Sts. LOS ANGELES, CAL.

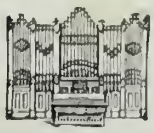
Most centrally located. Cable cars pass the house for all parts of the city. Floors carpeted with the best body brussels and velvet. Electric bells and heated by steam. The only house in the city running a FREE 'BUS both ways and independent of the Transfer Co. Watch for the Natick House 'bus. Rates, $1.25, $1.50 and $2.00 per day. HART BROS., Proprietors.

London, Chatham, & Dover Railway.

A. THORNE, Formerly at H. B. Claflin & Co's, New York. American Representative in England, London, Chatham and Dover Railway, Victoria Station, London, S. W.

The London, Chatham, and Dover Company's Trains run through the prettiest parts of Kent, and passengers have the privilege of stopping over at Rochester to visit the Cathedral and Castle, and at Canterbury to view the Cathedral (containing the tomb of the martyr, Thomas à Becket), and other places of interest.

Telegrams: Caldover, London.



GEO. N. ANDREWS,

Pipe Organ Manufacturer.

No. 620 Sixteenth Street, OAKLAND, CAL.

Repairing, Rebuilding, Revoicing and Tuning Promptly Executed. Write for Catalogue.

ST. HELENA SANITARIUM.
ST. HELENA, CAL.

Beautiful home on the mountain side over-looking Napa Valley, consisting of large main building, cottages and tents. Elevator, steam heat, call bell and night watch service. Swimming tank, gymnasium and beautiful walks are among the attractions. Best adapted for those who want quiet and rest. Massage and electricity among the agents used; treatment for all chronic ailments. Accommodations first-class and terms reasonable. Send for circular.

HOTEL ITEMS.

THE new hotel at Highland Springs, Lake County, is about completed, and forms a very beautiful addition to that interesting and fascinating resort. With this structure in addition to the old hostelry, Highlands can now accommodate about five hundred people, and there is every indication it will be taxed to this capacity and more during the coming season. There are a great many other improvements in addition that have been made throughout the grounds, including the modernizing of the open-air swimming-tank, which will henceforth be quite a feature of the place. Mr. Craig, the manager, deserves much credit for his zeal, enterprise, and originality in conducting unquestionably one of the most popular resorts in the State of California.

The Arlington Hotel at Santa Barbara is as beautiful and charming as ever, and has lost none of its former patronage under the management of Mr. E. P. Dunn, and is without question one of the most desirable summer and winter resorts in Southern California. The famous drives of Santa Barbara, with its exceptional sea-bathing and its incomparable climate, are in themselves enough to make this one of the most delightful resorts imaginable. The patrons at the Arlington during the past season have proved that this feature has been duly appreciated.

The Painter Hotel at Pasadena has been doing a splendid business this season. Always neat, attractive, and homelike, it draws regularly from the better class of people who enjoy a place of this character. The drives are delightful, and withal it enjoys the advantage of being located in the most picturesque section of the San Gabriel Valley, and convenient to a great many places of amusement and interest for tourists.

The St. Nicholas Hotel at San Francisco seems to have suffered no diminution in its standard since it was first opened by Messrs. Doolittle & Son. It has a high standard of excellence, and the reputation adopted at the outset has been maintained ever since, and to-day it is taxed to its utmost capacity.

Under the management of F. A. Shepard, the Hotel Mateo at San Mateo seems to have taken a new lease of life. It has always been popular with the public, but Mr. Shepard is making every energy to increase its good name, and to offer various kinds of amusements and improvements to secure a large share of the summer exodus. Mr. Shepard is untiring in his efforts, and we have every reason to believe that San Mateo will have the call for the coming season's business.

We understand that the Hollenbeck Hotel is still filled to overflowing. It ought to be, for it is well managed and most centrally located in Los Angeles. Mr. A. C. Bilicke deserves all the success he has achieved since his connection with the hotel.

The Brewster Hotel at San Diego has been filled to overflowing within the past few days, during the Water Carnival at that point, and, consequently, Manager O'Brien is correspondingly happy. The Brewster enjoys a splendid location, and whenever any trade comes to San Diego he manages to get more than his share of it.

The Hotel Van Nuys at Los Angeles has been financially successful since its opening a little over a month ago. It is magnificently equipped throughout, and ranks with some of the best caravansaries in the United States. The experimental part has passed, and Mr. Potter, the proprietor, can be assured of continued success and prosperity.

The Natick House at Los Angeles is doing a good business, and Hart Bros. deserve much credit for the admirable manner in which they conduct this well-known house. The season will shortly open for the annual migration to Paso Robles Springs. The hotel has been thoroughly renovated and many changes made for the comfort of its guests, and indicates a most lively and prosperous season.

Just a couple of hours' ride from San Francisco, at St. Helena, Cal., is located one of the finest equipped sanitariums in the State, known as the St. Helena Sanitarium. It overlooks the beautiful Napa Valley, and the buildings throughout are large and contain every comfort known to modern art and neatness. There is a swimming-tank, gymnasium, and other attractions for the visitor. Those desiring a real good rest in connection with any necessary medical treatment, will find this sanitarium to fill the bill in every respect.

A SPANISH BEAUTY OF SAN FRANCISCO'S "400." *Bushnell Photo.*

The Palace Hotel Grill Room at San Francisco continues to be a theme of popular trade. It has been well patronized by the public for several months past, thereby enjoying a season of most gratifying prosperity. It is rich, elegant, and up to date in every particular, and, above all, the prices are most reasonable.

We are advised by the *Great West*, formerly a Denver publication, that it has moved its offices to Chicago, Ill., with a view to increasing its field of usefulness. It is quite an interesting magazine, and the move would seem to be a very judicious one, and will, no doubt, result in increasing prosperity for this very pretty paper.

THE BANQUETS OF DENVER.

By far the largest and most interesting banquet of the season in Denver was served in the Grand Banquet Hall of the Windsor Hotel, on the evening of Friday, February 12th, by the Colorado Commandery of the Loyal Legion of the United States.

It is the practise of the Loyal Legion to give a dinner once a month, but each year, on the occasion of the birthday of that noble leader and statesman, Abraham Lincoln, a more elaborate affair is given. In this instance the immense dining-room was beautifully decorated with flowers, flags, and evergreens, interspersed with military appliances of all kinds. The excellent music was furnished by the Seventh Regiment Band of Fort Logan.

Owing to its elegant facilities, the Windsor seems to control most of the large banquets given in Denver. Another important affair which followed was the banquet of the Denver Bar Association on February 20th.

When escorting a woman, ride on her left hand, in order that you may have your right ready to assist her. The position to the left also places you between the woman and danger that may arise from passing vehicles.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

PRICE FIFTEEN CENTS. *APRIL, 1897.* SAN FRANCISCO AND LOS ANGELES, CAL.

THE TRAVELER, S.F.

Edward G. Zeile, Photo.

OAKLAND ESTUARY BY MOONLIGHT.

Hotel Del Monte

NO ONE picture or group of pictures can do more than serve as a suggestion of the great attractions of Del Monte. There is such a wide variety, and everything is on such a broad scale, that from no one standpoint can the story be told; and while we have attempted in the above cut to illustrate interesting bits of the grounds, hotel, etc., there are scores and scores of other scenes of equal interest and attractiveness. It is yet to be placed on record that any stranger has visited this resort and been other than agreeably disappointed. Everything is up to (and beyond) the brag. The grounds and flowers are a revelation, the eighteen-mile drive around the ocean shore and back through the sweet-smelling pine forests is a marvel, and the hotel itself is as near perfection in all its appointments as it is possible to reach. It is little less than criminal for strangers visiting California to miss seeing Del Monte.

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THE great increase of trolley systems in competition of cable and steam railways for the carriage of passengers, and also of freight, and even mails, and the great increase in speed and frequency of trains which the growing competition has stimulated, has not been accompanied by corresponding increase of skill and care in operation. The work of running and conducting a trolley car is not looked upon as skilled labor, requiring experience, special education, and certain inherent qualifications. Anybody who can turn a handle bar or collect fares is eligible to the position of motorman or conductor on a trolley line. The long training in regard to train rules and orders, signals, meeting and passing points, grades, curves, condition of rail, holding power of brakes, precautions against accidents, and what to do when accidents occur, to which steam railway men are subjected before they are given responsibility for life and property, has little if any place in the selection of trolley operators. The movement of each independent car is placed absolutely in the discretion of the two men running it, without possibility of control by any system of train-dispatching, although the suburban electric road is always single track, and generally abounds in heavy grades and sharp curves, with the additional danger ordinarily of occupying a portion of a public highway.

The result of all this has already been seen in numerous accidents on trolley roads, including several of that most inexcusable form of accident, head-end collision, proving the necessity.

We might cite plenty of examples to show the immediate necessity of placing the operation of electric roads on a higher plane of skill and experience than at present characterizes them. Indeed, the time has come when State and National authorities should place around this new form of locomotion much the same restrictions which have long been considered necessary with regard to steam railway operation, and it should be done immediately.

TWO grand festivities are booked for Californians during the months of April and May: first, La Fiesta at Los Angeles on April 20th, and second, the Carnival of the Golden Gate at San Francisco during the week commencing May 3d. The Fiesta is the third of its kind given at the southern metropolis, and will continue for four days. More elaborate preparations than ever have been made for the coming festival, and from the announcements already made through the Bureau of Publicity there is every indication that the coming fete will excel in splendor and interest both of the prior affairs. Los Angeles was the first to introduce this innovation, and that it has proven a most phenomenal success is attested by the fact that the idea has been almost universally copied by other cities and towns throughout the State. The dazzling and profuse floral display, the cordon of Spanish Caballeros, Indians, and Chinese, and the many other unique equipages appropriate to the occasion, form one of the most striking pageants imaginable.

The Carnival of the Golden Gate in May promises to be the most brilliant festival witnessed in the West, and every effort will be made to far eclipse the display of our southern friends. New and unique features, never before introduced, and an unbroken succession of surprises and attractions will characterize this festival. California's startling and romantic history since the days of '49 will be elaborately typified, as well as many novel creations to exemplify her remarkable industrial progress. The committees having the details in hand are of the most patriotic and progressive of our citizens, and it is proposed to make this affair so gorgeous and unique that it will live forever in the calendar of the Golden Gate.

COMPARATIVELY few people—at least few of good taste and of well-balanced minds—take special cognizance of the various freaks that appear in the "Personal" columns of our great dailies, and, perhaps, fewer still realize the necessary discretion exercised by the editors of reputable magazines and journals in the acceptance of all kinds of queer advertisements that are offered for insertion from time to time. A well-regulated journal, cleanly in its appointments and select in its contents, constantly has difficulties to contend with in this line. Discreet criminals, blackmailers, home destroyers, embezzlers, charlatans, and the like, frequently use the church as a cloak to their intending perfidy and as enabling them to better promote, conduct, and shield their nefarious objects. So it is with reputable journals. These are among the first sought for by illegitimate or irresponsible advertisers, well knowing that the acceptance of their schemes at once lends a practical endorsement to their genuineness. THE TRAVELER, like some other high-class publications, has had frequent occasion to exercise the most careful scrutiny over applications of seemingly questionable character, and we think our readers will bear us out that nothing offensive has ever appeared in its columns. The offers that these scheming tricksters make for the placing of their advertisements often prove too tempting for a great many business managers, and consequently the business of the tricksters flourishes and innocents suffer.

SAILING BOATS.

BIRDS AND BEASTS IN THE PARK.

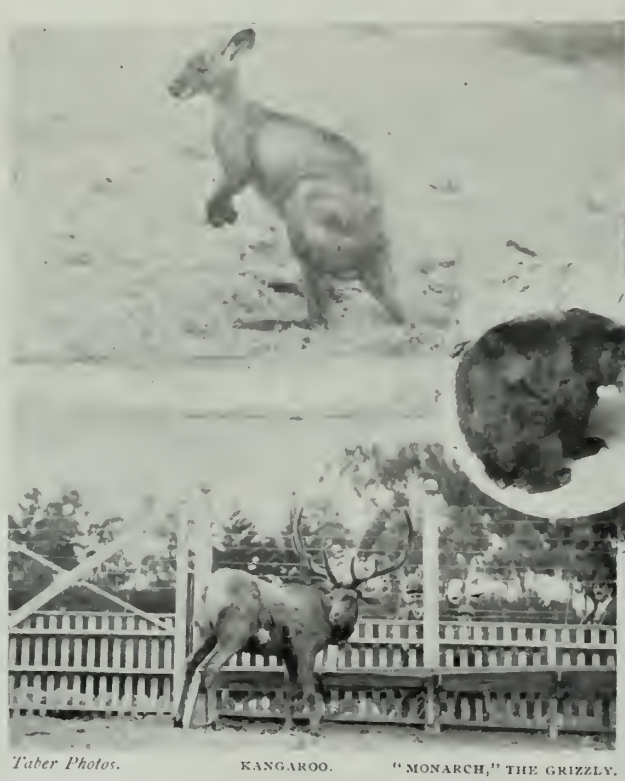
ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

THE Commissioners of Golden Gate Park have certainly acted wisely and added much to the public enjoyment by setting apart ample spaces for the accommodation of interesting birds and animals. To the south of the main driveway through the Park is a stoutly fenced sandy hollow, having a pool of water at the bottom, and adorned with enclosed and tree-planted spots. The western and higher end of this hollow is thickly overgrown with scrub oak, in which shy animals find shelter from the sun and from the inquisitive eyes of visitors. This is the "deer-glen," in which are some thirty specimens of the deer family, twelve of them being elk or moose. The elk is the largest living deer, having higher shoulders than a horse. Its head is two feet long, and its broad antlers often weigh from fifty to sixty pounds; the neck is short and stout. The hair, brown in color, coarse and thick in texture, grows longest on the neck and throat. Owing to the length of its legs, the elk cannot feed close to the ground, but in its wild state browses on the leaves of trees, the tops of plants, and the young shoots of birch and willow. In "the glen" the deer eat hay, cut grass, bran, and ground barley. The elk's antlers attain their full growth when the animal is in its fifth year, but the number of branches goes on increasing until there are fourteen of them. It is at first sight hard to understand how a creature with antlers that spread so broadly can make its way through a forest, but by carrying them horizontally entanglement in the branches of trees is avoided. Ordinarily, elk shamble along at a trot, but when alarmed they can gallop very rapidly. In the wild state they are shy and run away at the sight of man, but those in the "glen" are so much fed and petted by visitors that they are generally to be found near the railing. During the breeding season the males are fierce, and will attack with hoof and antler any creature they meet. The female elk usually has two fawns, which she brings up until they are two years old. The elk is found on the continent of North America over an area extending from the New England States to British Columbia. It is now seven years since the first pair came to San Francisco, having been captured in Humboldt County, in the northern part of the State of California, and presented to Golden Gate Park by Mr. Alvinza Hayward. There are now twelve of them, all thriving. Mr. A. B. Spreckels, the sugar-planter, presented some spotted deer from the Hawaiian Islands. The "glen" also contains a specimen of the only species of deer that has been domesticated and rendered practically useful to man—the reindeer; this species is particularly remarkable on account of the fact that males and females alike have long and branching antlers, though those of the female are more slender and not so much branched as those of the male sex. The reindeer is very fleet and possessed of great endurance; it can carry a load of three hundred pounds, and is able to travel a hundred miles with a sledge over hard frozen snow. These qualities render it very valuable as a draught animal, and serious attempts are now being made to domesticate it in the District of Alaska for the use of the natives, who, having no horses, mules, or donkeys, stand much in need of a strong and serviceable domestic draught animal.

There is in the "deer-glen" one representative of the interesting and curious marsupial tribe, so-called from the *marsupium*, or pouch, in which the mother carries her young until they are well grown. The Park specimen of the Australian kangaroo is a small one, and was presented to the Commissioners by Mr. A. B. Spreckels.

In an enclosure to the south of the "deer-glen" are specimens of the two largest known birds, the ostrich, and the emu or Australian cassowary. Emus were found in great numbers in the southeastern part of Australia on its first settlement by white men rather more than a century ago, but since that time they have been so much hunted that it is hard to find one nowadays in any of the settled regions of the continent, while in the adjacent island of Tasmania it has been exterminated. The emu feeds on roots, grass, and fruits, and lays its eggs in a hollow scraped in the ground. Emus' eggs are of a fine green color, with strong, thick shells, and are hatched by the cock-bird, who sits on them for seventy or eighty days. The young chicks at birth are striped lengthwise, with dark bands on a light ground. The eggs are much used in Australia to make goblets, inkstands, and other things as souvenirs. Emus thrive well in captivity. I remember well that about fifteen years ago I saw an enclosure at Blenheim Palace, the seat of the Duke of Marlborough, in which several emus and kangaroos lived in apparent great contentment. The bird is a good swimmer and takes naturally to the water.

To the north of the "deer-glen" and of the enclosure in which the emu and ostrich proudly stalk is what is generally called the "buffalo-paddock." Here we find seven specimens of the *Bison Americanus*—three bulls, two of them full grown, three cows, and a calf or two. About six years ago the Park Commissioners purchased in Wyoming two bull bisons and a cow; one of these died and was replaced by one brought from the Zoological Gardens of Philadelphia. The calf was born in May of last year, and is the only bull bison born in the Park. The *Bison Americanus* is a most powerful animal, remarkable for great breadth of forehead, long limbs, and a hump of powerful muscles on the shoulders. He has fourteen pairs of ribs, or one pair more than the ordinary ox. The forehead and neck are covered with shaggy, long, dark brown hair, which in winter spreads over the hump and shoulders as well. Originally the bison was very widely distributed over North America, being found as far north as latitude sixty-three degrees, and as far south as New Mexico, but rarely to the west of the Rockies. Enormous herds used to roam over the western prairies in search of the young grass which sprang up after a prairie fire. During most of the year the bulls remained by themselves, but in the breeding season the two sexes joined company, and many were the fierce battles between the bulls contending for the favor of the cows. The Indians, who found their flesh, hides, horns, and bones useful for many purposes, used to shoot the bisons from horseback with arrows, or drive them to the edge of a precipice, over which those in the rear would push the leaders. But the introduction of repeating weapons has swept almost all the herds out of existence.



Taber Photos. KANGAROO. "MONARCH," THE GRIZZLY. THE OLD ELK.

BUFFALO PADDOCK.

Another animal that has now become scarce is the Californian grizzly bear. A fine specimen, named Monarch, was exhibited in a pit in "the '49 Mining Camp" at the California Midwinter Exposition in 1894 by the San Francisco *Examiner*. After the Exposition was over Mr. W. R. Hearst, the proprietor of the *Examiner*, presented Monarch to the Golden Gate Park. He is a large animal, and said to be the only Californian grizzly now in captivity. He is confined in a strong iron cage about seventy feet long and thirty feet wide, having outside it a railing to keep people from getting too near to the bars. Monarch is fed on bread, carrots, and other vegetables, and gets meat only twice a week. But visitors throw him so many cakes and apples that he has grown fat and lazy, and can rarely be induced even to stand up. Within the limits of his cage is a little pool of water, in which he often wallows.

In the Japanese Garden, which was one of the attractions of the California Midwinter Fair, and is now one of the permanent ornaments of the Park, are two Japanese storks, which stand around on one leg in a miniature lake and meditate on their early days in the land of the chrysanthemum.

AN INCIDENT OF THE GREAT STRIKE.

FLORENCE MAUD PATTON.

IT WAS June of '94. The great railroad strike in Chicago, which followed the closing down of the Pullman works, was fully inaugurated. Doubt, uncertainty, and expectation pervaded everything. The city had been declared under martial law, and, whether constitutional or unconstitutional, the mayor had been deposed, as it were, and temporarily set in the background as an insufficient functionary, while the great populace was in the hands of the United States troops, with Major-General Nelson A. Miles in command. Trains stood still in the yards or lay demolished on the tracks, where kerosene and dynamite and gunpowder had done their destructive work; and if an engineer was ordered out with his train he never knew, neither did the conductor nor any official of the road, whether it would get to the end of the line or lie demolished beside the tracks with their disfigured bodies underneath the wreck.

People gathered together in groups on the street corners, read the bulletin boards, and watched the gathering storm. Extras, damp from the press came out every hour. The great daily with which I was connected had been threatened, and at the close of the day a message was telephoned in from the stockyards that all the cars in that vicinity had been saturated with combustibles and that South Halsted Street would be in a blaze in less than half an hour. The mob in that neighborhood, which, up to this time, had been held in check, was now getting past all management, making the wildest demonstrations, building barricades, and taking on all the aspects of a Paris commune, and the militia were in line, holding their fire for an attack. It was sheer recklessness to go to the scene of the riot, and yet I felt impelled to go. How often had I imagined the wild excitement of a city under siege! How often painted in imagination the bombardment of Alexandria, the sacking of Rome, and the storming of Constantinople! I felt that I was about to see some such dream fulfiled. I knew if I asked to go I should be assigned some other duty, so, leaving a hastily written note on the managing editor's desk, I took advantage of his absence and hurried away, borne on by that irresistible fascination born in the hearts of children whose cradle songs were fraught with the dying echoes of the guns of the Civil War, whose cannonading was not yet too remote to be a terrible memory in the hearts of the mothers who rocked them, and who are still mourning for loved ones that gave their lives to the cause.

Another member of the staff accompanied me, and, calling a cab, we hurried southward. Some two or three blocks away we halted at the smell of fire and got out to reconnoiter. Policemen, whose importance had been wholly eclipsed by the arrival of the troops, were walking idly about, exercising what authority they could command by making law-abiding citizens as uncomfortable as possible. "It's no place for a woman," I heard one of them say in a coarse voice as I went by with my companion, and wondering if it were any place for a man, I walked on, knowing that the badge I wore would admit me to any place I wanted to go.

Further on, a little band of Salvationists were holding their regular evening service, undeterred by the terror and threatened destruction around them. In the center of the group a girl was singing, in a sweet soprano voice, the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," and looking at her saintly face, we could not doubt her words,

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord."

A face more divinely beautiful was certainly never encircled in the halo of a saint than that framed in the blue and red of an old Salvation bonnet; and as she sang, she seemed perfectly unconscious that her already divine face would need no transfiguration to beautify the upper courts when she should be called from that Halsted-street corner to sing in the choir immortal. And if she did not call angels down with her heavenly voice, as Saint Cecelia did, she certainly drew men away from fire and bloodshed to listen as she sang—

"I have seen Him in the watchfires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence in the dim and flaring lamps,
Our God is marching on!"

All unconscious of her radiant beauty and the admiring eyes upon her, she dropped on one knee and began her prayer, with one hand held up in invocation and the other grasping the staff of the flag whose folds gently swept her shoulders, rested there and floated away, only to drop gently back as they were moved by the evening wind. But the young volunteer who marched beside her, and carried the colors, was not unmindful of her beauty as he held her tambourine while she prayed. I said to the young man with me, who stood lost in admiration over those white, uplifted arms, from which the loose sleeves had fallen back, and the yellow curls that played about her white forehead, insubordinate to military discipline, and refused to stay inside the bonnet where the daughters of the Army are wont to wear them—I said, "Do you wonder that the old Greeks should have dedicated a temple to the worship of beauty?" I longed to have the picture in a frame, to put it on canvas where it could not be lost, for I felt that I should not look upon its like again.

"You'll have to get away from there," shouted the big voice of a policeman from across the street. "The mob is movin' this way and they'll be here in five minutes!" But, as his eyes fell upon the dramatic picture under the flag, he did not come to enforce his command and the little devotee went on with her petition. Although he had about as much respect for the Salvation Army as an anarchist has for law and order, he paid the tribute of a man's devotion at the shrine of a woman's beauty, and looked on and left her undisturbed.

Meanwhile, the mob was moving slowly, advancing and retreating, but gradually gaining on the troops, who sought to control it without opening fire, when somebody sprang upon a kerosene barrel and made a fiery appeal to the Poles and Hungarians in the vanguard to charge upon the soldiers with clubs and crowbars, which they did with maddening fury, and got a volley from the rifles of the militia in return. This spread terror and panic in every direction. Skirmishing was now at an end. The troops settled back into position with determination written on their faces to control the strikers or demolish them. A body of infantry just in from Fort Leavenworth and weary of the hot march from Blue Island, where their train was ditched, were pushed rapidly past us to take their position in front. A detachment of cavalry galloped by, flourishing their sabers, and leaving a cloud of dust in their wake. My companion and I retreated to the stone steps of an abandoned church near by and our little friend had begun the last stanza of her hymn—

"In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me——"

when, suddenly, from around the corner and into the dust-cloud left by the dashing cavalry came thundering the heavy artillery of the Illinois National Guard; and huge artillerymen with bare heads, bare throats, and flashing eyes, held the whips over their plunging horses, as they swept on to pull their batteries into position. When they had passed by, the little prayer-meeting had broken up without a benediction, tambourines and drums lay scattered everywhere, the flag, torn by the horses' feet and dragged in the dust, and the unconscious figure of a girl in a Salvation gown was picked up and carried into a drug store near by.

"They ought to have had better sense than to stand there and sing and pray as if they thought the Lord was going to stop an artillery wagon or a cavalry charge, if *they* happened to be in the way," I heard the big policeman saying, trying to appear unmoved, as he went to ring for an ambulance. They carried her out and took her away, and my heart went with her in that Red Cross ambulance, whither my feet followed soon; and all night long we watched beside a white cot in the emergency hospital, where a little quivering figure lay, with her head bound in ice, the yellow curls, escaping from the saturated towels, lying damp and heavy on the white forehead, and the sweet lips ever murmuring incoherent things that we could not understand. The color-sergeant who was with her at the evening's devotions was beside her now, with unspeakable agony on his strong, smooth face, who was yet helpless in his strength to save her or avert the end so near at hand. In the gray of the morning a messenger from an unseen country came with hurrying feet down the long winding corridors of the dimly lighted hospital and into the ward where we watched. The attendants softly drew the sheets about a face and form more beautiful than Greek art ever dreamed of, and quietly beckoned us from the room.

I went back to report at the office with weary eyes from which sleep seemed forever to have departed. There was but one thought in my mind, one face before my eyes—that of a little plain coffin in the Salvation Army barracks with not a flower, perhaps, to break the hardness of its outline, unless some kindly hand had brought it from the outside, for I knew that those stern disciplinarians would not permit the Lord's revenue to be expended in the purchase of perishing flowers, even for such an occasion as this.

That afternoon we followed to the cemetery a little flag-draped coffin on whose cover lay a single cluster of white roses, my humble tribute. As we stood apart from the group that surrounded the grave and watched the casket lowered into its place, I remembered that Charles Sumner, Horace Greeley, Abraham Lincoln, and Wendell Phillips and a long array of dignitaries and demi-gods had lain in state under the folds of the American flag and had been lowered to rest under its guardian stars while the booming cannon thundered their last farewells above the closing vaults, and wondered who among the country's immortals was more worthy of military honors than this little unknown soldier of the Salvation Army, whose coffin was lowered to its place wrapped in the colors of her country; and wondered, too, who would be held to answer for the loss of this stainless life—whether it were the strikers, the railroad officials, or the Illinois National Guard.

BARBADOS AS A RESORT.

MRS. M. G. ASH.

A SUMMER'S jaunt, somewhat outside of the beaten track of travel, was a trip taken last June to the Island of Barbados. Consulting your map you will find "Barbados" to be one of the West India Islands, and one of the tiniest of the group. Of coral formation, this veritable child of the sea lies lovingly embraced and caressed on every side by the blue waters of the Caribbean. Leaving New York by the little steamer "Flennenmie" of the Booth line, I found myself one of a quartet of passengers, which formed the entire list for the trip. Just as we were beginning to feel so contented and happy and like one family, and quite willing—at least, so we thought—to have sailed on indefinitely under turquoise skies of purest hue, o'er summer seas and dancing ripples, we sighted the island at about two P. M. on Sunday, and two and a half hours later we dropped anchor in Carlisle Bay, in a bend of the shore. A small boat presently came alongside, manned by four negroes, into which our party and our luggage were lowered, and in less than twenty minutes we landed at Bridgetown, the capital of Barbados, and, in fact, the only town worthy the name in point of size. This over, a negro porter took my luggage and conducted me to a "fly" driven by a negro, and I soon alighted at the Marine Hotel, just beyond

ROEBUCK STREET, BARBADOS.

the garrison, a little out of the city. The "Marine" is the principal hotel in Bridgetown, and was opened some little time ago by an American named Pomeroy as a winter resort. The house is beautifully located, as the name would suggest, overlooking the sea. The table and attendance are excellent, all the employees being colored. The rooms are spacious and comfortable, and the hotel has telephone communication with other parts of the island. Barbados (pronounced "Bar-*bay*-dos") was first settled by the British about 1605. I noticed some of the earliest inscriptions on the grave stones in one of the old cemeteries bore the date 1607. It is the most densely populated place on earth; the last census, in 1890, showing 180,000 population—over a thousand to the square mile. Of these 15,000 only are white, the remainder being colored. The thermometer ranged daily from 83 to 85 degrees in the mornings, and from 87 to 89 degrees in the afternoons, the heat being delightfully tempered by the trade winds which blow all the time. The island is extremely healthy, and there are probably not five acres of low or swamp land in its entire length and breadth, which is about sixteen miles by twelve at its broadest part. The soil, though thin, is wonderfully productive, and being well manured yields large crops of sugar, this being the main industry and support of the island, over eghty-five thousand hogsheads having been exported in a good year. The large population of blacks is an extremely law-abiding and contented one. Most of the mechanics, laborers, railway employees, and house servants are colored, as are also many of the shopkeepers. I found them all very courteous and civil. They are eligible to all offices, and the present Chief Justice, "Sir Conrad Reeves," is a colored man. Another Judge of the Court of Appeals is also colored. I attended a concert there which was advertised in the *Barbados Advocate*, "as being conducted" under the distinguished patronage of Sir James Shaw and Lady Hay, Major-General and Mrs. Fowler Butler, and "*Sir Conrad* and *Lady Reeves*" (the latter, as I have already said, are colored). The attendance was large and fashionable, but consisted principally of whites. The "color line" prevails to some degree socially, but the blacks and whites attend the public schools without distinction. There are five or more tramways running to different parts of the island, the cars being drawn by mules, and the drivers and conductors, of course, being colored. An enterprising American recently tried to introduce the electric cars in Barbados, but the authorities being opposed to the dangers of the trolley system, the scheme was abandoned.

SUGAR-CANE SELLER.

The sea-bathing is delightful, many of the estates having their private bathing-houses where the homes are on or near the sea. The scenes in High and Roebuck Streets and the "Milk Market" are interesting in the extreme, with the varied crowds of busy citizens, the better classes of blacks, and white men in white or light suits and "solar topees," the ladies in their dainty dresses of muslin and lawns, and the negresses, who form a most striking and picturesque adjunct to the ever-changing panorama in their bright-colored prints and with gay "bandannas" on their heads. A noticeable feature is the superb carriage of these black women; they walk like ideal empresses, their heads erect, their shoulders thrown back, and their gait free and bold. This is said to be the result of the common practise, which has been theirs for generations past, of carrying all sorts of burdens upon their heads, such as baskets of clothes, and even large pails of milk or water. The ladies of Barbados are, as a rule, pretty and of a refined appearance, though of rather a fragile type. This delicacy of appearance is but "skin deep," as they are, as a class, healthy and robust and of good enduring qualities. The brunette type prevails, as is common in Southern latitudes, but I saw many lovely women of Saxon fairness, which condition was natural, the island having been originally settled, as I have said before, by the English. The dwellings are mostly of gray stone and the architecture a sort of go-as-you-please, but usually spacious and comfortable and surrounded by glorious gardens, the lovely flowers and foliage of which are, of course, distinctly tropical in their nature and are profuse. A splendid tree which grows extensively there is the "flamboyant"; it is some fifty feet in height, and resembles somewhat the feathery acacia, and is covered with masses of rich scarlet blossoms in fine contrast to the vivid green of the leaves. The different varieties of palms are, of course, to be seen in vast numbers. There are some fine drives on the white roads, bordered on either side by noble palms, running to the edge of the blue sea.

SWAN STREET, BARBADOS.

A most pleasing feature of the island is the absence of poisonous reptiles or insects. Occasionally one finds a scorpion—scarcely a domesticated creature, it is true, but they do not abound by any means, and this is rather remarkable in a tropical country. I must add that there are, indeed, armies of ants to be called forth by a sufficiently alluring bait, but keep your "sweeties" away and they will not invade you. Any one desiring a trip full of pleasure and interest and delicious weather and balmy breezes would do well to run over to Barbados. Once in New York the seven days' sail to this furthermost isle of the sea is a lovely dream.

THROUGH A GLASS-BOTTOMED BOAT.

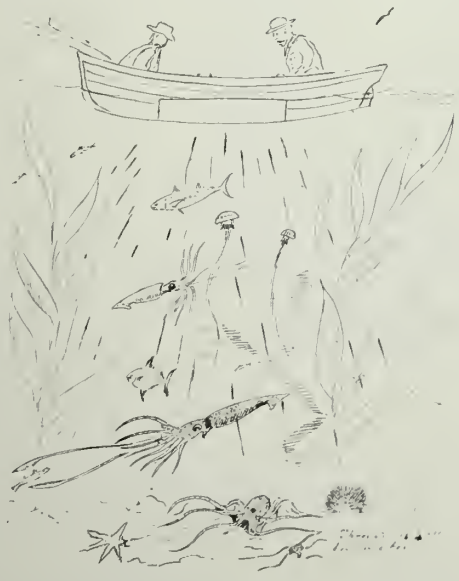
CHAS. FREDERICK HOLDER.

THE lover of nature, or even the casual observer, cannot fail to be impressed with the wealth and diversity of marine animal life on the Pacific Slope. This is particularly noticeable in the southern portion of California and at Santa Catalina, which looms up, a semi-tropic island, in the heart of the great warm current of Japan, which sweeps down the coast, making an almost tropical fauna possible and converting the islands and the region about them into neutral ground where forms from the tropical and temperate zones abound. So rich is the fauna about the island mentioned that a movement is on foot to establish a summer school of zoology here.

The fishermen of the Bay of Avalon have glass-bottomed boats from which the wonders of the ocean may be watched. Through this glass window one sees the bottom as he would in walking along in a diver's armor, and at once realizes the abundance of animal life. The great kelps rise in graceful shapes, waving to and fro in the current, forming arches, parterres, and colonnades in which gaily-colored fishes float. Here is a golden perch, the exact color of the gold-fish of fresh water; others are ornamented with blue tints, while smaller fry gleam in emerald hues—veritable gems of the sea.

Along the moss-covered rocks are stretched brown slug-like creatures, holothurians, cousins of the star fishes, the trepang of the Chinese. A Florida specimen found by the writer contained a long, delicate, glass-like fish that came out as soon as the holothurian exhausted the air in the glass in which it had been placed, showing that the intestine of the cucumber-like animal was its home. At the Naples Aquarium the same fish, Fierasfer, was observed by the naturalists in charge to return to its host, tail-first at that, the act of the holothurian in taking in water aiding in the return.

This singular habit suggests similar habits in the anemones which cover the bottom and are plainly seen through the glass window. They are of three or four varieties; some as large as the palm of one's hand—a huge living flower with wide-spread tentacles, their tips tinted with splashes of rose pink, the body a delicate gray; others look like ripe strawberries and have slunk into the rocky crevices out of the way. In China a naturalist observed a small fish take refuge in an anemone, darting into its open mouth, and it was thought that this was an actual case of commensalism. The anemones fairly cover the rocks with brown velvet-like masses in spots, and are interesting as being the cousins of the corals. Soon through the boat window small circular objects are seen—true corals, off Los Angeles County. They are individual polyps and are more numerous in deeper water.

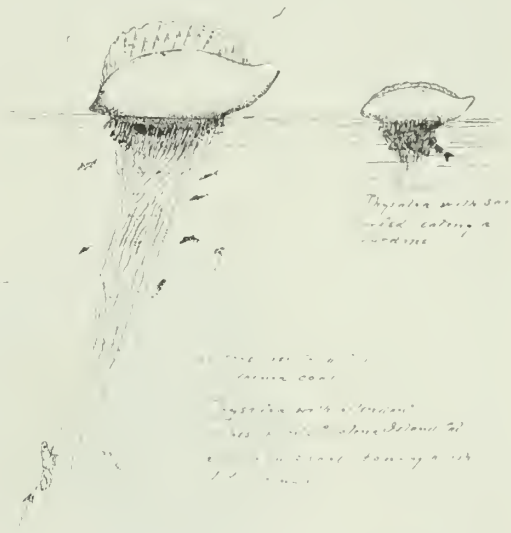


As we drift slowly along the scene is ever changing. Here a vicious sea-eel, a murry, peers from beneath a rock, eying the boat, and possibly the faces, with alarm. Huge star-fishes stand out in startling colors of red and yellow, and among the rocks are bunches of the snake-like ophiurians, active fellows which drop their arms when touched and become armless forms like echini. The commonest star is Asterias, which is preyed upon by the rock-bass and sheepshead to such a degree that we see them despoiled of limbs—some with one, others, two or more, of all lengths, reproducing others as rapidly as they can; and in one instance a lone arm seems to be reproducing the body which has been carried away. From cracks and crevices the black needle-like tentacles of the echini protrude, the uninviting morsel being known as the sea egg in the Mediterranean.

Pulling up a bunch of kelp to obtain a closer view, a wonderful variety of life is obtained. Crabs, shells, even fishes drop out, the latter being small specimens in which the ventral fins form a sucker by which they are enabled to cling to rocks and weeds. This suggests another singular fish common here, the remora, which comes in on nearly every shark hooked at Avalon. The fish is the companion of the shark, and is provided with a curious sucker upon its head by which it turns over and fastens itself upon its big companion, so traveling about at will. The remoras taken here are black and white, beautifully marked creatures.

Clinging to the rocks everywhere, seen through the window, are abalones, feeding upon the weed. These shells were undoubtedly the chief support of the ancient islanders, and mounds of the shells are found on all the islands of the Santa Catalina Channel. They were made into hooks, ornaments, head plates, beads, and employed as water dishes and for countless purposes.

A singular creature dashes into the line of vision as we drift along. It is a squid and it darts into a school of sardines, tail first, turns quickly, and seizing one with its long suckers, quickly envelops it with the others, pressing the struggling body to the sharp parrot-like beak. All the while the body of the squid is pulsating with excitement; its color changing rapidly, now flushing a deep red, then paling to almost white to become mottled. The squid is a beautiful creature, a veritable phantom, typifying the highest form of the mollusks. Its body is like an arrow; its head, with two large dark eyes, from which extend the undulating tentacles, two of which are long and eight short, the latter lined with suckers which act like air-pumps. The squid has a siphon out of which it ejects water to force itself along, and when threatened with danger this siphon can likewise suck the water into it, and when emitted, after contact with a coloring fluid within, it clouds the surrounding water and enables the squid to escape from its enemies. It is a singular fact that in almost every instance the squid, in attacking a small fish, bites through the back bone, rendering it at once helpless and ready for the sacrifice.



Out from a crevice in the rock comes a seeming mass of snakes, feeling its way with writhing, undulatory motion altogether disagreeable. It is an octopus, an eight-armed ally of the squid, a hideous creature over whose whole mottled body waves of light and color seem to pass, expressive of its emotions. It steals along the irregular surface, probing each nook and corner of the ocean floor with its attenuated arms, drawing itself into impossible crevices to escape observation, and occasionally emitting a puff of seeming black smoke. Suddenly it touches a crab; the latter essays to escape, but one of the snake-like arms glides over it, a score of suckers hold it firmly, and the entire body moves imperceptibly over the unsuspecting victim, when the tragedy through the glass window ends. The octopi are very common here, but rarely attain a width of over two feet. In Alaskan waters specimens have been reported with a radial spread of nearly twenty-eight feet—a formidable antagonist for the fisherman.

If these bottom animals, the sulkers among the rocks, are interesting, what shall we say of the delicate forms which float by the window of the boat? The water is filled with life. Every drop is charged with diatoms and other forms—lance-like bodies of great beauty invisible to the naked eye. The watery atmosphere seems to abound in mimic constellations: comets in cut-glass, the most delicate forms of the idealist standing out in strong relief, their long tentacles suggesting the train which at night is often luminous. These are *medusæ*, or jelly fishes, as often ninety-five per cent of the entire animal is composed of water. As light and diaphanous as are these beautiful creatures, they pulsate with perceptible motion, and are, in many instances, possessed of brilliant colors, which add to the beauty and variety of this world beneath the sea as seen through the glass-bottomed boat.

It is doubtful if there is any place in the world of the same extent of coast-line of seven hundred and fifty miles that can produce so many varieties of curious specimens of fishes as California, covering as it does nearly ten degrees of latitude. Nor is it lacking in the production of the large numbers of edible fishes. There are many specimens of quaint and curious salt water life that have not been touched upon in this article, whose habits admit of closer inspection, on the rocks, on the water's edge, and on the piles, to say nothing of the oddities washed ashore on our sandy beaches.

STREET SCENES IN MEXICO.

HENRY G. TINSLEY.

FULLY two-thirds of the 300,000 population of the City of Mexico live literally in the streets. The high altitude, the mildness and dryness of the atmosphere even in the depth of winter, and the almost constantly clear blue sky combine to make out-of-door life as attractive as may be found perhaps anywhere in the world. There is an exhilarating lightness and uplifting buoyancy in the air that give people a dislike for confinement in the close, heavy houses of Mexico. Multitudes of persons of wealth eat, sleep, work, visit, and idle their time through the whole year in their gardens or on the very broad porches that extend all about the universal *patio* of their low rambling houses. Thousands of the poorer classes here never have any homes but cheap tent and hut like *adobes*, and for years have slept wherever drowsiness may overtake them; it matters little whether it be in the open doorways, on the cathedral steps, in the market-places, or in the fields about the city. As a natural consequence, the people of the City of Mexico are noted for habits of early rising. Even the wealthy, at so early an hour as seven o'clock, almost any morning, especially after the long hot summer season is over, may be seen dashing through the park in elegant equipages, not a few of the liveried drivers holding ribbons over sleek buckskin mules—for here the mule is not relegated to the service of the plebs but holds his own with equine aristocracy and becoming dignity.

INDIAN BEGGAR.

MARKET VEGETABLE VENDERS

The Pasco de la Reforma in the morning is almost empty of turnouts, but by five o'clock one will see it a struggling mass of vehicles; dignified family landaus, quiet coupes with jolly parties, flying steppers, and dashing caballeros will fill it to overflowing, and till eleven at night, and sometimes later than that, the paving will resound to homeward-bound hoofs. But even in the morning there are many interesting passersby to see. Here will come one of the kin of James's "solitary horseman," flinging up an aureole of golden dust on this great highway—a rich *hacendado* just coming in from his broad acres. His riding-suit will be an example of one of the few typical costumes of the country that have survived foreign innovatio—the trousers widely sprung over the patent-leather boots and buttoned down the side with silver buttons and chains; the coat short, slashed, and trimmed to correspond with the trousers; the fawn-colored sombrero, broad-brimmed and high-crowned, and a bright red sash knotted at the waist. How well he sits on his horse, twisting his mustache with jeweled fingers and well-feigned indifference; now he knows he is observed, while he gives the beast a taste of the silver metal at his boot-heel to prove himself a veritable centaur; a well-knit figure and a well-cut, well-bred face in spite of his ludicrous air of grandissimo, consequently greatness, supposed to express truly the haughty Castilian spirit. You witness in him a Mexican exquisite of the first water—a landed country gentleman.

Groups of little folks are to be seen too, solemn little morsels of humanity with big dark eyes, marching to and fro with their *nodrizas*, enjoying life with the subdued manner of *octogenarians*. Here, too, fair senoritas, with prayer-book and rosary, steal demurely by, the inevitable servant in their wake. And if you are of the dangerous sex the old duenna will keep a watchful and observant eye on you and crystalize in her memory any look of admiration bestowed on her fair charge. Yet to ignore is as undesirable as to prove too familiar. To reach the excellency of real Spanish politeness you should give a prolonged admiring stare, followed by a look of vacuous surprise—quite overcome at being suddenly confronted by such loveliness. Then if you have a smattering of Spanish it is quite admissible to draw your breath hard and mutter in an audible whisper, "Jesus! Que querida!" Although not a quiver of the fair senorita's eyelash is perceptible and the attendant only looks a trifle grimmer, you may be certain not an intonation is lost and it will be related with gusto to the worshipping few when the old duenna reaches home.

But in the midst of all this beauty and fashion there suddenly comes something creeping toward you on all fours. It writhes along with painful effort, propelled by you hardly know what, close to the ground, until, encountering your feet, it throws back a mop of matted hair and discloses the repulsive, distorted face of a man in which there is scarce a semblance of humanity. In pitiful, quivering tones he relates his misfortunes, with a look of hopeless misery on his face; but all you can distinguish is an appeal for aid in the name of "Santissimo Trinidad." This may give you a shock at first, but if you remain long in the land of the cactus you grow accustomed to it, for this is but one of a thousand specimens of loathsome deformity that will greet your eyes in a day's stroll over the city, besides the ragged, able-bodied beggars who swarm on every street corner and seem to multiply themselves at every public gathering.

But the real born and professional beggar is the lepero—a hybrid between a low Spaniard and common Mexican—like one we saw sunning himself on a neighboring bench—a combination of gambler and thief, renegade and musician. His muscular arms were hardly covered by his *saral*, and his sturdy calves stood out in bold complacency below his flapping breeches, or *calzineras*. Agile, cunning, and alert, he found in playing the battered guitar swung across his shoulders with a ribbon a half pretext for a living which lifted him a trifle above the lowest of his kind.

Passing up the main commercial thoroughfare, Calla de San Francisco, with its solid walls of adobe flush with the walk, jewelry palaces and dry goods emporiums are everywhere to be seen, their windows showy with foreign importations and holiday effects. Diamonds and precious stones generally are considered very reasonable in price here. The native opals, chalcedony, agate, heliotrope and turquoise are mounted in artistic style by native jewelers. The purely Mexican filigree work so much sought for by the tourists has been crowded from the stores by more pretentious importations, so that when you find this in all the dainty elegance of the work it is in some side street in limited quantities. It comes high, and the wealth of the shop may consist of one or two pieces, a jewel-box or card-basket, but so quaintly designed and finely wrought it rivals the hoarfrost upon a window-pane.

NATIVE REBECCA.
A NOON REST.

And we now come to the Plaza Mayor, the green spot in the center of which, surrounded by trees, with a band discoursing the sweetest of Flotow's operas, is the Zocalo. Here, like the Five Points of New York, focus a number of the prominent streets, and it is more pregnant with historic interest than any other part of the city.

In the afternoons, especially at times previous to any church holiday, the Zocalo is the scene of the liveliest traffic. Around the outside of the little park, under the protecting towers of the cathedral and the very nose of the *palacio*, the Indians from the suburbs erect their booths and expose their wares. The traveling pulque and coffee shops supply their food, and a handful of moss, a braided mat, and the curbstone make their bed. We wander through stall after stall filled with their ingenious handicraft, listening to the music of the band and watching the crowd of well-dressed loungers. These street scenes cannot fail to interest the tourist. There is much that is odd to be seen in the City of Mexico, but the length of this article forbids any mention of them here.

In conclusion it might be well to add that the City of Mexico rests upon a plateau 7524 feet above the level of the sea. It is 173 miles by rail from Vera Cruz on the Atlantic, and 290 miles from Acapulco on the Pacific. The city forms a square almost three miles each way and is laid out with perfect regularity, all its six hundred streets and lanes running at right angles, and covering, within the walls, an area of about ten square miles, with a population of about two hundred and fifty thousand. A large portion of the natives are mendicants or vagrants, and the distinctively criminal element is kept in order by a police force of about fourteen hundred men. The broad, well-paved, and gas-lit streets present a picturesque appearance with their quaint two and three storied stone houses, gaily painted in white, red, yellow or green, and terminating everywhere with a background of rugged sierras, or snowy peaks, which, owing to the clear atmosphere at this elevation, seem remarkably close, although forty to fifty miles distant.

HOW THE SPANIARDS OBSERVE EASTER.

MRS. F. B. ANTHONY.

THE faithful adherents of the Roman Church strenuously observe Passion week, Holy week, and Easter, particularly during this season of the church's year throughout Spain.

Seville is the great center to which pilgrims flock from all parts of the country during the holy season. Few priests are seen in the streets during this time, but in the cathedrals and chapels scarlet-robed cardinals without number, each wearing the conspicuous signet ring, with hundreds of priests are kept busy saying masses from early dawn until evening. Bells clang the whole day through, and the streets are alive with church-goers, particularly Spanish women who hurry on to attend the call, nearly all of whom are followed by a bright-eyed attendant carrying a camp-chair or kneeling-stool, as none are provided in the churches, and the masses are oftentimes of great length.

Beggars, at this season, are allowed the privilege of the streets—an opportunity which they readily seize upon. The church entrances and the streets are literally filled with them. They come like birds of the air, seemingly from nowhere, apparently springing out of the very earth on every side at the approach of passers-by, especially so if the passer unfortunately happens to be a stranger from another land, which fact these creatures seem to detect at a glance.

READY FOR THE BULL-FIGHT.

Bands of music clash out both major and minor chords, creating a pandemonium in sound as the procession moves on. The floats represent scenes in the last days of the life of Christ, and His death.

Next comes the representation of Christ bearing the cross, wearing the scarlet robe of scorn and an immense crown of thorns. Next, Mary with great sorrow depicted upon her face, dressed in a black velvet robe heavy with gold embroidery. The acolytes with this are dressed in black and gold. An audible sob is now heard from the crowd, pressing hard to get a sight of what is passing by.

In the next representation Christ has fallen beneath the cross. Another great sob and a groan is mingled, and comes like a wail from the hearts of the swaying crowd. Next comes the scene of the crucifixion, so real that the multitude now is weeping and wailing aloud, and a great sigh of contrition seems to pervade the air. Bands play the softest, sweetest minor strains as the great imaginary funeral procession moves on, finally giving the representation of Christ hanging upon the cross, with the thieves on either side.

Next, the descent from the cross; Mary standing at the foot of the cross, with arms clasped around the feet of her dead son. The next represents a large gilt and glass tomb, in which lies the dead Christ. The last float but one in this procession represents death lying at the foot of the cross, the grinning skeleton face turned toward the crowd, with one arm leaning on the anchor of hope.

Following this, the acolytes wear blue and white gowns, with blue and gilt battle-axes of immense size for hats, surmounted with crosses; these are lifted to disclose the faces of priests. After them come bands of children bearing torches and crosses, all having gossamer wings attached representing angels.

The last float bears a single figure, that of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The carving of the face of this wooden statue is the finest of all; the expression here portrayed with the upturned, tearful eyes is so sweet and heavenly that the multitude with one accord send up a great shout for joy; prayer after prayer is repeated; all the past sorrow seems forgotten in their ecstasy of adoration. Many kneel amidst the crowd and pray aloud; joy and holy faith have taken possession of hearts which but a moment before seemed broken with grief. The beautifully carved hands of the statue are clasped as if in supplication. The dress of blue velvet and white is covered with embroidery, and jewels the most precious cover the entire figure from head to foot, making it in the glaring sunlight of an afternoon in Seville, a dazzling wonder, a picture which even the poor beggar of the day can gaze upon, believe in, and pray to, to his soul's content.

The immense procession passes through the great plaza, de la Constitution, around the cathedral, then on through the principal but narrow streets, and keeps moving, followed by thousands upon thousands of people, until night comes on, when all the torches and tapers are lighted, making it a brilliant sight indeed to witness. As one after another the churches are arrived at where the different floats belong, that, with its attendants, is dropped out, and by ten o'clock the last torch is extinguished and every figure put in place, to remain a fixture there until Good Friday comes around again. After this is all over, those who have been fortunate enough to have gained admission repair to the Palace of Pilate, where the scenes of the days past, or the "Passion Play," is performed with great exactness. This house is one of the chief attractions to Seville. It was built in 1819, and is said to be the perfect model of the house in which Pilate lived at Jerusalem, and the earth upon which the foundation stands was brought from Jerusalem direct.

Easter morning breaks over Seville bright and beautiful. The bells have lost the sound of the solemn ding-dong, and clang out together right merrily. Everybody hurries to church, the black dresses of yesterday are thrown aside, and bright colors and swinging fans make the streets a marvel. Everybody to-day wears a joyous smile, happy greetings of "Christ is risen" are exchanged on all sides, and lovely flowers, heaps of them, are worn and carried by every one, senor, senora, senorita. The churches are strewn with flowers, and the odor of them fills the air.

Church over, duties done, and now what? Hurry-scurry through the street. Where is everybody hurrying to, and why this eager, anxious look and desire to be first? Is the grand procession again forming? Ah, no; it is the much loved, long expected, wished for, delightful, royal bull fight. All Seville is pressing on in one direction. The beautiful senora, the black-eyed maiden, the man, the boy, the child, all hastening, pushing, and jangling together to gain admittance to the great black pen, where blindfolded beasts are tortured to death to satisfy their barbarous and cruel desires.

We have no desire whatever, and cannot be persuaded to go even to a much enjoyed national bull fight, but a very determined, reliable, and exceedingly inquisitive friend of ours would go, and so furnished us with a description of the elevating entertainment, as an appropriate ending up of "church observances in Spain." We copy his words.

"This Easter Sunday opens bright and clear. Church in the morning ends the Sabbath in this land, and in the afternoon every one is preparing for the grand annual display in the bull ring. At 3:15 P. M. the doors open and the riders enter, also teams for hauling off such carcasses as may be left upon the ground. At four P. M. the great gate opens, and the first bull, a noble animal, enters. This creature has been kept in a darkened cell and tortured until he is perfectly enraged and wild before he is permitted to enter the arena.

"Of course, he charges upon the first thing he sees that shows signs of life. This is a gaily colored blanket flaunted before him by a fellow who is careful to keep himself from danger by holding the blanket beyond the reach of the enraged bull, yet attracting attention to this blanket only.

"After several attempts to attract the animal's attention, the picadors and the lancers are permitted to enter. The fellows enter and torture the bull by thrusting sharp-pointed darts into his neck for a time, and when the poor bull is nearly exhausted, another attack is made by men on horseback; the horses are blindfolded, while the men, or animals calling themselves men, carry long-handled lances. The horses, being blindfolded, are, of course, an easy prey to the now infuriated beast, which makes a charge and plunges his horns deep into the belly of the defenseless horse, upon which the charge is made, while the safely secured picador inflicts other torture upon the bull by plunging his lance into the bull's sides, and in numerous other ways torturing the poor brute.

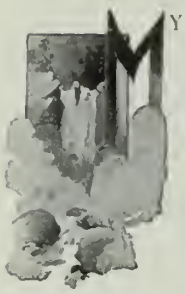
"After the poor bull has become powerless from loss of blood and over-exertion, another "brave cavalier" enters with a long sword drawn, and maybe, after several ineffectual attempts, succeeds at last in murdering the poor, defenseless creature. There were on this day five bulls slaughtered, after much useless torture, ten horses were mangled and killed, and several men wounded, but no man injured to any extent. This was a great disappointment to the eager crowd. The monstrous, unattractive looking enclosure, which I term the bull pen, was literally packed with human (or inhuman) beings. Spanish women in their gay trappings or bright dresses, lace mantles, and fans, comprised the majority of those seated in the gallery.

"Many of them, so my guide informed me, were high-born ladies who were thus celebrating the great jubilee day of the year. What pleasure any human being, and especially women, can get from such a barbarous, cruel scene as I foolishly witnessed this day, is more than I am able to comprehend.

"I had the curiosity, and have now witnessed a real bull fight, and I must confess it is the most inhuman sight that can possibly be imagined, and such a thing should not be allowed by any civilized nation. There is no possible inducement to it but for the pleasure of seeing helpless animals tortured. Mankind derives no benefit by inflicting such torture, and consequently no excuse can be offered for this degrading form of amusement.

"The performance cannot be photographed nor described, and is too horrible even to think of. No conception can be formed of its horrifying details."

WASHINGTON AND THE INAUGURAL.



MY DEAR TRAVELER—I hardly know where to begin, when it comes to telling about our visit to this fascinating city. Indeed, one has good cause to be proud of this, our capital city, with its broad, tree-lined streets, its numerous statues in and about the city, and its imposing buildings.

Of course, we have seen Washington on one of the most enthusiastic and splendid occasions that it has ever experienced. Excitement has been in the very air, and with the streets thronged, and every available nook and corner taxed to their utmost, it has seemed like a repetition of the festivities at the World's Fair.

San Francisco has always held the reputation of being most hospitable, but I'm sure Washington is in no way behind it in that respect, for more truly kind, courteous, and entertaining people it would be hard to find. We came with letters from good friends from home, and through them have come in contact with most charming people. It was a pleasure to us to be so cordially received at the White House, and be granted a private reception by the august President Cleveland. But we were more than delighted with Vice-President Stevenson and his son, who were most gracious in their attentions, and showed us about the Capitol and pointed out all the prominent men, whom we had known by name only. All were cordial and kind, especially our own Representatives, Senator Perkins and Representative Maguire. The Senate reminds one of a great school-room with a lot of inattentive pupils, yet when one remembers that the affairs of the Nation are carried on here, there cannot be as much indifference as there seems to be to the outsider.

I must give a few words to the new Congressional Library, lately opened to the public in all its splendor, while as yet it is not ready for use. It is a low, broad, white granite building, of the Italian Renaissance order of architecture, surmounted by a golden dome which catches the sunlight, and glistens from all parts of the city like a great gem—and such it proves to be upon entering its huge bronze doors. Then its beauty dazzles one with its bright, rich coloring, marble carvings and columns, its wonderful mosaic walls and arched ceilings, and its frescoes in the most gorgeous, yet beautifully, blended colors, each separate one being a gem of art and beauty. It is claimed to be the most beautiful building in the world, and I am ready to believe it, for in every detail it is exquisite, and is a magnificent monument to American art and skill, for no one but American artists have had the privilege of leaving their work and names upon that structure. It is useless to try to describe such a building, for its magnificence is beyond such an effort, as well as the new Corcoran Art Gallery, and many other places and historic scenes that Washington possesses.

Miss Corinne Tebault, a Creole resident of New Orleans, well known among the upper ten of the Crescent City, as well as among those of San Francisco where she spent the past winter as a guest of one of our most popular society belles.

Then Inauguration Day! What a beautiful, clear, crisp day it was, and what a sight to be remembered! A day in which we became familiar with the greatest men of our Nation—those upon whom we all shall look for a term of prosperity and peace. Through the kindness of a prominent gentleman, we were fortunate enough to have seats given us on the President's reviewing stand, in front of the White House. For three hours we watched the parade and faced McKinley, as he acknowledged the salutes and cheers from the passing soldiers.

It was altogether an impressive sight, and stirred one to a high pitch of patriotism, to see the old veterans salute, and the old battle-worn flags dip in his honor, which the new President graciously acknowledged. No one could help admiring him, for he has a good, strong, lovable face, and his considerate attentions to his old mother and invalid wife only confirmed the first impression of him Then came the fire-works in the early evening at the base of the simple, but beautiful, shaft, erected to Washington's memory. It was lit up by the brilliant display, and the streets were thronged with thousands of spectators, who, like ourselves, wanted to see everything, even though we were tired out, and the great ball still to come.

But who, with the slightest inkling of what it was, could have kept away from that ball? The great court of the Pension Building was converted into fairyland by the most exquisite flowers and delicate trailing vines, and in amongst them everywhere were red, white, and blue electric lights, with a background on walls and ceiling of billowy yellow and white drapery. It was a dazzling scene, with the floor crowded with beautifully dressed women, officers from Army and Navy in their full regalia, and foreign ministers with the correct dignity and bearing in keeping with the various prominent governments and kingdoms they represented. It was a gathering of the first people of our land, and most entertaining to far-away Californians, intent upon seeing everything.

There was a sprinkling of home people in the great room, some who have left us now for other homes, yet whom we still like to claim as Californians. Dancing was indulged in, and at two o'clock we gave our last glances to that scene which will ever remain in our memories as a most brilliant and beautiful picture. Of course, comparatively few of us have had the opportunity to witness an affair of this kind, but there is really as much education to be obtained from the association with the various classes of prominent people and diplomats on an occasion of this character, even for a single day and night, as there would be from a month's traveling haphazard through the various countries whose representatives are here congregated, and whose conversation, if tactfully drawn out, is at once a condensed book of travel and a veritable epitome, taken *tout ensemble*, of our international relations. ADELE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 9, 1897.

OUR WINE CELLARS.

A visit to the wine cellars of San Francisco would be a revelation to those unfamiliar with them. The storage of one splendid cellar located in convenient proximity to the wharves and freight depots has a capacity of over two million gallons, and its cooperage is always taxed to the utmost.

Another cellar, a handsome three-story building, has a like capacity, and is used for storage of brandies and sweet wines. Still another mammoth structure contains cooperage for three million gallons, and there are still others nearly, if not quite, as large. All over the State, in the wine sections, vast wine vaults holding millions of gallons are situated, and the instant one steps from the glaring sunlight into the dusky aisles between the rows of giant casks his nostrils inhale a delicious odor of fruitiness, and the cool, quiet air is laden with its fragrant, spicy sweetness. Verily, it would tempt an anchorite, and a "total abstinence" man would stand no show whatever. The eye roves down these long aisles and over the huge receptacles with their queer convex ends, and as one walks between the rows and surveys tier upon tier of tuns, he realizes the meaning of the figures which represent capacity.

The aim of the leaders in this industry is to concentrate wine-making into a few large concerns, but, at the same time, to encourage many small vintners; thus a better market is afforded for the grape growers and a surer development and wider advertising of wines will be the result. In France the average vineyard is much smaller than in this country; seldom more than a few acres being owned by one person.

Growers and dealers are aware of the possibilities that the wine industry of California offers, and are earnest and active in their efforts to keep California wines up to a high standard, and make their manufacture one of the greatest and most successful industries of this State. It is admitted by foreign vineyardists who have visited California that its soil, topography, and climate are admirably adapted to the growing of grapes from which wine can be made that will equal in every respect the best foreign importation.

OUR STATE UNIVERSITY.

CHARLES ALLEN ELSTON.

SITUATED in the pretty town of Berkeley, only an hour's ride from San Francisco, is the University of California. It is vastly different in many respects from Yale, Harvard, and Princeton, for in these they have the traditions of two centuries behind them and have developed a university life that is strikingly different from ours here in the West. In the Eastern colleges customs are already established; a certain standard of college life is adopted and no incoming class of students can abandon the old traditions and set up a new standard. This striking difference between the old Eastern colleges and those of the West accounts in a great measure for the lack of a well-defined spirit in our own State University and in other institutions of the West.

One lamentable feature of life at the University of California is the lack of a dormitory system, such as exists in Yale College. Such a system brings the students closer together, gives them a community life and a unity of feeling. Out of the fifteen hundred students who attend the Academic colleges in Berkeley, over eight hundred live at their homes, the greater part being in Oakland, Alameda, and San Francisco. Under these conditions a dormitory system could not flourish. As a consequence college life in Berkeley is not unified; that which exists centers around the different fraternities and clubs, which take the place of the dormitory in developing the social relations.

Our traditions are just forming; the habits of to-day will be the habits of the future University of California. One old custom is the time-honored class "rush" which is indulged in by the two lower classes, Freshmen and Sophomore. The first rush of the year is brought about in consequence of the arrogance of the newly elected Sophomore, who lords it over the innocent Freshmen, and plays all sorts of tricks upon them. The Senior class takes charge of the Sophomore ranks, and the Freshmen are generaled by the Juniors. The "rush" is merely a good-natured attempt on the part of one class to tie up every member of the other class in sight, and it is very rarely that any ill feeling arises. The exaggerated reports one hears of the danger and ill effects of rushing come from those who have never seen a friendly rush, and who, no doubt, would never have entered one if the opportunity was presented. The Bourdon rush, which occurs in the spring term, is an attempt of the Sophomores to break up the annual celebration of the Freshmen over the burial of two text-books that are the bane of the Freshman's life. Both of the annual rushes usually result in a victory for the Freshmen, who win by force of numbers.

Hazing as a college custom has long been abolished. There are stories of several cases of hazing in the younger days of the University which resulted seriously, but nothing of the kind has taken place for many years.

Social life in the University centers about the fraternities of which there are a number of chapters represented in Berkeley—Delta Kappa Epsilon, Delta Upsilon, Zeta Psi, Beta Theta Pi, Chi Phi, Phi Gamma Delta, Phi Delta Theta, Sigma Chi, Sigma Nu, Chi Psi, Kappa Alpha, and Sigma Alpha. Epsilon National fraternities are represented in Berkeley, and three sororities also have established chapters—Kappa Alpha Theta, Gamma Phi Beta, and Sorosis. Besides these, Theta Nu Epsilon, whose members are chosen from other fraternities, is also represented. The members of the different fraternities for the present year are: Delta Kappa Epsilon—George Whipple, Robert Easton, J. B. Metcalf, J. S. Merrill, S. A. Wood, Allen Chickering, Dixwell Davenport, F. H. Byxbee. Beta Theta Pi—A. W. Ransome, Fred Magee, Walter Magee, Otto Wedemeyer, Ben Bakewell. Chi Phi—Fred Knight, Frank King, J. Moore, Fletcher McNutt, Lawrence Haven, Dwight Hutchinson, Clarence Doane, Selah Chamberlain, Howard Avery, Paul Miller. Delta Upsilon—Arthur Elston, Charles Elston. Sigma Chi—J. R. Hamilton, H. U. Roeding, E. W. Stadtmuller. Phi Gamma Delta—Russ Selfridge, Lloyd Baldwin, Douglas McBride, W. H. Smith. Zeta Psi—Dudley Dean, Andrew Jackson, J. W. Procter. Skull and Keys is a local organization whose members are selected from the leading fraternities. They must be from the Senior and Junior classes. In each spring term this secret society presents a play, the invitations to which are limited. The Skull and Keys Play is one of the swellest functions in Berkeley social life, and an invitation is regarded as a high mark of favor.

Most of the fraternities have lodges in which a number of the members reside, and which are used as the headquarters of the organization. At the beginning of each college year there is a general "rushing" of new members, which is not at all like the rushing between classes, but consists in inviting prospective members to the fraternity house, treating them in the best possible manner and giving them a chance to display their good qualities before the ever watchful eyes of the old fraternity members. In this way congenial men only are selected by each fraternity and the tone of each fraternity remains individual for the same reason. Each fraternity has its different standard by which the prospective member is measured, and if he proves a congenial and good fellow generally, he is chosen a member and initiated, a process not to be described. Wealth is not essential in a fraternity man, for many of the best members have worked their way through college. All that is necessary is that a man should show some ability either in scholarship, athletics, or any college interest, and should prove a congenial companion. Such a fellow will find a place in one or other of the fraternities; that is, if he cares to accept the invitation. The ancient strife between fraternity man and "barbarian," as the non-fraternity man is called, has almost disappeared.

On the occasion of most college celebrations or public days, the fraternities throw open their houses to their friends, and entertain them with a luncheon in the afternoon and a hop in the evening. This custom of keeping open house is an old one, and on every University public day the different fraternity lodges are crowded with friends from both sides of the Bay and often from distant cities. During the second term of the college year the greater part of the entertaining is done. Charter Day, Class Day, Commencement Day, The University Cotillion, Skull and Keys Play, and Senior Ball, all afford the fraternities an opportunity to receive their friends. Society is at its highest during this time.

Outside of the social life there are a thousand and one activities that interest the students. The part played by college journals in developing the College spirit is an important one. All the leading universities in the country have their daily and weekly papers, monthly magazine, and some sort of an annual publication, all published by the students in the interests of the student body.

Football is the only branch of athletics that is carried on in the fall term, and it is of such absorbing interest that little else is talked about during that time. In the spring, the track athletes, baseball men, and tennis players all go into training, and the college campus presents a lively scene every evening. Basket-ball is carried on in the gymnasium by the young ladies of the University, but they have never yet ventured to appear on the campus. From three o'clock till six each day one may see some half a hundred athletes on the field, jumping, running, pole-vaulting; here a match at tennis, there a game of baseball, with a crowd of interested students looking on. One cannot appreciate this aspect of college life till he sees for himself, and feels the pulse of excitement which the sight of such varied activity always brings. College men go into athletics with a purpose, train systematically, study athletics, and usually outclass all other amateur athletes for this reason. Careful training is the secret of success in all athletic contests.

The musical clubs, Glee, Mandolin, and Banjo, are an important feature of Berkeley social life, and the concerts given about the Bay and in the larger cities of the State are received with high favor. The Glee Club is under the efficient leadership of Burbank Somers, '92, and Clinton R. Morse, who is so well known in athletic as well as in musical circles, and leader of the String Clubs.

There is no graduate of Berkeley who does not look back on his four years of college as the happiest of his life. And the opportunity to enjoy this life and to get the good that comes from a university education is open to every young man in California who has the ability and determination to study. One constantly broached objection to university education is that only rich men's sons are able to take advantage of it, and the poor and more deserving are shut out. This objection is not based on a knowledge of the facts. A large proportion of the students in the colleges at Berkeley are from the poorer class and any deserving fellow can get through college by his own efforts. The Student's Aid Society, supported by the faculty and students, has for its sole aim the aiding of poorer students and the supplying of work of all kinds to those who need help. It is true that a large number of rich young men attend college, but the great majority of these go with the serious purpose of working and not to pass the time away. The faculty soon gets rid of all those who attend college merely because they have nothing else to do.

The opportunities for a poor student to get a college education have been multiplied during the last few weeks by the establishment of over fifty new scholarships valued at from one hundred and fifty dollars to three hundred dollars each, which will be awarded to deserving applicants in the several congressional districts of California. The public spirit of our rich Californians has not only made it possible for all classes to get the benefit of college training, but it has also placed over five million dollars in sight for the erection of new buildings and for the widening of the work of all the various departments. The California Legislature has but recently granted to the University an increase tax of one cent on the hundred, which, with the other added resources, will be sufficient for the increased needs of all departments. The new University of California bids fair to lead all American universities in numbers, in grandeur of buildings, and in the efficiency of the work done. All hail to the University of the coming century!

This, That and the Other

LILLIAN FERGUSON.

Sweet April, inconsistent, fickle maid,
Now drenched in tears, now dimpling o'er with laughter.
So winsome thou, within the light and shade
Of sunshine and of storm, that ever after
Throughout the year thy going I regret.
I love thee, though thou *art* a born coquette.

SOCIETY AT CARDS.

My friend, the Society Woman, and I had not met for a year. I knew that in the brilliant world in which the gods had placed her she was a scintillating part of its gayety, unvexed by that torment of the soul feminine—ambition to achieve something worth while. I had pictured her as perennially treading velvet, and airily evading such crumpled rose leaves as might flutter her way. But, though my workaday world was so far removed from hers, *our* planets came into perihelion last week. Her silken skirts rustled up the dingy office stairs, and might have reminded me of angels' wings, only that such celestial appurtenances are supposed to descend, rather than make their way upward, to toiling mankind.

She bore in upon me with humanitarian intent, and with the tips of her white-gloved fingers essayed to rescue me as a brand from the burning.

"You are working yourself to death," said she, in all the mistaken kindness of her heart, yet none the less fervently for that. "Come with me. You need rest—recreation."

And somewhat curious to know how it would seem to share her butterfly ease for the nonce, I gladly went.

"I give a progressive euchre party this afternoon," she remarked, as we rolled toward Pacific Heights in her carriage. "Just an informal little affair. I intend to give a swagger one soon, though, if Jack will hear to it. You see, it will be my second this season, and I can't possibly do it nicely under two hundred dollars. But I'm devoted to euchre. Most absorbing and delightful game imaginable. What! You don't play?"

I humbly confessed my inefficiency.

"Dear me!" she exclaimed, "you can't imagine what you're missing. Why, I belong to six clubs. When do we meet? Oh, mornings, afternoons, evenings—all times, in fact. You must see my collection of prizes. I'm awfully proud of them."

Here she branched off into a labyrinth of phrases which, I took it, were intended to convey to me an explanation of the various ways by which she had acquired these treasures—the turns and twists of this fascinating game, of whose charm and nomenclature I was so darkly ignorant. Evidently her enthusiasm had quite driven the fact from her mind that I, too, was not euchre-mad.

Upstairs, in her exquisitely appointed boudoir, where merely to move seemed like part of a perfumed dream, she triumphantly exhibited her trophies. None of them equaled by a tenth the cost of any one of the other ornaments about me. What I saw was a heterogeneous assortment of vases and gewgaws as varied as the tastes of the hostesses who had provided them. Of course, it was the honor attached to them that constituted their worth. It certainly was not their face value.

Meanwhile my friend, in the hands of her snowy-capped attendant, was being made comfortable for the luncheon, served us on a temptingly arranged tray, ere the guests should arrive. Relieved of her hat and veil, behind the shadows of which her face had been hitherto quite concealed, I perceived with an inward shock the change that had come over her. Pale, nervous, with two sharply grooved furrows between her straight brows, whose classic regularity I had once covetously admired; a chin the roundness of which had been cut away in the past twelve-month until it was as pointed as the Japanese paper-cutter on the table at her right hand; the hand blue-veined, and so lean that it resembled a bird's claw rather than the soft palm that I remembered; a head about whose temples the gray hairs were already curling defiantly among the bronze-brown ones; eyes with big dark circles accentuating their hazel coloring; the eyes themselves deep-set in the fine, patrician head—what could be the ailment, physical or mental, that had wrought the transformation? True, she must be nine and twenty, but even nine and twenty should scarcely be a wreck, living luxuriously, with not a responsibility of feather's weight upon her shoulders. Where, then, had her health flown? Alas, she had been euchred out of it.

I did not make this discovery until the next day, when we went together to a card party at the house of another old-young matron, whose lovely home overlooks the bay, and upon whose face progressive euchre has also left fearful traces. You do not believe me, perhaps? Very well. Be a looker-on in Venice, my dear reader, as I was at several card parties in succession. Watch with unprejudiced eyes, then tell me whether or no my imagination is running away with me.

They play so desperately hard, these devotees of fashion. Preach to me nevermore that the rich toil not, neither do they spin, for they make of cards a most serious business indeed; and they are spinning the thread of life out to so dangerous a fineness that it must eventually snap altogether, because of the tension.

Granted that cards are harmless as amusement-makers; that these bits of pasteboard are as sinless in themselves as so many spotless pages of my lady's writing tablet. Nevertheless, the intoxication of playing them to excess has mounted to my lady's brain. And it is not a card house, but her whole nervous structure, that will yet come tumbling to pieces about her ears.

I cite my friend, the Society Woman, as an example. Once under the spell of the game she seemed blind to everything but her determination to win the bauble of a prize offered. As she played, her eyes hardened, brightened, burned feverishly while she fixed them now upon the hand she held, now upon the moves made by her opponents. Her lips were shut tightly into a straight line where once they had curved into ripe fulness. An alert, eager, strained expression was upon her face. She fought for points as a general would fight for victory, quarreled with her neighbors—and lost the battle.

Inside the carriage, when the afternoon was over, she flung her portemonnaie into a corner and stamped her foot with rage, then burst into tears. I was dumb with amazement. This, then, was the way she "enjoyed" life. This was the idyllic repose that I had fancied was her normal atmosphere, because, forsooth, did she not belong to the purple, as I to the ink-bespattered side of earthly existence?

This was "rest—recreation"!

When I rang for the maid, the latter evinced no surprise, and put her mistress to bed as she might have tucked away a child under the silken covers. Outside the door of the boudoir she smiled reassuringly.

"It ees nothing new, madame," she whispered. "She always have the—what ees it you call them—heestericks, when she wins not the prize."

Verily, I had enough of cards that week to last me while I live. Everywhere was the unhealthy excitement that showed its devastating work upon the faces of at least half the players. The other half were either too cleverly balanced or too lazily indifferent to be influenced. For there are women, heaven bless them, who play cards rationally, scientifically, as cards should be played. To them the game, whatever form it may take, is an amusement pure and simple, a gentle stimulus, a pleasing pastime. But the others—well, as I said before, they are euchre-mad.

Moreover, it is developing the gambling spirit to no inconsiderable degree, and with it all that is harsh, impatient, petty, and mean. I said as much to a tall girl near me one afternoon, who was helping the hostess receive. She very promptly acquiesced.

"For heaven's sake," said she, "do write something about it that will set the ball rolling. I'm heartily sick of card parties, and wish they would be dropped from Society altogether. Cards are simply ruining my temper, and rasping my nerves most seriously."

Over in the corner a white-haired, spectacled old lady, propped up by pillows, was participating in the game.

"Do you see her?" went on the tall girl. "Well, she'll fall dead some day in one of our houses, and we're all dreading it, but have to invite her. She has heart failure, is seventy if she's a day, and (here my informant's voice sank to a whisper) has to brace up on whisky between the deals. But she's infatuated with cards, and won't stay away."

I once knew a man who was inordinately fond of Tobasco sauce. Now, taken moderately, I question if Tobasco be death and destruction to the human stomach. But this man loved it in such large doses that he bought it wholesale and consumed it wholesale. I forget what the attending physicians called his fatal illness, but I have frequently wondered if, beyond the reach of the bottled delicacy that was his doom, he finds things hot enough to compensate him.

And my friend, the Society Woman, what of her? For surely there are no euchre prizes in heaven.

THE CHEWING-GUM HABIT.

There is now hope that the chewing-gum habit may become a thing of the hideous past, so far as the jaw feminine is concerned, for physicians declare that the practise produces large-sized wrinkles on the face of woman; that not alone are crows'-feet to be dreaded by her. She who indulges in the baneful habit is apt to acquire deep, seamy furrows in her alabaster neck and rosy cheek. This, one would think, is enough to alarm any woman, yet there are those who will pursue their reckless way, wooing wrinkled disaster, and deeming the world well lost for gum. And who knows what their fate may be?

It transpires that crullers and doughnuts are not even first cousins to each other, according to the latest cook-book authority. The humble doughnut, we are warned, must not be mistaken for the more modern confection known as the cruller. Of course, we cannot be too careful in such important matters. I had somehow labored under the impression that in high society the cruller was merely the old-fashioned doughnut dignified by a more euphonious name. However, both, doubtless, produce the same kind of dyspepsia.

PLAGIARISM.

A daily paper to the south of us recently entered a howling editorial protest—a virtuous-indignation, tears-in-the-eyes protest—against the plagiarizing ways of certain other Californian journals that were reprinting without credit the bright, snappy, editorialettes of the paper in question. Calling attention to their brilliancy, the abused journal said: "We are always pleased to see our thoughts in the columns of our contemporaries, but credit should invariably be given."

Now the joke of the matter is the fact that these editorialettes which were such bones of contention were (and are to the present date) nothing more nor less than clipped jokes from the comic papers, twisted and turned, re-vamped, as it were, and otherwise rendered but partially recognizable, the point, however, of each being carefully preserved and made to do duty as thoughtlets from the brain of the very editor who had the nerve to sit in his sanctum and pen diatribes against other paste-and-scissors pirates.

In journalism, a joke is regarded, like an umbrella, as public property, though there are a large number of periodicals that conscientiously give credit for every line of reprint. The average reader, not having access to many journals of the day, does not know the difference. Those who handle newspaper exchanges become experts at discrimination and readily detect the pilfering paragrapher with his borrowed wit and his habit of poaching on the preserves of original funsters. While it is a fact that coincidences occur, and that writers' thoughts sometimes pursue the same trend with similar results, the current jokes of comic literature are rarely repeated unintentionally.

A year ago some rhymes in this department were copied, and credited to *Truth* of New York. That was the beginning of a long and useful career. The numbers of baptisms received by those verses were enough to chill the life out of them. From newspaper to newspaper they were tossed, credited to any and every periodical but THE TRAVELER. The other day I opened an English paper and there, again in borrowed plumage, my own had returned to me. And they seemed to eye me reproachfully—as if I could have prevented their weary fate—by copyright, perhaps.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

[At the request of several of our readers we publish below the following verses by Thos. Buchanan Read. They first appeared many years ago in the *Westminster Review*, and the production was pronounced by them to be the finest American poem ever written.—ED.]

Within the sober realms of leafless trees,
The russet year inhaled the dreamy air,
Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease,
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

The gray barns looking from their hazy hills,
O'er the dun waters widening in the vales,
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills,
On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

All sights were mellowed, and all sounds subdued,
The hills seemed farther and the streams sang low,
As in a dream the distant woodman hewed
His winter log, with many a muffled blow.

The embattled forests, erewhile armed with gold,
Their banners bright with every martial hue,
Now stood like some sad, beaten host of old,
Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue.

On somber wings the vulture tried his flight;
The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint;
And, like a star slow drowning in the light,
The village church vane seemed to pale and faint.

The sentinel cock upon the hillside crew—
Crew thrice—and all was stiller than before,
Silent, till some replying warder blew
His alien horn, and then was heard no more.

Where erst the jay within the elm's tall crest,
Made garrulous trouble round her unfledged young;
And where the oriole hung her swaying nest,
By every light wind like a censer swung;

Where sang the noisy martins of the eaves,
The busy swallows circling ever near,
Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,
An early harvest and a plenteous year.

Where every bird that walked the vernal feast
Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn;
To warn the reaper of the rosy east:
All now was sunless, empty, and forlorn.

Alone, from out the stubble, piped the quail,
And croaked the crow through all the dreamy gloom;
Alone, the pheasant drumming in the vale,
Made echo to the distant cottage loom.

There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers;
The spiders wove their thin shrouds night by night,
The thistle-down, the only ghost of flowers,
Sailed slowly by—passed noiseless out of sight.

Amid all this—in this most dreary air,
And where the woodbine shed upon the porch
Its crimson leaves, as if the year stood there,
Firing the floor with its inverted torch.

Amid all this—the center of the scene,
The white-haired matron with monotonous tread,
Plied the swift wheel, and with her joyless mien,
Sat like a fate, and watched the flying thread.

She had known Sorrow—he had walked with her,
Oft supped, and broke with her the ashen crust,
And in the dead leaves still she heard the stir
Of his thick mantle trailing in the dust.

While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom,
Her country summoned and she gave her all,
And twice war bowed to her his sable plume—
Re-gave the sword to rust upon the wall.

Re-gave the sword, but not the hand that drew
And struck for liberty the dying blow;
Nor him who, to his sire and country true,
Fell mid the ranks of the invading foe.

Long, but not loud, the dropping wheel went on,
Like the low murmur of a hive at noon;
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone—
Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous tune.

At last the thread was snapped—her head was bowed,
Life dropped the distaff through her hands serene,
And loving neighbors smoothed her careful shroud,
While Death and Winter closed the autumn scene.

THAT REMINDS ME.

Copyrighted by Wm. V. Bryan.

Mistress—You ought to take pattern by your fellow-servant. She is so cleanly in her habits that she washes herself three times a day.

Servant Girl—And no wonder; her sweetheart is a chimney-sweep.

"Bridget, why didn't you heat my room better? It's only fifty degrees."

"Well, sir, I thought that for such a small room fifty degrees would be enough."

Yeast—What did your friend mean by referring to his wounded spirit?

Crimsonbeak—Some one threw a stone and broke a bottle of whisky he had in his breast pocket.

Disappointed Guest—I thought you said there was an extensive view from the hotel?

Disappointing Landlord—Well, you can see the moon, can't you? Isn't that extensive enough?

John W. Carmany, No. 25 Kearny Street, leading shirt-maker and men's furnisher. Spring styles now ready.

Sniggers—Have another cigar, old chap?

Trigsby (with painful reminiscences)—No, thank you, my dear fellow.

Sniggers—There are plenty of them.

Trigsby—Yes; but there's only one of me.

Housekeeper—And now, Bridget, is there anything more that you require before you become my cook?

Bridget—Yes, mum; there's wan thing I forgot, mum. I'll expect the use of yer bicycle on me afternoons out. I've a pair of knickerbockers av me own.

A Washington hotelkeeper once posted on his dining-room door the following notice: "Members of Congress will go to table first, and then the gentlemen. Rowdies and blackguards must not mix with the Congressmen, as it is hard to tell one from the other. These orders will be regarded as final and imperative."

In an Edinburgh school the other day an inspector, wishing to test the knowledge of a class in fractions, asked one boy whether he would rather take a sixth or a seventh part of an orange if he had a choice. The boy promptly replied that he would take the seventh. At this the inspector explained at length to the class that the boy who would choose the smaller part, as this boy had done, because it looked the larger fraction was very foolish. The laugh was, however, on the other side when the chirping voice of another urchin broke in in remonstrance, "Please, sir, but that boy disna like oranges."

"Don't you think," said Miss Simfoni of Boston, "that Theodore Thomas is the best conductor in that country?"

"Wal, I dunno as I ever rid in his car," old Mrs. Flatt replied, thoughtfully.

GOOD LIVING

is the first requirement for an even temper and peace of mind. You like your meals well served, palatable, and reasonable in price. We combine all these features, and between the hours of 5 and 8 P. M., serve the finest "Table d'Hote" dinner in the city for $1.

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Most centrally located. Cable cars pass the house for all parts of the city. Floors carpeted with the best body brussels and velvet. Electric bells and heated by steam. The only house in the city running a FREE 'BUS both ways and independent of the Transfer Co. Watch for the Natick House 'bus. Rates, $1.25, $1.50 and $2.00 per day. HART BROS., Proprietors.

London, Chatham, & Dover Railway.

A. THORNE, Formerly at H. B. Claflin & Co's, New York. American Representative in England, London, Chatham and Dover Railway, Victoria Station, London, S. W.

The London, Chatham, and Dover Company's Trains run through the prettiest parts of Kent, and passengers have the privilege of stopping over at Rochester to visit the Cathedral and Castle, and at Canterbury to view the Cathedral (containing the tomb of the martyr, Thomas à Becket), and other places of interest.

Telegrams: Caldover, London.

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ST. HELENA, CAL.

Beautiful home on the mountain side over-looking Napa Valley, consisting of large main building, cottages and tents. Elevator, steam heat, call bell and night watch service. Swimming tank, gymnasium and beautiful walks are among the attractions. Best adapted for those who want quiet and rest. Massage and electricity among the agents used; treatment for all chronic ailments. Accommodations first-class and terms reasonable. Send for circular.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA ATTRACTIONS.

THE Southern California Railway Company is making its usual preparations to handle the Summer business in the Territory covered by its lines. It is different from most railway companies in that it don't wait for competition to force upon it innovations and modern improvements in order to hold its traffic and its popularity, for to-day it runs a splendid chair car service over the main line, as well as an observation car over the famous "Kite Shaped Track." To give our readers some idea of the interesting territory reached by its various lines, we mention a few points well worth seeing thereon.

The Kite Shaped Track of the Southern California Railway (Santa Fe Route) is an epitome of the whole country. Take the observation car for this trip of one hundred and sixty miles and spend a day in it and you will have sketched a picture that can be elaborated and extended without limit.

PASADENA—With 15,000 inhabitants, made famous by the beauty of its homes and drives, is the point of departure for Mt. Lowe Railway. A drive across the valley to the San Gabriel Mission, with a stop at the San Gabriel Hotel, is fine.

LAMANDA PARK—Is the station for the Sierra Madre Villa and Sanitarium which can be seen in the foot-hills.

SANTA ANITA—On Baldwin's famous ranch. The stage here carries you to the foot-hills where burro trains make daily trips to the summit of Mount Wilson. Pedestrians delight to make this trip, which can easily be walked in five or six hours if you are fond of a constitutional.

We occasionally read in the daily papers of rare cases of lengthy marriages, and much notice is given to those who may be fortunate enough to celebrate their golden wedding. The above portrait, however, is that of a couple who have recently passed the sixty-first year of their married life, and both are in good health and spirits yet. Mr. and Mrs. Gendar were born respectively in 1813 and 1818, and were joined together in 1835. They reside in San Francisco, and are the parents of six children, all boys, three of whom are living.

REDLANDS—Is the center of a most successful orange growing district and one of the smartest cities in the State. Smiley Heights, overlooking the city and valley, is a beautiful spot and affords a superb view of the country.

AT RIVERSIDE—Twelve thousand acres of oranges thrive and produce annually upwards of one million boxes of fruit. The city is provided with comfortable hotels. Magnolia Avenue is one of the great streets of the world—10 miles long, 150 feet wide; lined with pepper, palm, and magnolia trees and hedged with handsome homes.

The trip, Los Angeles to San Diego, is 127 miles.

Without question, the most beautiful spot in Southern California is San Diego and its surroundings. The numerous fine hotels in the city have made San Diego very desirable as a stopping place. The surrounding country is interesting. Within short excursion distance is the San Diego Mission, Mexico, the Boundary Line Monument, La Jolla Sea Caves, Tia Juana, the interesting little Mexican border town, Chula Vista, the marvelous lemon growing district, Sweetwater Dam, back in the mountains but easily reached, Point Loma with lighthouse and the recently undertaken fortifications being erected by the United States.

CORONADO BEACH AND HOTEL—Is certainly the spot you come to see. The splendid hotel offers every luxury known to modern life and is situated in a spot so unlike anything else in the United States and so beautiful in itself that you feel satisfied to dream away the days on its broad piazzas. This is one of the world's hotels, one of the cosmopolitan spots.

"WHERE CAN THOSE CHILDREN BE?"

On page 23 of THE TRAVELER of August, 1896, we published a half-tone engraving entitled "Where Can Those Children Be?" It was reproduced from a photograph by the well-known artist of Portland, Oregon, Mr. Chas. Y. Lamb, with whom the regular readers of THE TRAVELER have become familiar through the many unique and original conceptions contributed to it by him for the past three years. The verses accompanying the picture were likewise from the pen of Mr. Lamb, and were as beautiful and tender as the subject they illustrated.

We have heard from this exquisite sentiment many times, but we have been especially impressed with the communication appearing in the *Evening Telegram* of Portland, Oregon, under date of March 13th. The article in full is as follows:

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.

Many will remember the beautiful picture entitled, "Where Can Those Children Be?" It was a conception of Charles Y. Lamb, the well-known artist of this city, the verses accompanying it comparing with any of the late Eugene Field in sympathetic and heart-touching story.

Some fond grandmother away back in Minnesota by some means has caught a glimpse of the picture, and from her dear old heart comes the following touching letter:

COVE MILLS, Lacas County, Min., March 4, 1897.

MR. CHARLES Y. LAMB, *Dear Sir:*—In THE TRAVELER of August, 1896, is a poem called "Where Can Those Children Be?" and with the same is a picture of two little tots fishing in the creek, and I write this to ask you if those are real flesh and blood children? and to tell you why I wanted to know. This last August I lost one of the dearest of little grandsons, and we do not possess a picture of him, and the little boy in your picture is the exact counterpart of the little boy who died, and I should so much like to get a copy, if it were possible. Although it would not be of the dear one that has fallen asleep, it would ease the pain of our loneliness to look at the pictured face so very like our golden-haired and blue-eyed darling. Feeling sure that one who writes so lovingly of the grandest of old grandmas, will excuse the liberty I take in addressing a stranger. Will close with asking you to please let me know if I can get a picture of the little boy and how much it will cost. Very respectfully yours,

MRS. F. A. ANDREWS.

The verses which accompanied the picture are herewith reproduced:

Where Can Those Children Be?

Just at the door of the old farmhouse
  Where the spider industriously weaves,
On the porch just back of the kitchen
  That is checkered by shadows of leaves
Stands the grandest of dear old grandmas,
  For a moment away from her pies.
She has missed the noise of the children
  And stands there shading her eyes.
She scans the worn path to the springs,
  Bubbling up 'neath the old cherry-tree,
Stands there in silence just wondering,
  Now where can those children be?
Just outside a gate that is fastened
  In a rustic and old-fashioned way,
Down a bank that is fragrant with clover
  And not "awfully too far away,"
Where out from the shadows of ferns and leaves,
  And bubbling over pebbles and sands,
Goes the brook that is born of the glacier,
  And now waters the farmers' land;
How pure and how cool are its depths in the pool,
  Neath the shade of the mossy old tree.
And the sunshine in spots beams on two little tots,
  Now where else can those children be?

Of the 4,000,000 bicycle riders in the United States, 200,000 are in Chicago.

The wheel is even shutting out the chaperons in England. Young ladies who would never have thought of riding horseback without a groom, go wherever they please on bicycles.

The American Consul in Bavaria reports that a genuine bicycle craze seems to have struck the usually quiet natives, and there is a splendid opening for good wheels.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

PRICE FIFTEEN CENTS. *MAY, 1897.* SAN FRANCISCO AND LOS ANGELES, CAL.

BALDWIN'S HOME, SANTA ANITA, CAL.

Hotel Del Monte

NO ONE picture or group of pictures can do more than serve as a suggestion of the great attractions of Del Monte. There is such a wide variety, and everything is on such a broad scale, that from no one standpoint can the story be told; and while we have attempted in the above cut to illustrate interesting bits of the grounds, hotel, etc., there are scores and scores of other scenes of equal interest and attractiveness. It is yet to be placed on record that any stranger has visited this resort and been other than agreeably disappointed. Everything is up to (and beyond) the brag. The grounds and flowers are a revelation, the eighteen-mile drive around the ocean shore and back through the sweet-smelling pine forests is a marvel, and the hotel itself is as near perfection in all its appointments as it is possible to reach. It is little less than criminal for strangers visiting California to miss seeing Del Monte.

THE TRAVELER.

VOLUME IX. SAN FRANCISCO, MAY, 1897. NUMBER 5.

THE TRAVELER.

N ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

WM. V. BRYAN, Editor and Proprietor.

General Office, 20 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

FREDERIC MAYER, 7, RUE BALLU, PARIS, FRANCE, GENERAL EUROPEAN AGENT.

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THE TRAVELER'S BUREAU,

onducted in connection with THE TRAVELER, will furnish, *without charge*, reliable information out any hotel, summer or winter resort, railway or steamship line, country lands, guides, etc. all upon or write to us at any time.

Special Notice. No employee or representative of THE TRAVELER is empowered to request ansportation or contract any debts on account of this journal. The publisher invariably fur- shes letters over his own signature where any favor or concession may be desired, so that ose granting them without such letters do so at their own risk.

NOW THAT the summer outing season is about upon us, we take pleasure in once more announcing to the readers of THE TRAVELER that we conduct at our office, No. 20 Montgomery Street, what e term "The Traveler's Bureau." We have here for distri- ution the pamphlets and circulars of nearly all the principal sorts and hotels, and as to the resorts who do not publish y information of this character we can, nevertheless, tell you l you want to know about them.

Many people do not know just where they want to go for e season. Drop in and see us, and let us give you some sug- estions, or you can take away with you as many of the different sort pamphlets as you desire.

"The Traveler's Bureau" is the only department of its kind this coast. It is kept up to date in every respect, and no arge whatever is made for the service rendered the public as ove mentioned. If you have thought favorably of going to any the well-known Lake County resorts, to Mendocino, to the nta Cruz Mountains, to the Shasta region, or Tahoe, or to any the seaside watering places, you will find at "The Traveler's ureau" information about all of them, saving you the delay and ouble of writing direct to such places for the data you want.

We cheerfully invite you or your friends to call on us at any me, and let us give you the benefit of the Bureau.

UP AT Syracuse, N. Y., they selected a lawyer to head the Citizens' ticket in the municipal campaign. Some persons were disposed to object to this, and argued that the man r the office should be a business man. It is hard to see how a an who sells hardware or seeds is any better fitted to govern a unicipality than is a reputable lawyer. What is wanted is a an of practical ideas and one who knows how to do things in business-like way. If the lawyer whose professional life has en chiefly devoted in straightening out business affairs is not ore liable to be the sort of a man that is wanted, we hardly know to what ass a city should turn for the kind of talent it requires. It would be better r some cities if their Mayors knew enough about law to keep municipal fairs out of the blunders, irregularities, and illegalities to which they find emselves from time to time. The successful lawyer of to-day is the lawyer ho understands the practical business questions which concern business en. It is well known that the most successful lawyers to-day are business men. Lawyers' advice and counsel are utilized by successful business men and the heads of successful corporations. A city is but a great business corporation. A business lawyer is not out of place as its head.

IT IS interesting to note the various opinions expressed on the subject of penalizing the offense of high hats at places of amusement, and especially the pitiable weakness, and, in fact, ridiculousness, of the views of those who, with a flourish of gallantry, take sides with the opposition to the movement. In an interview with the managers of our leading theaters in this city, recently published in the daily papers, it is somewhat significant to note that but one spoke adversely of the proposed law, not because he did not believe the custom of removing hats a desideratum, but he considered legislation on the subject an attack upon private rights, an aspersion on feminine gentility, and believed that the desired end could be reached by allowing the ladies their own sweet will, depending upon the advent of a new *custom* under the leadership of the "400" to attain the same result. The fallacy of this belief is proven by the fact that for months past many of the best people in San Francisco have voluntarily removed their headgear at our theaters, but the example has not proven contagious to any appreciable extent.

THE Secretary of the Treasury has submitted to Congress an estimate of $12,000 to place "eophones" on revenue cutters. This is a devise for locating sound, and is now in use on many government vessels. The eophone is a sound-catching instrument, and with it one can determine with much accuracy, in a fog or darkness, the location both as to direction and distance, of sound. It is formed of two bell-mouthed receivers, placed one on each side of a sheet of metal or other material extending some distance in front of the receivers. A tube from the left-hand sound-receiver is placed at the left ear of the person operating the eophone, and a tube from the right-hand receiver at the right ear. When the sound is heard with equal plainness in both ears the instrument is pointing in the direction of the sound; when the sound is heard with greater plainness in one ear than in the other the instrument is pointing at an angle with the direction of the sound. The sensitiveness of the instrument is remarkable. The ripple of oars has been detected in the night-time when the rowers were trying to row as silently as possible. The eophone is attached to the top of the pilot-house, the tubes from the receivers being brought inside the house for use by the pilot.

"CHIPS OF THE OLD BLOCK." *Chas. V. Lamb, Artist.*

ARE THESE YOUR HANDS?

I RECEIVED a dainty little note the other day, and, as many women do, wondered, ere opening it, from whom it could be, when it finally occurred to me that the answer to my query might be expressed inside, and I opened it. I found the following:

My Dear Miss Klink:—There is to be a tea held next Saturday for the benefit of——— ——— ———. Will you not tell fortunes for us, or as you prefer to phrase it, read character? It is a worthy charity, and I hope you will be able to assist us.

Sincerely ———.

Of course I would do so, and my only stipulations were for a cozy corner large enough for three or four people, a good lamp, two comfortable chairs, and a nice fat sofa pillow.

I hoped that the hands would be interesting, because even when charitably inclined one likes to be entertained as well, and just as some people are more interesting than others so are some hands. For a while the fat sofa pillow and I seemed to be unpopular, but suddenly a voice—"Well, young lady, what are you doing here?" and a friend, who is well known as versed in legal lore, entered. "Telling fortunes," I responded. "Now, do you know," seating himself comfortably, "I think that is all sort of nonsense. Do you not just make it up to please people as you go along? Could you tell anything about me from my hands?" spreading them out and smiling benevolently. "Well, which hand, but I don't believe in it. What are you looking at the backs for?" "Oh, nothing, only you are a very particular man for details, so long as some one else attends to their carrying out. You tabulate everything carefully, for your memory is not very good, and you fear to trust it. Your desk must be in exact order when you begin the day—new pens, fresh ink, clean blotting-pad and,"—"My wife told you that," and he snatched the hands away triumphantly. "Beg pardon, I have never spoken to her upon the subject. On the other hand, you are comfortable, for instance, in an old hat, and it is always your wife who sees the necessity of a new one." "She did tell you." "She did not. Please turn your hands over. Better not go into stocks, you will loose every time." "I have lost," was the answer. "You have attained eminence, deservedly, but you are not doing the thing in life which you are best fitted for and desire most." "That is queer, but it is so."

WHERE THE FUN COMES IN.

"Will, have your fortune told," and 'Will' comes in. "You like to find out all about things." (Chorus from group, "Yes, he's curious.") "Generous, affectionate disposition." (Chorus, "Angelic.") "Quick tempered, but not sullen." (Chorus, "Yes.") "Obliging, careful, and painstaking to a degree with little things." (Chorus, "Don't make him too conceited.") "Not at all a flirt." Triumphant response from Will—"I told you so." "You are starting on a professional career, if it be that of a lawyer, stick to constitutional law, you will never be a pleader, you are analytical, philosophical, rather than intuitive or sympathetic, words do not come easily to you."—Chorus marks a rest, while he replies, "Thank you, madam, that law question is just what I have been pondering over, you have decided me," and Will, with the attendant chorus of young girls, moves off.

A young man enters alone, evidently embarrassed, yet wanting, as the sign outside expressed it, his "fortune told," and bashfully places his hands on the pillow before me. Such nice hands, long, strong, and firm, showing method, faithfulness, and good judgment—not much luck, but with a positive talent for hard work, and an odd fancy for poetry, which is quite strong. "You have a genius for small and delicate work, intricate mechanism, infinite exactitude, and careful adjustment of parts." "Madam," in a surprised tone, "I am employed in regulating electric clocks." A look into the hand again—"Loyal, generous, single-minded, you are having some hard trouble in affairs of the heart, you are not to blame, but you suffer deeply." The hands quivered just a little. "You marry later, *not* this young lady, and you are very happy. You travel, not widely, but to see about a legacy which is to be left to you under certain difficult conditions." "Do I live long?" I evade the question. "Do I live long?" and his eyes compelled an answer. "About fifty." "Thank you," and he moved away.

"Do you believe all you have been telling those people?" said my next visitor. "Decidedly, yes. I should not be here if I did not." A sniff of incredulity, but he returned to the attack. "You are pretty clever in making things up, but you do not really think there is any truth in it? Have you studied palmistry? Will you read my hand?" "Certainly; the pillow, please." It was placed most emphatically under the table, and the hands lay spread out before me. "You not only like your own way, but you have it. You are obstinate to a degree, and are sometimes apt to be influenced by a prejudice against your better judgment. You have great managing and governing ability, and you are fond of exercising it. You are more demonstrative than affectionate." "You mean I make people believe I think more of them than I do?" "I mean just that, and the persons you seem most indifferent to are the ones you like the best." "Well, you're right," reluctantly. "You are generous with money, in an open, free-handed way, but you are often careless of the feelings of others in that generosity." The hands dropped, and he looked at me, questioningly. I afterwards learned that a trying circumstance in that connection had just occurred. "You have a wonderful command of language, both written and spoken—you are witty, keen, humorous; your personality is strong, and you are exceptionally good company."

After telling his fortune thus briefly, the gentleman said: "Now, will you tell me what these lines mean, because they must mean something."

"Certainly, the lines have different meanings, according to their characteristics. If a line be unbroken, of good color, neither pale, nor a deep red, it indicates firmness, evenness—good judgment in those qualities which it represents. If it be chained, or with many little branches, it denotes fickleness, variableness—want of concentration; if it be wide, rather pale, and ill-defined, it shows uncertainty, indifference—want of decision in regard to the attributes which it typifies. For instance, the line of life, which rises between the thumb and forefinger, under the mount of Jupiter, should be clear, well defined, and unbroken. The farther it extends around the base of the mount of Venus, or root of the thumb, the longer will your life be. If broken at any place, it indicates an illness corresponding in the time of your life to the place where the break occurs; near the beginning, it is in early life, and the reverse. Many horizontal lines crossing the life line near the top show illnesses which have occurred in childhood. An island on that line, a character resembling in shape the pulp vesicles of the orange, means some disgrace connected with one's family. Lines branching downward from it, near the lower part, mean travel. If it ends in a tassel, you will die poor." Immediate search *not* to find a tassel.

"What is that line called which joins the head line at the beginning; it makes a sharp angle in my hand?" "That is the head line, and the sharp angle means quick decision, prompt action. Should that line go all the way across to the other side of the hand, you are exacting in your friendships and of a jealous disposition. Should it turn *up* at the end in matters of judgment, your heart will win over your head. Should it turn strongly down toward the mount of the moon, it signifies, on a weak hand, a very strong tendency to the blues; reaching to the mount, the tendency increased even to dementia or suicide. On a strong hand it denotes literary ability." "Should one have a square on it?" "That shows you are in danger through too much concentration—overwork, but the square will carry you through. A square is always an excellent sign. The line above is rather interesting, the heart line. It is chained; therefore, you might be called—well, flirtatious; it ends on the mount of Jupiter, so you will have fame and gratified ambition, but if it ended between the first and second fingers, with many branches, responsibilities would rest upon you all your life long. If at its close, on the mount of Jupiter, there were a star, that would mean a brilliant marriage, successful both in the matter of love and ambition. One is selfish, or generous, in proportion as this heart line is nearer, or farther from that of the head, which is below it."

"Just tell me a little more—where is my luck line?" "Your fate line runs up through the middle of your hand. This line, rising from the line of life, denotes that one is the architect of his own fortunes. Rising nearer the wrist, but joined near the beginning to the life line, shows that family matters have hampered one's career. Downward branches show failures, upward branches successes. A complete break in the line denotes a complete change of residence, from California to Japan, for instance; broken at the head line shows an affair of the heart; going straight and clear to the mount of Saturn, under the middle finger, is very good fortune; cutting through the mount of Saturn, ill-fortune resulting through excess of prosperity. It is late, but if you are interested, get 'Edward Heron Allen's Cheirosophy and Cheiro,' and your knowledge of hand-reading will be complete."

AMONG THE RESORTS.

DURING the past few years Lake County, California, has proven itself to be a most veritable Mecca for resorters and health-seekers during the summer season. It has every attraction possible, both in the way of its wonderful variety of mineral springs, baths, its beautiful scenery, and its unexcelled fishing and hunting. It will not be very long before it will likewise enjoy improved traveling facilities, both motor and electrical. It may be interesting to our readers to mention a few of the best-known resorts in Lake County.

Harbin Springs is one of the most beautiful spas in the country. It is only seventy-three miles by rail from San Francisco to Calistoga and twenty-one miles by stage. It has an elevation of about 1700 feet, is open all the year round, and its hot sulphur baths are incomparable. They have recently added music almost every evening for the entertainment of the guests. Their vegetables are obtained from their own gardens, a well-conducted delivery is attached to the hotel, and many people will be interested to know that they do not employ Chinese anywhere about the place.

Seigler Springs has a very attractive location, and is well provided with plunge and tub baths. Its elevation is a little higher than Harbin's, being 2400 feet. The surrounding country is beautiful, and the hot mud baths and hot iron plunge baths are a feature of this resort. The curative properties of its waters have been favorably spoken of by visitors. Seigler will, no doubt, receive its full share of patronage during the coming season.

Glenbrook resort in Lake County is another very pretty place. While not so large as some of the others, it has an individuality of its own in the way of thoroughly homelike surroundings, and probably the facilities for enjoying the finest fishing in the country. It is only a couple of weeks ago that two sportsmen landed 190 trout in five hours, aggregating in weight over fifty pounds. Astorg Springs, about half a mile from Glenbrook, has been placed at the service of the guests of the Glenbrook, so that they may enjoy the benefit of their mineral waters.

Anderson Springs is about twenty-one miles from Calistoga, at an elevation of 1400 feet. The country is mountainous, and the waters are cold, sulphur, soda, magnesia, and iron. The springs will not accommodate over 150 people, and those who have ever visited this well-known resort have naught to say but praise for both the efficacy of its waters and the attention of the management.

Highland Springs, about twelve miles from Pieta, in Lake County, has just completed a new and very commodious hotel on the site of the old building, which has been moved further back. Highland can now accommodate in the neighborhood of 500 guests, and if last season's business is any indication for this year, it will, no doubt, still be crowded. Highlands has a very large variety of mineral springs. This fact, together with the amusements offered the guests, has done everything to popularize these springs with the outing public.

Santa Cruz will have a very flattering amount of summer patronage this season. The Sea Beach Hotel, overlooking the beach, is again under the control of its popular proprietor, Mr. John T. Sullivan, and many improvements have been made both in the arrangements of the hotel and the general service. The cream of the salmon fishing will shortly be upon us, and Mr. Sullivan, the proprietor, is one of the best artists in that line in Santa Cruz, and makes a specialty of furnishing his guests with all necessary information and accoutrements for an excursion of this character.

For those who want a quiet house, the well-known Pope House on the hill will be found the most delightful in the city. It is still under the management of Mrs. Pope, who has conducted it for many years.

The Pacific Ocean House is still the leading commercial hotel of the town, and is now under the management of Mrs. E. B. Pixley. We learn that it is improved greatly since the change has been made, and the dining-room is most aptly catered to by the personal attention of Mrs. Pixley's daughter.

MISS CISSY FITZGERALD.

From her last photograph, by Taber, taken especially for The Traveler, and elsewhere unpublished.

Madrone Mineral Springs is a very delightful resort in Santa Clara County, being only twelve miles by stage from Madrone Station. The country surrounding it is beautifully timbered, and the fishing is especially fine. The springs are both hot and cold.

Mr. P. Van Loon has recently taken charge of the well-known Magnolia Hotel at Calistoga. As this point is somewhat of a key to Lake County, it is more than usually familiar with the traveling public. Mr. Van Loon contemplates many elaborate changes and improvements, and will make the hotel more of an individual resort than as a stopping place as formerly.

We learn that Laurel Dell, on the border of Blue Lakes, in Lake County, will experience a run this season. It is noted for its picturesque location, its splendid hunting, fishing, bathing and boating facilities, and many improvements have been made both in the hotel and grounds.

Skaggs Springs, in Sonoma County, now under the management of Mr. J. F. Mulgrew, is doing a flourishing business. Mr. Mulgrew thoroughly understands his work, makes it a point to cater to his guests both socially and in the good things at the table.

The Hotel Vendome at San Jose has about finished the usual course of renovation and improvements for the coming season, and with the charming grounds surrounding it, covered with fresh green patches, flowers and stately trees, it forms one of the most attractive pleasure resorts in California. The excursions to the celebrated Lick Observatory at Mt. Hamilton, over the Mt. Hamilton Stage Company's lines, are becoming more frequent and popular, and the Vendome enjoys the distinction of being the headquarters for tourists making this delightful and interesting trip.

Catalina Island has donned her gala attire. The famous Hotel Metropole at Avalon is open, and all is ready for the usual influx of tourists at this beautiful resort. Amusements without end, hunting, fishing, swimming, boating, riding and driving, all of the very best, are the striking features of this seaside Mecca. It possesses the finest climate in the world and the opportunity to associate with the very best class of people.

Paraiso Springs is still under the old management of good-natured Mr. Robertson, and every indication points to a most successful season. The famous soda baths of Paraiso are a never-forgotten delight, to say nothing of the sulphur plunge and the surrounding beauty of the place. It is only a question of a short time when a full equipped electric service will be established between Soledad, the railway terminus, and Paraiso, six miles distant.

AN ORIENTAL HAREM.

MRS. F. B. ANTHONY.

ONE place of great interest, at least in this world, where men are positively excluded and where ladies are kindly received, a privilege seldom granted in any other country, is the harem of the Governor of Tangiers, in Morocco. The streets of Tangiers are the narrowest, most irregular, and dirtiest in the world. Rainfalls are frequent at certain seasons, and there being no pavements or sidewalks the pedestrian may slip and slide to his soul's content or discontent, one or two rambles in this out-of-the-way city being quite enough to satisfy.

The thickly many-coated whitewashed palace of the Sultan of Morocco, with floors and sides of each room tiled in bright blue, green, white, and yellow, the living-rooms of which extend around and open into a large court surrounded by a very high glaring whitewashed wall, the gates of which are double locked and guarded, is inhabited by His Majesty and numerous retinue or family for a short season only each year, his principal palace being in the City of Morocco. The palace at Tangiers is a very uninviting place when deserted, but considered by the people there fine, "ah! grand!"

A SIESTA.

The unpretentious palace of the Governor of Tangiers is entirely enclosed with the high white wall; indeed, the low palace is not visible from without the walls at all. Arriving at the gateway the gentlemen accompanying us may raise the ponderous iron knocker attached to the gate or entrance and announce our arrival, but, alas, they can go no farther, and must be nimble to get out of sight before the gate is opened. The knock is quickly answered by a large Nubian woman with very black glossy skin, dressed in many bright colors, her head crowned with a flaming turban which seems to heighten the astonishing picture; her satin arms are adorned with numberless bracelets, earrings, and other trinkets which clink and jingle gaily as she moves. With smiling face and a motion of her much bejeweled hand she bids us enter, and before we have time to consider the real situation of things, or to even hesitate, the latch of the great gate is snapped behind us, we are inside and passing down the arched hallway, with a little trembling shuffle to our walk and a flutter at the heart, as step by step we advance and wonder what is in store to gratify our inquisitive and really adventurous undertaking.

AFTER THE DANCE.

At the end of the long corridor a handsome barefooted Arab boy advances, who greets us with many very low salaams and smiles. He wears a bright-red loose robe and fez of the same color, with a long gold tassel, his whole makeup contrasting beautifully with the very white walls against which he is an attractive picture whenever he turns. By him we are conducted across the court and into the august presence of the Governor's family, whom we have been invited to visit.

That part of the family here present consists of five women, all wives of the Governor, and two children; one a lovely, shy little girl about eight years of age, the other a plump, coarse-featured, swarthy, bright, happy looking baby less than a year old, who is laughing and crowing in the arms of one of the women as loudly and with as much zest as any Christian youngster ever could.

A deep niche with arched coiling and facing the pretty court, in the center of which a cool, sparkling fountain is playing, contains the family. As we advance the oldest of the group, a large, fine-looking woman of about forty-five—if we can judge the age of these women whose lives begin so early—rises from the couch on which she is reclining and steps forward with hand extended and gives us a hearty greeting, introducing us by signs to the other women present, who all in their turn extend their soft hands.

The formality was at once so natural and so elegantly bestowed that, although not a word passed on either side, all fear and trembling which we had before experienced at once took wings. Ottomans were placed and we all sat down for a visit, which began with a good long exchange of scrutiny from head to foot and again from foot to head.

TWO OF THEM.

Then admiration for and acceptance of the beautiful flowers we had brought, the jewels we wear are admired and gently fingered, while we return the compliment, being especially attracted by the immense hoop earrings, fully six inches in circumference, which are worn by all of these women. The elder lady seemed at once the mistress entire of the occasion. Resuming a reclining position on her couch of crimson damask silk she at once became a study for an artist.

She has beautiful dark dreamy eyes, fringed with long lashes, beaming with a kindly intelligent expression, fine oval features, rich olive skin, tinged with the glow of health, bright red lips and fine teeth, black hair, covered with a fall of the softest lace, a loose yellow robe of fluffy silk, confined at the waist by a beautiful striped scarf, wide flowing sleeves, necklace, bracelets, and rings of fine gold set with turquoise, shapely feet encased in silk stockings and sharp-toed, tasseled, bright red, heelless slippers. The Arab boy at her back, slowly moving a fan of long white ostrich feathers, finished the lovely picture.

The fifth wife, the mother of the baby, with sweet, refined shyness and noticeable pride brought her homely little Moor and placed him in our arms, the child seemingly enjoying the novelty of the occasion, not at all disapproving of the fun, but crowing at the top of his voice and joining heartily in the general laugh of which his antics were the cause.

NATURE IN CALIFORNIA.

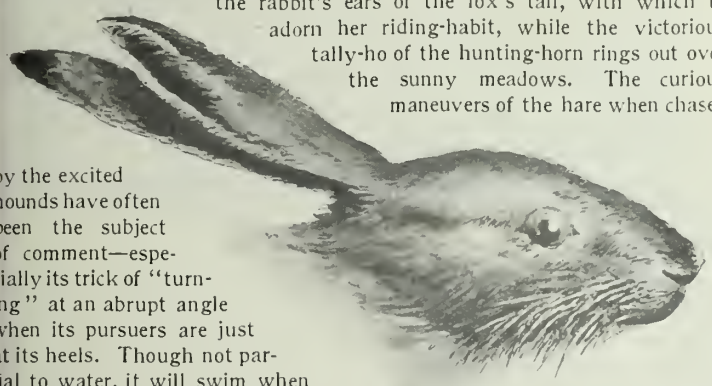
BERTHA F. HERRICK.

LITTLE FOUR-FOOTED FOLKS.

THE large, long-eared California hare, or "jack-rabbit," is exceedingly common in certain parts of the State; and, like its relatives in other countries, is one of the chief enemies of the agriculturist. During the warmer hours of the day it usually remains crouched, with flattened ears, in a slight depression, known as a "form," which it excavates either among the grasses in the open field or under the shelter of a wild plant or sage-bush, its dull, brownish-gray color serving to protect it from ordinary observation. But toward nightfall, or in the early morning, it may be seen scampering about in search of food, nibbling the tender, juicy bark of grape-vines or young orchard trees and buds and shoots of every description.

In Pasadena and other Southern California towns midwinter "cross-country" clubs, composed of both ladies and gentlemen, and provided with a pack of trained, fleet-footed greyhounds, have been formed for the purpose of pursuing the nimble "jack" or his natural enemy, the little red fox.

The first lady-rider who is "in at the death" receives, as a souvenir, the rabbit's ears or the fox's tail, with which to adorn her riding-habit, while the victorious tally-ho of the hunting-horn rings out over the sunny meadows. The curious maneuvers of the hare when chased by the excited hounds have often been the subject of comment—especially its trick of "turning" at an abrupt angle when its pursuers are just at its heels. Though not partial to water, it will swim when hard pressed, and resorts to many stratagems before succumbing to the inevitable. Being of superior flavor, these rabbits would be much prized as delicacies if they were fewer in number and not so easily obtained.



HEAD OF HARE.

Jack-rabbits are so numerous and destructive in the fertile valley of the San Joaquin that annual "rabbit-drives" have been instituted for their extermination. The event takes place in the early spring, thousands of hares being driven into improvised corrals and beaten to death with clubs, the bounty offered by the Government being one cent for each pair of ears.

The largest drive in the State was held near Fresno in March, 1896, when it was estimated that 25,000 or 30,000 rabbits were slaughtered, no less than 10,000 men and boys being engaged in the operation.

The little gray squirrels, frolicking all day in the shady woods, galloping nimbly up the tree-trunks, springing lightly from bough to bough, chattering shrilly from some lofty branch, or racing along the ground with outspread bushy tails, form an amusing spectacle, and are the very life of the forest.

Their food consists of pine-nuts, acorns, hazel-nuts, seeds, grain, and wild fruits, though they have also been known to devour birds' eggs or even the newly hatched fledglings.

Like all the rest of their tribe, they store away provisions for winter use, hiding them in all sorts of nooks and crannies near their haunts or under heaps of leaves; and to such an extent is their bump of locality developed that they will even dig through the snow in the mountains to find them.

Their nests are placed high up in the tree in the fork of a large limb next to the trunk, and are composed of small twigs and dry grasses and stuffed with bits of moss. The young squirrels, which are five or six in number, are jealously guarded by their parents from the wildcats, hawks, owls, and other enemies that threaten to attack them.

Ground squirrels much resemble tree squirrels in general appearance, but are of heavier build and have a more clumsy gait. They are very destructive to fruit and grain, and are so numerous in certain sections that the earth is well-nigh undermined with their burrows. If a shot be fired into one of the holes, the smoke will come out of the tunnel a distance of ten or twenty feet beyond.

Another member of the squirrel family is the handsome little striped chipmunk, which lives in burrows in the ground or in hollow fallen trees. Racing along the rustic "worm" fences, or playing hide-and-seek among the tree-stumps, their pouches distended with acorns, they seem the embodiment of liveliness and contentment. A smaller variety of chipmunk, met with in the deserts around San Diego, has a white tail, which it carries curled up over its back.

The queer little "cotton-tail" inhabits shrubby places in low valleys and foot-hills, and, when not foraging for supplies, hides in a hole in the rocks.

Two species of wood-rats are found in wild places in the forest—the larger variety living on the ground in a great clumsy nest, composed of twigs and brush, and the smaller kind usually building on the branches of trees.

Among the native mice are the common field-mouse, which works havoc among the crops at harvest-time; the curious, long-tailed "kangaroo-mouse" of Southern California and isolated parts of the Coast Range, so called from its habit of leaping on its hind legs, kangaroo fashion, although it lands upon "all fours"; and the strange little "pocket-mouse," which derives its name from the pouches in its cheeks, by means of which it carries grain or the earth that it excavates from its burrows.

THE EMPIRE STATE EXPRESS IN MOTION.

The illustration of the Empire State Express, which accompanies this article, is probably in many ways the most remarkable picture of a train which has ever been published in any paper. In the first place the train is running—running in a way the Empire State Express has, at about sixty miles an hour. It is something of a trick to get a satisfactory picture of an object moving at the rate of a mile in a minute, even when you only want to get one photograph. But when this photograph was taken there were 2399 other photographs of the train taken in the same minute. It is one of a series of photographs taken at the rate of forty per second.

Those who have seen the "Biograph" exhibited (the Biograph being the latest and most improved machine for showing moving photographs, of which the Kinetoscope and Cinematograph were earlier and less perfect forms) will now recognize the picture. It has been shown on theater screens, as one of a series, before thousands of people in New York, Chicago, and other cities. The biograph apparatus was focused on the New York Central tracks before the express hove in sight a mile away. As soon as the train became visible in the distance the series of photographs began. The train came forward at the rate of a mile a minute, and in that minute 2400 separate photographs were taken—or a distinct view for every 26 inches that the engine moved—or, in other words, 10 photographs to each revolution of the 86-inch drivers. When these views are thrown on a large screen on the stage of a theater, in the same rapid succession as they were taken, with the accompaniment of clanging bells and roaring wheels behind the scenes, the effect is an amazingly life-like presentation of the train in motion. This view is only one of the 2400, showing the train at some one of the 2-foot points in its progress. The original negative was 2x2½ inches. From a print from this negative an enlarged photograph, 16x20 inches, was made, and it is from this large photograph that our engraving is reproduced. The illustration is "probably the most remarkable picture of a train which has ever been printed in any paper."—*Photo and Article from the Railway Age, Chicago.*

THE EMPIRE STATE EXPRESS.

FIESTA.

JAS. F. J. ARCHIBALD.

ALAS! Francisca I., La Reina de la Fiesta, has been dethroned, and the City of the Angels once more is ruled by laws and rules of a commonplace mayor. The splendor of the court, the blare of royal salutes, and the clatter of plumed escorts through the streets are done for the year, and lives only in memory. Such memories, however, are of the pleasantest, and will forever be stamped indelibly upon the brains of those who witnessed the beautiful sights that attended the several days' festivities.

There is no city in these United States so well adapted to the perfect display that is given in Los Angeles during this festal week. Its climate, its flowers, and particularly its people are all most perfectly adapted to this famous fete. The climate makes it possible to give this event without fear of inclement weather. Its flowers are without equal, and the battle of roses, the decorations of coaches and carriages are the making of the fiesta. Above all, the people are the sort that know what the spirit of a fiesta should be, and know how to conduct one. There is that element of Spanish blood that gives the spirit that is needed, and there is that southern hospitality that makes one feel as though every one wished you welcome.

The greatest regret of the present fiesta was that the committee should have abandoned the Spanish features as they did in the court costumes. La Fiesta is essentially a Spanish fete, and should be maintained under the picturesque features of that nation.

Amid all the splendor and pomp of an official masque ball the fiesta was opened on Tuesday evening at Hazard's Pavilion, when the Queen made her first gracious bow to her subjects. The uninteresting and ugly structure had been transformed into a beautiful interior by the use of cloth and banners. The handsome throne was erected on the stage, and from this canopied seat Her Majesty viewed the merry throng of maskers. The enthusiasm at the coronation can hardly be described, and more difficult is it to realize that this is merely a play sovereign that is receiving the honors, so real are they. The Queen is Miss Frances Alexander in ordinary life, and a member of one of the oldest Spanish families of the State. The choice was a most happy one and most popular and pleasing to the masses.

The Maids of Honor to the Queen were selected from the ranks of society, and included Miss Blanche Hinman, Mrs. Edward Silent, Mrs. J. T. Jones, Miss Rose Newmark, Mrs. John Foster, Mrs. Godfrey Holterhoff, Miss Alma Robinson, Miss Helen Borden (formerly of Oakland), Mrs. Granville MacGowan, Miss Mabel Randall, Mrs. W. J. Bishop, Miss Florence Silent, Miss Alyce Keenan, Mrs. O. A. Stevens, Miss C.

CARRIAGES OF MAIDS OF HONOR.

Kurtz, and Mrs. Sumner Hunt. The royal party entered the pavilion through a double column of lancers that extended to the foot of the throne, the Queen being directly attended by her Prime Minister Thomas. Here, in the radiance of a thousand lights, with flowers bowing their heads in sweet obeisance at her feet, Her Majesty "came into her own," a queenly Queen in royal robes of purple and ermine, and crowned with jewels rich and rare. Thence has she lightly wielded her scepter of mirth and freedom from dull care over the beautiful City of the Angels.

Once seated and crowned, the Queen knighted Hon. Stephen M. White, Griffith J. Griffith, and Ferdinand K. Rule, in recognition of the services rendered in the promotion of the carnival. Sir W. C. Patterson represented Senator White. These noblemen outshone Solomon in all his glory; their ornaments and jewels alone being sufficient to build a church. The Queen said so many pretty things to these gentlemen, and to Mr. Max Meyberg, who was knighted Father of La Fiesta, that their heads are completely turned round, and hereafter they will be quite useless subjects. Mr. Meyberg had the distinction as well of receiving a medal worn by Her Majesty for many years, and bearing an appropriate inscription. Professor T. S. C. Lowe, Sir Knight of the first fiesta, with Sir Wm. Patterson, had the distinction of ushering the aforesaid noblemen into the august presence of the Queen. Prime Minister Thomas next proclaimed Her

CHINESE DRAGON.

Majesty's will to the effect that the ladies of her court and the attending courtiers trip through the mazes of the minuet for the delectation of her assembled subjects. Those taking part being Mrs. Granville MacGowan, Mr. Joseph Cook; Mrs. J. T. Jones, Mr. Charles Dick; Miss Alma Robinson, Mr. Jack Austin; Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Hunt; W. A. Garland, Miss Hinman; Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Holterhoff; Mr. and Mrs. Will Bishop; Mr. and Mrs. Jack Foster; Miss Borden, Mr. Henderson; Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Silent; Miss Florence Silent, Mr. Bert Williams; Mrs. S. O. Stephens, Mr. M. S. McKee; Miss Alyce Keenan, Mr. Wyman; Mr. and Mrs. Newmark; Dr. and Miss Kurtz; Miss Mabel Randall and Mr. Johnson. This was a most delightful entertainment, and the multitude of guests expressed frequent appreciation. Fancy the quaint and stately figures in the short petticoat and panniers of ye olden time in powdered hair and patches courtesying and tripping in and out of the mazes of the dignified minuet, through the lights and shades of many colored lights.

During the dance much spirit was added to the scene in the constantly flitting figures of the maskers in the vicinity, who, later, took the floor. Since there were no unnecessarily grotesque disguises, the beauty of the ball was preserved in the many softly tinted and fairy-like costumes of the women. The tiny black French masque also lent its chicness to the fair faces, which was most attractive. It is a matter of regret that the many pretty costumes must be briefly passed over.

The prettiest day of all was floral day, for it was then that the spectators saw what really could be done in Southern California. Countless numbers of roses, pinks, and lilies were used in decoration for coaches and drags.

The tribunes were packed to their utmost capacity long before the arrival of the Queen, and when finally the heralds sounded the approach of the royal party, the crowd rose universally and cheered the beautiful sovereign. Her Majesty was escorted by the Americus Club of Pasadena, who made a most striking and picturesque appearance in their uniforms of white and gold. They formed parallel lines facing each other, between which the Queen ascended her throne, passing beneath an arch of lances.

After the Queen was seated upon the throne the float bearing little Floral Queen Mildred and her juvenile court made its appearance. The little maiden was crowned with a wreath of daisies by Francisca, and these ceremonies being over the floral parade passed in review. It would be folly to attempt a description of all of the marvelous and exquisite decorations of the various turnouts. The most beautiful of the day was the coach of the Jonathan Club, upon which rode the court of 1896. Riding in advance of this on white horses were a herald and two trumpeters in Louis XVI. costumes; white satin breeches and pink satin coats, heavily trimmed in gold braid. The coach was drawn by six white horses in pink harness, and three outriders on each side held long pink satin ribbons to guide them. A rear guard of two gentlemen in the same dress followed, making seventeen "milk white steeds" in all. The coach was a solid mass of pinks and sweet-peas, in the decoration of which fifty thousand of these lovely blossoms were used. Ex-Queen Mildred and the ladies that formed her court last

year occupied seats on the tallyho, and were costumed in pink and white. When the last exhibit passed out from the tribunes there was a lull in the proceedings for a few moments, and then the Americus Club lined up, and, after displaying their skill in performing intricate figure evolutions, made way for the "living bouquets" and the fairy coach of little Queen Flora. The Floral Queen and her court made a most dignified departure, and in passing from the tribunes were accorded a loving farewell by the thousands of spectators.

Then the parade again entered and made the circuit of the tribunes, and in passing the royal pavilion, where the judges had taken up their stand, the winners of prizes in the several classes were awarded the guerdon of honor. Then took place the battle of flowers. The odoriferous missiles flew thick and fast so long as the dainty ammunition lasted, and it was carried on sans ceremony, for no one waited for a formal introduction before pelting his or her neighbor. It was good fun while it lasted, but it didn't last long enough. And then as the tail end of the parade disappeared through the gateway Her Majesty and court took their departure, and the floral exhibition was at an end.

In the evening a magnificent display of fireworks was given on Westlake before the Queen and thousands of her subjects. Myriads of lights dancing about over the black waters of the lake; tens of thousands of people lining the banks; a fountain sending its spray far into the air and glistening and scintillating with green, red, and yellow lights by turns, or all together; fireworks sputtering on one bank, the Catalina band playing on the other, and at one end of the irregular oval, in a radiance of electric light, La Reina and her band of faithful retainers.

Such, in brief, was the scene at Westlake Park, when the water carnival made a most delightful change to the previous ceremonies, and the cool, quiet darkness was a grateful relief after the glare and wild wind of the day. From six o'clock on, every car on every line leading parkward was crammed to suffocation, and by eight o'clock the banks of the lake in all directions were literally alive. The six floats had been transferred and anchored at different points on the lake; were lighted with flaming torches, and gleamed with weird effect—a reindeer and aurora in the "Holly" float here, a dragon from the "Perseus" there. The fascinating "Mikado," with its chrysanthemums, showed clear and beautiful near the fountain, and the beautiful "Iolanthe" glistened in the light of the fireworks.

The fountain itself, although lacking somewhat the impressiveness of the famous electric fountains of Chicago, was very pretty and picturesque, and, above all, cool and wet, and the colored lights thrown upon it were effective. Delightful music kept the feet going and the spirits up; and here, there, and everywhere darted the little boats. A steam launch, decorated with the tri-color, shot about the lake, making quite a little commotion on the otherwise smooth water, and set all the little boats to rocking; a canoe or two skimmed swiftly to and fro; and the rowboats, each one carrying its freight of three or five people, over whom was shed the soft light of candles, filtered through Japanese lanterns, were propelled slowly or fast, as the humor of the rower dictated.

It was all very charming, very Arabian nightly, reminiscent of the Jardin Mabille, and more conservative family resorts. The fireworks were some of Paine's best and latest improvements. More cannot be said of them. Set pieces, of which the American flag was first, humorous as a monkey on a horizontal bar, and rockets, and Roman candles, mortars, and other devices dear to the adult as well as the infantile heart and mind, all were set off and "ah-ed" and "oh-ed" over by the vast multitude, who, to a man, were sure this was the best fiesta yet, and that the water carnival was not its least attractive feature.

The beautiful Queen made her last public appearance Saturday morning at the school-children's function and received the salute of the marching multitude of little ones with that smiling and appreciative graciousness that has distinguished her among the festival Queens. With her retinue she was in place upon the throne promptly at ten o'clock, the throng of spectators forming a dark line spreading away on both sides.

The gates were thrown open and the army of children, 5,000 strong, in their bright summer clothes, many of the schools being uniformed and every child carrying a flag, marched in. The children were formed in companies of twelve, and were officered by cadets from their own numbers. By "company front" they made the circuit of the arena; each company as they passed saluting the Queen and presenting a tribute of flowers. By clever evolutions, showing careful drilling, they were then massed facing the throne, their great number filling the entire body of the arena, with only reservation at the sides sufficient to enable them to march away in good form. When massed a brass band took a station in the center and led this immense chorus of small voices in the singing of "Hail, California," "The Red, White and Blue," and finally "America." At the conclusion of each song the children burst into cheers, waving their flags, making a picture of color and animation that was inspiring. After the singing, Prime Minister Thomas read the Queen's address to the children.

The spectacle here presented was a grand one—more inspiring and significant than the armies that are now gathered upon the Thessalian border. The lesson to be learned from this meeting was the importance of fidelity to the flag and true devotion to those in authority. The pupils saluted the flag, and lifting up their right hands, renewed their oath of devotion to the emblem of truth and liberty. This done, "America" was sung.

Hon. S. T. Black, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, addressed the great assemblage briefly, beginning with: "May it please your gracious Majesty." He congratulated the children upon having so gifted, so beautiful and so lovable a lady for Queen, and said she was to be congratulated upon having so many devoted subjects. As they passed from the tribunes there was not a child who did not cast one longing, lingering look toward the distant throne.

1—In the Tribune. 2—Americus Club Receiving Floral Queen. 3—Queen's Court after Battle of Flowers. 4—The Haymakers. 5—Jonathan Club Coach.

The Queen then sent for Mr. Black, Mr. Foshay, and Mr. Rule, president of the Fiesta Association, and thanked them personally, her eyes brimming as she did so. Her final proclamation was then read. In it she thanked all her court and those who had made her reign so joyous.

"Last of all and best of all," she said, "to the ladies of our royal court for their sweet sympathy, their gentleness and their loveliness under all circumstances, we have feelings which go beyond mere words. Witness our royal signature, Francisca, Queen."

The day of abdication is always a trifle sad. Every one regretted the Queen's departure. The spectators in the tribunes stood with a common impulse, and the applause that rippled round the benches was very genuine. A waving of pampas plumes, a crack of a whip, sixteen flashing hoofs, and the Queen was gone, the sun touching her glittering crown as she turned a distant corner. Then the crowd sadly left the tribunes, for it was like the ball after Cinderella's hurried departure—all stale, flat and unprofitable.

La Fiesta went out in a burst of noise and fun that cannot be described. Saturday evening was a night of perfect abandon, staid business men cut capers and pigeon wings under mask and domino. Men yelled furiously and absurdly at nothing in particular. Women's voices were shrill above the monotonous noise, and hysterical laughs were heard above the torment of rattles and whistles.

The Queen is dead for a year, but long live the Queen.

THE LADY FROM SAN FRANCISCO.

LILLIAN FERGUSON.

THE down stage was due at Middleton, and all the male population of the place was congregated at the Esmeralda Hotel in anticipation of that exciting event.

The stage, its wheels clogged with mud and its six horses bespattered with the same mixture, lumbered heavily up to the hotel door with a solitary passenger. Willis Heath, junior partner in the law firm known as Higbern & Heath of California Street, San Francisco, sprang from his seat beside the driver, took a vigorous turn or two on the piazza to limber up his limbs, stiffened somewhat after a forty-mile drive, and carried his valise into the office.

"Late again, eh?" called out Hank, insinuatingly, to the holder of the reins.

"Yes," was the reply, "there's another wash-out up Willow Creek, and the nigh leader went lame in her left hind foot five miles back."

Hank laughed and then followed the traveler into the house.

"Looks like more rain," he remarked, "but you'll find the roof don't leak, and we'll give you as good a bed as there is in the county."

"I can't stay over night," said Willis; "I'm going south this afternoon."

"Not unless you hire a balloon," was the landlord's jocose reply. "You see, the stages ain't been running regular lately on account of the storm, and you'll have to stay until to-morrow afternoon."

His guest looked annoyed. A day and night in this wretched hole of a place! He muttered something under his breath that scarcely did credit to his early training.

"Dinner'll be ready in a few minutes," continued Hank, with exasperating cheerfulness, "and I'll give you the parlor bedroom. My wife's down to the Bay on a visit, but the girl'll see that you have clean towels." He led the way into a musty room and left Willis to reflections of great disgust. The parlor boasted a green carpet of hideous design that gave the beholder a bilious sensation, a funereal haircloth sofa, chairs to match, and turkey-red curtains. A wheezy piano in the corner gave forth such discordant, protesting tones at Willis's touch that he closed it hastily. At sound of the dinner-gong he repaired to the dining-room with the eager expectancy of a young man whose naturally healthy appetite had been sharpened by a long ride in the open air. But dinner at the Esmeralda Hotel was a delusion and a snare.

At this moment Willis suddenly became aware that a young lady had entered the dreary apartment and seated herself at the next table, opposite him, where she was quietly regarding him with the most wonderful pair of brown eyes he had ever seen. He involuntarily straightened his frowning countenance and continued his meal with an expression of placid contentment. He could feel those radiant orbs fixed upon him from time to time, but, being a gentleman, and realizing by one of those intuitions with which we gauge strangers that she was a young woman of refinement and perfect breeding, he forebore the inclination to gain a better view of her charming face, and prolonged his unsavory repast until she rose to go.

"What on earth is a girl like that doing in such a forsaken spot?" asked Willis, sotto voce. No doubt she was some city-bred society maiden awaiting deliverance on the morrow. He retreated into the moldy little parlor for a nap, when he was suddenly startled by several piercing screams overhead. Willis sprang to his feet and found the portly figure of his host standing at the bottom of the stairway.

"Don't be scared," said that gentleman, in his most reassuring tones; "nobody's gettin' murdered. It's only the lady from San Francisco."

"Indeed?" said Willis. "And what is the matter with her?"

Hank tapped his forehead significantly, with an expression of pity on his rugged face.

"Off," said he, "clean crazy, poor girl, but harmless, sir, as harmless as a kitten."

Willis gasped. Merciful heavens, had he lunched with a lunatic? Was it possible that beneath that clear gaze dwelt a disordered mind?

"What is she doing here?" he inquired, with a strange sense of sympathy and horror combined.

"Came down on the stage day before yesterday—was taken with a spell up the road and went plumb out of her head. Her folks have been sent for, and we expect somebody up in a day or so to take her home. She gets some pretty bad fits once in a while; thinks she's bein' chased by some one—the devil himself, I guess, poor soul, from the way she yells. But she quiets down, and we let her come and go as she pleases. A little thing like her couldn't harm anybody."

Willis listened with increasing surprise. It had not occurred to him that the lady from San Francisco seemed either weak or little. In fact, watching her graceful exit from the dining-room he had likened her to "a daughter of the gods, divinely tall." Doubtless Hank's spouse was a mountain daisy who could tip the scales at two hundred, and therefore it was quite natural that others of her sex appeared fragile to her husband's enlarged ideas.

"If there's anything I can do for her," he began, feeling it his duty to assist a townswoman in distress, but the landlord interrupted him.

"Bless you, no," said he; "she's in good hands; wants to be humored a little, that's all."

He retired early, and slept until three in the morning, when he was disturbed by sounds above, as of some one crying, and through the darkness fancied he heard soothing words spoken. He breakfasted alone, and Hank informed him that she had passed a very restless night.

"Take good care of her," he said, obeying an impulse, as Hank handed up his valise, then, turning to look back at the house, he caught a glimpse of a girl's face at an upper window, but the curtain was instantly drawn.

Several weeks later he was sitting behind a newspaper in a cable car, en route to the New City Hall. There were no vacant seats, and when the car stopped to take on another passenger, Willis, rising mechanically, came face to face with—the lady from San Francisco. She thanked him with a faint smile that suggested no recognition of him, and Willis blushed to the roots of his closely cropped hair as he lifted his hat.

It was a month before he saw her again. As he was coming out of the Occidental with a client she passed, a radiant vision of health in a street gown that set off her glowing color and lithe figure to perfection.

"Pretty girl, that," remarked Digby, his client, with the discriminating and indifferent air of a connoisseur in feminine beauty, "and well fixed, too," he added.

"Do you know her?" asked Willis, eagerly, his heart beating ridiculously fast.

"Only by sight. Ames is the name—Edith Ames. I know her dad; fine old man and awfully fond of her. Deuced nice girl, I guess."

Willis was suddenly imbued with a burning desire to choke his informant and then pitch him across Montgomery Street. He had always thought Digby a prig. It was insufferable to hear the fellow speak in that patronizing tone of a woman with the face of an angel and the bearing of an empress. But Digby might know more.

"Is her mother living?" he inquired, with assumed carelessness.

"No. The girl is mistress of the Ames mansion out on Pine Street," Digby replied. "The old man took it pretty hard when he lost his wife at Napa three years ago, and his son at Stockton not long after. They say he fairly dotes on his daughter."

Willis's heart sank within him. Hereditary insanity! No man in his senses would think twice of a girl with that most awful of all family skeletons rattling its bones about his ears. Of course, he was a fool to let himself be influenced by her charms against his better judgment. But all that day a pair of large brown eyes came between him and his briefs, and at night he dreamed vividly that he was back in Middleton, suffering from a wound in the head, inflicted by the lady from San Francisco, who, in a fit of mental aberration, had flung a fork at him; while Hank Davis towered over him and ordered the sagacious Breeches to go and see if the down stage were coming.

By one of those accidents that convince us that the world is a very small place, Willis met Miss Ames in the conventional introductory manner a few evenings later at a party. Accompanied by the friend who had persuaded him into going, he entered the brilliantly lighted room. There was a murmur of voices, some delicious music, and almost before he could realize the situation they were waltzing together. Her father being called away, it fell to Willis's lot to accompany her home. Of course, he was invited to call, and equally, of course, he went as soon as a decent length of time had elapsed. He found, as he had alternately hoped and feared, that she was the ideal of his imagination. Her personality was irresistible. He had been paying her marked attention for some weeks when one evening the conversation turned on traveling. They were examining some views of Northern California.

"I cannot endure the sight of this," she remarked, with a shudder, selecting a photograph and consigning it to the open grate. "It reminds me of Middleton and my unpleasant experiences there," she added, and immediately changed the topic.

Willis shivered despite the warmth of the room. It was the first allusion she had ever made to the place, mention of which he had, of course, studiously avoided, and it carried him back with disagreeable distinctness to Hank's gesture and brutal summary—"Off—clean crazy." She was the most adorable girl in the world, and she did not dislike him. Her father, too, had spoken highly of him to others. But even if Edith loved him as deeply as he worshiped her, could he marry her with the knowledge of what had happened, and what would inevitably happen again? And that was not all. What if there were children to perpetuate the curse? The cold

drops stood out on his forehead as he bade her good-night, resolving never to set foot in such a fool's paradise again.

Weeks went by and poor Willis worked so hard at his profession that his partner noticed his haggard looks and advised him to take a rest. It was at this time that he appeared for the defense in a murder case that had caused much excitement in town, securing an acquittal for his client on the ground of temporary insanity, and making so eloquent a plea that he surprised even those acquainted with his talent. The day following he met Miss Ames on Kearny Street. She betrayed no compassion at his gaunt appearance, and bowed with marked coldness, whereat Willis felt unreasonably crushed. It did not occur to him that a young lady whom he had glaringly neglected for no apparent cause could scarcely be expected to greet him effusively. That week he started for New York. While there he ran across an old friend who piloted him around zealously, and partially succeeded in bracing up his spirits.

"Confound me if I don't think you're in love, Heath," said his companion one day. "You have all the symptoms, anyway. Some pretty California girl, I'll be bound. Speaking of pretty girls reminds me of Edith Ames. Do you know the Ames people? Ah, I suppose you've heard of their misfortunes? By the way, I wish you would do me a favor, regarding some matters I have been attending to for Edith. I'm an old friend of the family, you know."

Ten days later Miss Ames swept into the drawing-room, a distractingly becoming gown of old rose silk trailing about her and a look of polite welcome on her face. Willis delivered his messages and they conversed on various topics for a few moments. Then followed a constrained silence. That something had come between the two young people was so evident, even the tiny Hindoo idol on the mantel seemed conscious of it, and one could almost have traced on his diminutive features a wicked leer.

"You remind me of the first time I ever saw you," said Miss Ames finally. "Do you remember the rainy day you arrived at Middleton?"

Her caller started. Remember it! It had marked the turning-point of his life.

"You were in that barn of a dining-room," she continued in retrospective musical tones, "and when you were struggling with the fare before you, you've no idea how dreadfully you scowled. I think I would have laughed outright if I had not been so anxious about Alice."

"Alice?" repeated her caller, interrogatively.

"Yes. Did you never hear the story? We had been visiting my uncle and were on the way home when my poor friend went suddenly insane. We stopped over at Middleton until her brother came. It was very dreadful," she added, rising and tapping a little foot nervously upon the carpet. "There is a great deal of misery in the world, is there not, Mr. Heath?" she said, with a seriousness he had never seen in her before. "Ever since mamma was taken with heart disease at our Napa ranch and my brother was accidentally shot in the Stockton marshes——"

Willis sprang to his feet, a great joy shining in his eyes.

"Oh, Edith!" he cried, vehemently. "Thank Heaven for what you have just said!"

Miss Ames looked inexpressibly shocked.

"Poor mamma and brother——" she began.

"I don't mean that," interrupted Willis, excitedly. "Can you, will you ever forgive me? Do you not see how mistaken I've been?"

"I can see that you are quite irresponsible, Mr. Heath," she answered, coldly.

"Oh, I'm not crazy," exclaimed Willis, who felt as though Mount Tamalpais had suddenly rolled off him. "Neither are you, and that's why I'm so happy, and why I stayed away, Edith," he added, incoherently.

"I do not understand you," said that young lady, haughtily.

But she did a few minutes later.

"I'd like to speak to you a minute," he said, as he met a patrolman at the corner of Michigan Avenue and Wayne Street the other evening. "All right. What is it?" "About six months ago I met you down by the City Hall one afternoon." "Well?" "I was after a marriage license, and asked you where to go." "Yes." "When you found I was going to be married, you laid your hand on my shoulder in a fatherly way and said: 'Young man, pause and reflect.' Do you remember?" "Yes, I think so." "Well, your words struck home. I paused and reflected. I did not get a license." "No!" "And I didn't get married." "You didn't, eh? Well, I am glad if advice of mine prevented you from taking a step which you might hereafter regret. Do you want any more advice?" "Well, yes. The girl sued me for breach of promise and got a verdict of $2000, and cleaned me out of my last cent." "Young man," said the officer, "you move on."

NEGRO LIFE IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

CHARLES MOISE.

In South Carolina negro life can be seen in all of its natural characteristics. Until recent years there has been comparatively no education among the negroes of this section. A few exceptions, however, have been noticeable where moderate proficiency in book-learning has been attained, some of the men having even advanced to the positions of holding public offices; but such instances have numbered very few, the great majority of the negroes being almost totally lacking in educational accomplishments.

When kindly treated by the whites, the negroes are in turn courteous and obliging. Large families are the rule, and a general family gathering on a bright Sunday at the residence of the old folks is often to be seen. The members heartily enjoy the society of one another, and those who have not vehicles will walk miles to complete these Sunday *ensembles*.

Marriage is universally observed. An old bachelor is hardly ever to be found, and an old maid is equally as scarce. Children are taught to become useful almost as soon as they can walk, and before that time they require but little attention. After an infant is dressed in the morning by its mother it is given a seat in the yard, where, in company with a sociably inclined dog, the baby passes the time rolling, crawling, and creeping about, until one day he makes the discovery that he can stand on his feet and walk by himself, whereupon he graduates from the company of the dog, and is given some light work, such as bringing small pieces of wood into the house, or other light occupation, probably calculated to keep him in a healthy state of body and mind, commencing from as early a date as possible.

PICKING COTTON.

"'CASE I WILL, BILL."

When the season of cotton harvesting comes around, large numbers of negroes find occupation in this work. When harvested, cotton has the seed in, which somewhat increases its weight over the state in which it is seen outside of cotton-growing countries. The price paid for gathering this crop is one-half cent per pound. A very industrious person will gather one hundred pounds per day. Large wages cannot be earned at this work by any one person, but where several members of a family combine their efforts a fair living can be made at it.

Eccentric characters are often found among the negroes. An amusing instance once came to the notice of the writer, where a young woman engaged herself to a white family in the capacity of cook, and, although her work was satisfactory in all respects, she had the peculiarity of never giving a direct answer to any question that was put to her. She impressed one with the idea that she desired to leave a loophole in all cases through which she might escape in case of an emergency. For instance, she was once asked if she had fed a certain dog on the premises, whereupon she replied, "I put the feed in the pan and put the pan in the yard." Desiring (for amusement) to ascertain whether she would really not answer positively in the negative or affirmative, the foregoing question was followed by the inquiry as to whether or not the dog ate what she gave it, to which she replied, "I see the dog had he nose in the pan."

A great deal of natural musical ability is found among the negroes. Their music is not of a high order, but it is always harmonious and pleasing to the ear. Instrumentalists are quite scarce, vocal music being their stronghold. A group of colored people seldom work together in the open air but what a song is commenced, generally participated in by all hands, and the voices soon become so well blended that the most critical musician would find it well worth listening to. The banjo is their favorite instrument. A superstition long believed in by them is, that the quickest way to learn to play upon this instrument is to sit upon a crossroad on Sunday and practise. Their music is all by ear.

As a general rule the negroes of Carolina are law-abiding and peaceable. This rule, however, is not without its exceptions. Desperados are occasionally discovered among them, and a continual menace to the whites is that, when the ire of such negroes is aroused, they will resort to incendiarism as a means of revenge. Such cases, however, are rare.

Within the last two decades good schools have been established for these people. They are conducted on the improved plan, and largely attended by juveniles. They have tended to greatly improve the order of the people.

This, That and the Other

LILLIAN FERGUSON.

Some day, perchance, when creeping on apace,
Millennium itself, delayed, hath come,
The gods in wrath will fling thro' endless space
Each woman with a wad of chewing gum.

We Californians are a great people, but we have two very serious faults. One of them relates to our "glorious" climate. We love to find fault with this weather of ours, especially in San Francisco. No people on earth have so little to complain of on the score of climate as do we, yet we are chronic growlers nevertheless. Of the 365 days in the year we grudgingly praise the perfections of a possible five. The other 360 are targets of our displeasure. It is always too cold, too hot, too wet, too windy, too foggy, or too something else for us. Grumble we must. Faultfinding is our pet diversion. We are, of course, loyal—oh, dear, yes. Loyalty itself. We would not permit a stranger within our gates to thus malign our boasted climate, but as to our privileges in berating it ourselves, that is quite another matter. In this, we are very much like the man who was asked why he persisted in beating his wife. "Has she done anything to deserve it?" was the query put to him. "No," was the reply, "but she belongs to me, and I've got a right to beat her if I want to."

The climate belongs to us, and perhaps that is the reason why we abuse it.

As to our other fault, it is a sin of omission. We do not appreciate the native talent at our doors. There are those among us toiling for recognition, for appreciation in their several lines of usefulness to the arts—to music, science, the canvas, literature. And we do not care. Californians are sadly indifferent to their own. But when these workers have gone forth to the great world, have been seen and heard of other men and other women, have won the laurels that we denied them because too indifferent to bestow them—then do we rouse from our lethargy, rub our eyes, and give them the applause they no longer need. For success is sufficient unto itself; it is when we are struggling onward and upward that we crave encouragement. We do not abuse our local talent in art and literature. We merely neglect it. It is ours, you know, and so—we "have a right to." But isn't it about time we reformed?

It matters not, when I am dead,
If flowers bloom above my bed
Or any stone lie at my head.

For oh, if they served not to guide
Your footsteps sometimes to my side,
My soul would be unsatisfied.

But if you, with your old-time grace,
Should lean your dear, familiar face
Above my lonely resting-place,

And whisper, "Sweet, though thou art dead
My love is to thy mem'ry wed"—
My spirit would be comforted.

A noticeable number of grand opera stars are now shining in the vaudeville firmament, as well as actors and actresses, who at the outset of their careers would have sniffed scornfully at the idea of a vaudeville destiny. The reason of their change of heart is a simple one. The ghost walks with clocklike regularity in the realm of successful first-class vaudeville, while disappointment and empty pockets, to say nothing of collapsed interiors, too frequently are the portion of the so-called higher-grade artists in the amusement profession. And, after all, it is money that talks. What is elusive ambition compared with solid coin of the realm? Art is long, but the face of the artist is longer when he feels the pangs of hunger gnawing at the vitals of genius. A singer with a grand opera voice and name is likely to get more remuneration for his "turn" on the vaudeville stage than for an evening's arduous performance on the operatic stage. His notes command bank notes and his heart is glad, and he warbles the more tunefully because of this. A heavy purse will make a light heart. Apropos of vaudeville, the Orpheum in this city imports the best talent in the world, and pays the largest salaries of any playhouse in San Francisco. And sometimes, when I seek distraction there of a Saturday night and try to discover through the Havana and three-for-five smoke that imparts a dreaminess to the vision, how the monologue "artist" can make one set of jaws do service for a lifetime, and how the lady artist can manage to wear so few clothes and evade the clutches of the law—it is then that I see how convenient a thing it is to carry one's alleged brain in one's heels, and draw a princely stipend for the turning of a handspring or the cutting of a pigeon wing. And I quite forget the ink that infests the day when I observe how gaily the vaudevillist smiles, as one who would say: "Why scribblest thou, O slave, when fame and fortune may be had for a topical song, a new variety of wink, and gown patterned after Eve's wardrobe?"

Why, indeed?

ENVIRONMENT.

The wildflower nodding to the breeze
That fanned it from its seedling birth
Droops with a grief that no one sees,
Transplanted from the mother-earth.

A bird imprisoned rarely sings
And, flight impossible to win,
Will cease erewhile to beat its wings
Against the bars that shut it in.

My soul no more for freedom pleads;
My heart, indifferent to fate,
Is like a garden grown with weeds
Where not a hand unlocks the gate.

To

THE ANGLER
THE HUNTER AND
THE CAMPER.

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OF CALIFORNIA.

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Those who contemplate paying a visit to any of the southeastern pleasure resorts on the Chatham and Dover Company's line can obtain a list of apartments and boarding-houses, etc., free of charge, by writing to the Traffic Manager at Victoria Station. Americans intending to visit the Continent should consult Mr. A. Thorne, the American representative of the Company, who will make rough places smooth and everything comfortable with that fatherly care which will make you wish you had known him earlier.

Many people do not realize that in order to get the full benefits of a country outing it is really necessary and much more enjoyable to visit a resort that is some distance from large cities. Klamath Hot Springs at Beswick, Siskiyou County, is one of the most attractive of this character, being 2700 feet above sea level. It is open all the year, the scenery is beautiful, and the trout and salmon fishing unequaled, to say nothing of the various kinds of sport in the hunting line.

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John W. Carmany, No. 25 Kearny Street, leading shirtmaker and men's furnisher. Spring styles now ready.

Borax—My wife makes a little money go a long way these times.

Samjones—So does mine, unfortunately. She's always subscribing for missions in Africa and Polynesia.

Some things are not exactly as they look;
It may be a coincidence, of course,
But when did ever any man divorce
A wife who had a record as a cook?

Penelope—Oh, dear, my watch has stopped again!

Kate—Perhaps you have forgotten to wind it. When did it stop?

Penelope—How can I tell? I haven't been holding it to my ear all day.

THAT REMINDS ME.

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"No man ever obtained anything worth having without working hard for it," said Mrs. Bickers to her husband, who was in a discouraged mood.

"Quite true," replied Mr. Bickers, reflectively; "I remember that I obtained you without the slightest difficulty."

Cholly—I notice you have dropped youah English accent.

Chappie—Yes; it is so awfully American to be English nowadays.

Irate father—When I die, I shall leave you without a penny.

Calm son—Certainly. You can't take money along, you know.

He—How can I ever repay you for that delightful waltz, Miss Golightly?

She (whose train has suffered)—Oh, don't repay *me*. Settle with my dressmaker!"

New Boarder—What's the row upstairs?

Landlady—It's the professor of hypnotism trying to get his wife's permission to go out this evening.

He—I understand your friend Juliet made quite a triumph down at the opera house last night.

She—Yes; she succeeded in getting her salary.

A very small boy was trying to lead a big St. Bernard up the road. "What are you going to do with that dog?" asked a kindly gentleman. "I can't make up my mind," was the answer; "not till I find out what the dog thinks o' doin' with me!"

A—Does bicycle riding give people plenty of exercise?

B—I should say it did! You ought to see the people dodging us in the streets.

Mrs. O'Brien—I come in ter borry your new hat, Mrs. Mulligan.

Mrs. Mulligan—I was goin' ter wear it mesilf, Mrs. O'Brien.

Mrs. O'Brien—Och! would yer wear it out whin it looks so muce loike rain.

Tourist—The landlord tells me, my dear, that no one is allowed up this part of the mountain without a special permit signed by the police.

His Spouse—Indeed, John; I suppose that is what they call a mountain pass.

Father—I am inexpressibly shocked. Your mother tells me that you are engaged to three young men.

Daughter—It's all right, papa. They are all football players, and when the season closes I can marry the survivor.

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AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

PRICE FIFTEEN CENTS. *JUNE, 1897.* SAN FRANCISCO AND LOS ANGELES, CAL.

OUR SUMMER CORRESPONDENT.

Hotel Del Monte

NO ONE picture or group of pictures can do more than serve as a suggestion of the great attractions of Del Monte. There is such a wide variety, and everything is on such a broad scale, that from no one standpoint can the story be told; and while we have attempted in the above cut to illustrate interesting bits of the grounds, hotel, etc., there are scores and scores of other scenes of equal interest and attractiveness. It is yet to be placed on record that any stranger has visited this resort and been other than agreeably disappointed. Everything is up to (and beyond) the brag. The grounds and flowers are a revelation, the eighteen-mile drive around the ocean shore and back through the sweet-smelling pine forests is a marvel, and the hotel itself is as near perfection in all its appointments as it is possible to reach. It is little less than criminal for strangers visiting California to miss seeing Del Monte.

THE TRAVELER.

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THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

WM. V. BRYAN, Editor and Proprietor.

General Office, 20 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

FREDERIC MAYER, 7, RUE BALLU, PARIS, FRANCE, GENERAL EUROPEAN AGENT.

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THE TRAVELER'S BUREAU,

conducted in connection with THE TRAVELER, will furnish, *without charge*, reliable information about any hotel, summer or winter resort, railway or steamship line, country lands, guides, etc. Call upon or write to us at any time.

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NOW THAT the summer season is fairly upon us, and society at large is in process of emigrating from the noise and bustle of the large cities to the "restful quiet" of the seaside and the mountains, we may be prepared to be deluged for the next three months with the stereotyped jokes and pictorial caricatures of the so-styled "summer girl." You will be unable to pick up an illustrated weekly which will not have for a frontispiece or a double-page interior some highly-colored and improbable situation, with the proverbial light parasol, with delicate lace fringing, overtopping a typical aristocrat in organdie or gingham, and terminating with the long-pointed tan shoes which, perhaps, display just enough of a well-turned ankle, encased in old gold, to prove interesting. The expression of the face may portray anything from coquetry to disdain, pique, or a frigid *hauteur*, according to the requirements of the caption; but to complete the picture there is always a "man in the case," with linen trousers turned up at the bottom and suspended by a leathern girth, a straight-brimmed hat, negligee shirt, and a general effect of conscious irresistibility. He may be reclining in submissive consideration, or posing at full length, erect; but in any event you will probably find a caption something like this:

George—If lovie died, what'd dovie do?

Maud—Dovie'd die, too!

And so these interpretations of the summer girl, while assuredly depicted with some degree of foundation, are nevertheless a pathetic and exasperating exaggeration of frivolity and senselessness that is truly nauseating and tiresome.

Then again is the inevitable scene at the seashore, until shapely and unshapely damsels in variegated habiliments become a positive monotony. In both senses of the word this disposition to represent resort life as it is, is most highly and unnaturally colored.

Let us, though, eliminate the exaggerated features, and we still have a sufficient element of frivolity, coquetry, and shallow-brained specimens of humanity to invite caustic criticism and disgust.

The first and most repugnant feature of life at the Springs is gossip, where it holds sway with an added virulency and an impertinent inquisitiveness that would never be tolerated "at home." It seems to be the inherent "right" of many of the guests to put the new comer under cross-examination as to his pedigree and present "condition of servitude," and you may be sure that all the badness and family skeletons will rise to the surface like oil upon troubled waters, but his virtues (if he has any) are hidden beyond penetration, unless, indeed, one of them may be the size of his bank account, which bobs up more buoyantly than all his sins put together. In that event his "reputation" is established, and he can thereafter flirt with impunity, take mama's youngest daughter out to the hammocks, the tennis court, and other forbidden recesses, without fear of criticism.

OVER THE HILLS TO BERKELEY.

TRAVELERS to New York City will no doubt be pleased to learn that during May a greatly improved ferry system has been inaugurated between Jersey City and New York, via the Pennsylvania Railroad. The terminus at New York City is at the foot of Twenty-third Street, thereby landing passengers nearly two and one-half miles nearer the center of the city than by the old route. Those who have ever visited New York will remember that Twenty-third Street leads to the heart of the retail, mercantile, and hotel section at the joining of Broadway and Fifth Avenue, and is by far the most desirable point at which to enter the city. A fully equipped cab line will be conducted from the depot at the foot of Twenty-third Street throughout New York, at moderate prices. The depot is up to date in every respect, is built mostly of steel, and occupies a space of 200x245 feet. Above the depot are two additional stories, which are given up to large and comfortable waiting-rooms, baggage-room, lobby, and covered cab stand. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company in building this new structure have had in mind the comfort of the traveler, and it will no doubt be much appreciated by all those who visit the metropolis.

A GLIMPSE OF THE SAN GABRIEL VALLEY.

MYRA H. RANDALL.

A MAGAZINE article, in 1873, gave to expectant travelers to California explicit directions as to routes, the clothes necessary for such an undertaking, the baskets of lunch to be provided, and finished with a description of a Pullman car, of which the writer says, "I am told that it is possible to engage a drawing-room from New York to Chicago." It seems, read in the light of to-day, as if she must have been writing of the antipodes. True, six days and five nights from Chicago to San Francisco would seem an endless journey to the patrons of the "Flyers" that now come through in one-half the time.

The writer's travels seem to have been confined principally to the north, but closes an interesting article as follows: "The discomforts, the heat and dust, the weariness by the way, are soon forgotten, while the novelty and freshness, the beautiful sights, the wider horizon, the increased compass and comprehension, remain to refresh us always," which is still as true as twenty odd years ago.

Another writer, who visited this section ten years later, gives a description that is also hard to realize as in accordance with the country that we see to-day, particularly of Los Angeles and vicinity. The population of the city was then about 14,000, and with its narrow streets and few fine blocks did not impress one very favorably, although he saw great possibilities when the Southern Pacific Railroad should be completed. It is not probable, however, that he could have foreseen the growth and development of the city to one of 100,000, famous for its fine residences, broad streets and avenues, its parks and beautiful surroundings, and he deplored the lack of tropical features in the vegetation. In the writer's drives about the country he mentions with enthusiastic praise the villages of San Gabriel, Pasadena or Indiana Colony, Santa Anita, Sierra Madre, as being fine settlements, giving the preference to Sierra Madre, built against the mountainside, but saying of all, "The dwellings are those of people of means and a certain taste."

SNAP SHOTS EN ROUTE.

While nearly all travelers in those early days were carried away by the beauty and mildness of the climate, and by the prodigality of the soil, few indeed could have pictured in their imagination the marvelous beauty and the unique and varied picturesqueness of the San Gabriel Valley, that "reclines with her head pillowed on high mountains and her feet washed by the ocean," as she is to-day—dotted with the homes of millionaires from every part of the Union, and with prosperous ranches, while every tree and shrub that have been transplanted to this soil have become part and parcel of her wealth of vegetation.

When in 1771 the Franciscan Fathers established the Mission of San Gabriel, they chose a spot on the banks of the river of the same name some miles to the south of where the present Mission is now located, the change having been made about 1774 or 1775. It was then described as an earthly Paradise, for the fertility of the soil was such that large crops were harvested, and the flocks of sheep and herds of cattle, often numbering into the tens of thousands, were also the means of accumulating immense fortunes for the Mission.

The *tunas* or broad-leaved cactus hedge that the padres planted about the Mission lands and village remains intact for long distances, and is a picturesque feature of the landscape. When covered with the thousands of gorgeous yellow and pink blossoms, or studded with its prickly fruit, it is a sight well worth seeing.

The oldest settlement is Spadra (Toybipet-na), another Indian village, which is only lovely in its surroundings. The dozen or more houses and stores have seen their best days, and there is no sign of future prosperity, although in a fertile and well-watered region.

Monrovia, Duarte, Azusa, Covina, and Alhambra, situated among their groves of lemons and oranges, are thriving and prosperous towns; but Pasadena is rightly named, The Crown of the Valley.

Only twenty years ago and sheep were pastured where now stands the adobe palace; only ten and twelve years ago and orange groves were tenants of the broad avenues and fine gardens: for the years that have made no perceptible change in Eastern towns have seen the fairest spot in this land of sunshine grow from a scattered hamlet to a city, unrivaled in its homes and their surroundings.

While much is due, no doubt, to the enterprise and money of her citizens, ample measure must be given to climate; for without that the marvelous changes, in a few weeks' time, of a weed-grown corner to a velvet sward, flowers, palms, and trees growing in luxuriance, would be an impossibility; but climate, water—California's magician—and transplantation bring about changes that make Nature's slower methods out of date. It is almost miraculous to those from the frozen East who arrive here at the beginning of our winter to see the apparently dry, sandy wastes, the gray, rocky foothills, blossom and bloom with myriads of flowers, the mountainsides become green with the chaparral of manzanita, buckthorn, wild lilac, and various shrubs, while the fields of grain are as of June "back East"; all this the result of a soft-falling rain that would seem to be barely enough to lay the dust after the long, dry months of summer, but which does cause the "land to awake to a life as abundant as it is surprising."

Of the roses, the Paul Neron, which is about as large as even California can grow, a photograph of one seven inches in diameter was sent East, the recipient of which wrote, "We have the same kind here, but they are green and are called cabbages." What would the answer have been to tales of geraniums twenty feet in height, fuchsias that climb to the roof and cover the side of a house, trees of heliotrope, and a rose vine that bears at one time 150,000 Gold of Ophir roses? The castor-bean plant often reaches a height of thirty feet, with a diameter of twelve or fourteen inches, deserving surely to be called a tree. But why enumerate when it is safe to say that everything that grows elsewhere will grow here, and that a Californian will promise that it shall be larger than elsewhere? These statements remind one of the Jack and the Beanstalk tale, but they are true nevertheless.

While the homes of Pasadena and her sister towns owe much to the wealth of vines and flowers that so soon become a part of them, there is a style of architecture that is particularly well adapted to this section, and is now much *en vogue*. With the example of the missions before us it would be strange indeed if the idea had not sooner or later become identified with, and incorporated in, the plans of modern dwellings. The result is already seen in the many arched and stuccoed business blocks and residences of the day.

THE CALIFORNIA SCHOOL OF MECHANICAL ARTS.

LILLIAN E. PURDY.

THE machinery was buzzing, lathes were turning, anvils sounding, viands cooking, when I visited the California School of Mechanical Arts one morning; and I thought as I walked from the broad, cool halls of the Academic Department to the noisy, busy scene of the mechanical work, "Here is a school that reaches the very core of the matter of education! Here, in truth, is a school that fits men and women for the actual, practical work of life! Its graduates have served their apprenticeship, and now may step into the field of labor and competition with the feeling that they have gained a foothold in the world and with the right to demand a place in it."

The California School of Mechanical Arts, situated on the corner of Utah and Sixteenth Streets, is a trades school which has the honor of being the largest of its kind in America, and the only school of apprenticeships west of the Rocky Mountains. With the advance of education the necessity for manual training has made itself felt almost universally, and we have the elements of carpentry, cooking, and sewing taught in our public schools, but the girl or boy who completes the course of these schools has only a superficial knowledge of the mechanical branches, valuable, indeed, whatever may be his walk in life, but insufficient as a means of gaining a livelihood. Now, the school founded by Mr. James Lick, and completed in 1895, goes farther than this; it offers not only an academic course which broadens the general intelligence, and a manual training course which acquaints the student with tools and materials, science and art, but it also gives each student "a thorough knowledge of the technique of some one industrial pursuit from which he may earn a good living."

MAIN BUILDINGS—FRONT VIEW.

CARPENTER SHOP.

And all these advantages are free to every California boy or girl who has a taste for the work, good intentions, and can stand the test required for entrance to the last of the grammar grades of the public schools. What more could be done for the young man or woman starting out in life?

Let us look for a moment at the work that is being done in the various workrooms and shops. Here is the carpentry department, well supplied with lathes, tools, and work tables. Each student, in overalls, jumper, and cap is busy planning or turning a bit of wood that is designed for part of a cabinet, a pattern, or perhaps for some piece of apparatus needed in the school building, all extra supplies or repairs being made by the students.

Or, if you visit the school on a "casting" day, the busiest scene will greet you in the foundry. The sand molds are all prepared, and a row of students seated along the side of the room are ready for their observation lesson, while others, whose duty it is to assist the instructor, are waiting for the word that sets everything in motion. The rumbling of the melted pig-iron in the cupola has an ominous sound. But soon you forget about that, for the plug is removed and a flaming stream rushes down the trough into buckets that are supported by iron rods and held by students. All is bustle and stir. The professor calls out his orders and assists the boys in carrying the metal and pouring it into the molds. On the following day all these casts will have been removed to the blacksmith-shop, where they are hammered and smoothed until they are ready for the machinist's finishing touch.

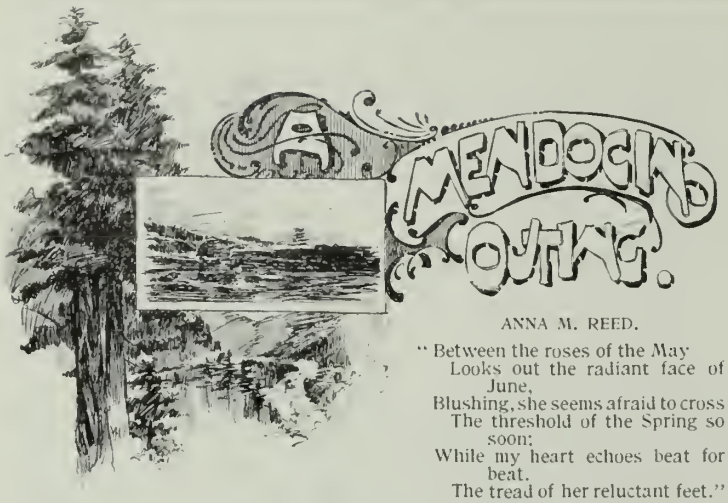
The cooking department is equally interesting, particularly if a banquet is in process of preparation. The menu, which includes a well-chosen variety of soup, salad, roast, vegetables, entrees, and dessert, is written upon the blackboard, and to each student is assigned the making or preparation of one dish.

One girl, in immaculate white cap and apron, stands at the porcelain-lined sink washing celery for the salad. Another, in the same dainty costume—for this is the uniform of the culinary department—is watching the roast in the oven of the large gas stove. Still another has just finished making a silver cake. The teacher stands behind her long table to supervise her work, or moves among the girls to offer suggestions. All conceivable dishes, from the boiling of potatoes to invalid cookery are taught.

The bits of bright color in the form of flowers, ribbons, and chiffon on the tables of the millinery department have a special attraction for the feminine eye; and the feminine intelligence will look further than that and see the great usefulness in preparing girls for millinery work. The course, excluding the preceding work in plain sewing, may be completed in six months; but the plan is to have the girls enter the shops for a time as a part of their apprenticeship. Dressmaking is carried on with equal thoroughness, and includes the designing and manufacture of tea gowns, princess dresses, tailor-finished suits, and jackets.

COOKING SCHOOL.

The trades and technical courses taught in the school comprise carpentery, pattern-making, forging, molding, machine-shop practise, machine drawing, architectural drawing, technical design, modeling, wood-carving, cookery, dressmaking, millinery, and the preparatory for technical college course. The first two years of the course are devoted to general industrial and academic work, but at the beginning of the third year each student is required to decide upon a trade in which he must serve an apprenticeship of two years.



ANNA M. REED.

"Between the roses of the May
Looks out the radiant face of June,
Blushing, she seems afraid to cross
The threshold of the Spring so soon;
While my heart echoes beat for beat.
The tread of her reluctant feet."

So sang a "lady fair" on the banks of the Gualala, as her companion pulled up the row-boat to help her in for a trip up the river. "Why do you quote such things," said he, "you make me feel like breaking loose in unbridled poetry in reciprocation; I can do a little in that line myself, you know, but in life in a great city a man gets much of it knocked out of him, and loses sight of things poetical, particularly *verse*."

"Yes," said she, "but with me it is quite different. Poetry is a motive power; just as you lift our boat along with that splendid stroke of yours, so the poetry in this soul of mine helps me through the difficulties and confusions of this life."

"If I were not afraid of losing my balance, I would rise and acknowledge that compliment with my best bow. That 'splendid stroke' of mine is about all that is left me of the attainments I won some years ago at college. And if you are steering this boat please avoid the bank, or 'poetry as a motive power' may lead to our possible destruction."

"Come, now, all jests aside, can this scenery and climate be surpassed in the world? Admit that you are glad that I prevailed upon you to give the Sierras the 'go by,' and induced you to take an outing in Mendocino with our party this year."

"Well, if this river and the surroundings are a fair sample, Mendocino certainly offers to the tourist rare possibilities for rest and recreation."

"This *is* a fair sample, but in a territory large as the State of Connecticut the variety is endless, from the time when almond blossoms and lilacs bloom, incarnate with the spirit of the spring, until the crimson of the wild grape leaf and the yellow of the maple mark the winding of her streams with a line of living fire. I am dropping into poetry again, you see, but let me tell you something that will appeal to your more practical mind: this belt of redwood, where we will camp along the coast, represents more wealth, as it stands to-day, than the assessed value of this whole State. Here game and fish abound; look at the profusion of wild fruit—I see along this river bank the blackberry, salmon berry, huckleberry, and many other varieties of small fruit, all tempting us with their shining crimson and blue-black clusters; and it is so along all the highways of the coast. I was much impressed by the seeming tropical luxuriance of all forms of plant life, exceeding anything known in any other portion of the temperate zone. Look, for instance, at those gigantic and gorgeous rose-pink and white Rhododendrons growing in that little opening there, they are blooming everywhere along the coast at this season—and have you seen the Redwood lilies, so called because they bloom only in redwood forests? They send up tall and stately stems, bearing sometimes more than twenty waxen blossoms, first white, sprinkled with tiny crimson spots; the flower a little later turning a delicate pink and lavender, and always with rare fragrance, indescribably sweet, something like that of the wild Azalea, which grows here in abundance. See! there is a lovely cluster hanging right over the stream, row under and let us fill the boat and take them back with us to embellish the camp. Do you know, I think that I am just a little bit selfish to allow you to take me for this morning row up this beautiful river when I know there is at least one young lady in camp who will be inconsolable until your return. But you can make these glorious blossoms an offering, and your neglect will be condoned. You are a patient listener to my eulogistic discourse on my favorite theme. I love Mendocino; all the tenderest recollections of my life are entwined with her history; and now to these will be added the memory of this morning, whose radiance falls so gratefully across the cares and confusions which beset my life. Do you notice the peculiarity of the atmosphere here? It seems a natural tonic for heart and brain; and all this is intensified in the valleys of the Coast Range; without exaggeration, they seem like places overlooked when the primitive Eden was eliminated from a sin-touched world. And could they be reached by an easy transportation, or if their existence and location were fully realized, they would be the Mecca to whose shrine admiring pilgrims would come from all the world. The interior of the county offers to the geologist and the naturalist a rare field for investigation and diversion. Its flowers and ferns, its birds and butterflies, its yet undeveloped coal fields—the largest in the world—its latent mineral wealth, its scenery and climate, which, like this, is always fit for the inspiration of the artist and the poet—all this combined make up a territory rich and rare beyond any possible description. But you will see it all for yourself, thanks to your wise decision to join us. Would you believe that in this beautiful county, so rich in natural resources and the conditions conducive to prosperity, there are yet one million acres of unoccupied land? So it not only offers inducement to the tourist and pleasure-seeker, but also to those looking for homes, and a safe investment for capital.

IN THE MOUNTAINS. *Taber photo.*

"With the extension of the San Francisco and North Pacific Railway, a wonderful region will be thrown open to settlers, and an era of prosperity for Northern California inaugurated, the results of which cannot be fully predicted now. Ukiah, the county seat, the present terminus of the railroad, has a population of nearly three thousand, with a beautiful court house, high school, and public school buildings, a convent school, and these all surrounded by beautiful homes, and the great advantages of charming and healthful location. 'We have been passing through a time of great depression, but in the lumber, hop, and wool interests of Mendocino County are involved millions of dollars of capital, and some of the best manhood and ability of the State. And when the wave of returning prosperity gives to this sleeping princess of the north the kiss of her awakening, she will take her place in the van of progress, leading this great western commonwealth on to the fulfilment of its destiny. Until then we bide our time, loyal to the charms of our fair sovereign, and waiting always to welcome her guests with the glad hand of hospitality.

"What! nearly noon? Well, let the boat drift back. They will wonder at camp where we have been so long; we will tell them for a trip to fairyland—for such seems this bright river, bearing its eternal message to the sea. To-morrow, I suppose, you join the fishing party, but I will stay in camp and write. 'Do I not like the sport, myself?' Well, no; I do not like the idea of being the cause of shutting away the sights of this bright world from any living thing. To me the deer are but the personified spirit of these glorious woods, and the fish but lower forms of created intelligence. No, I will never become 'the woman who is to be'; I do not fish, nor hunt, nor ride a wheel. But I am not too 'goody-good,' nor do I love decent things to dullness, and I'm *maliciously glad* that I have kept you away from the girls in camp all of this lovely morning."

Chicago has the largest indoor bicycle track in America, in the Coliseum.

The wheel of '97 differs but little in its essential parts from that of '96. The weight remains about the same. So say manufacturers.

Hickory has been used quite extensively in the manufacture of handlebars, for the wheel of '97.

A SEA OF FIRE.

C. F. HOLDER.

THE Santa Catalina Channel is a famous whale highway. In crossing it, four or five whales are frequently seen, and when the water is examined the reason is at once apparent. The channel swarms with jelly-fishes of all kinds and sizes, and the big whales, which often puff and blow near the steamer, live a life of ease and luxury; they have but to open their capacious mouths and swim along, engulfing the jelly-like mass literally by the ton. The amount of this food swallowed to satisfy a fifty-foot whale can be imagined, for the average jelly-fish is but five per cent solid matter.

The jellies come in shore at certain seasons. At the time of the writer's visit to Avalon (April), the channel from the bay three miles out was a mass of jelly. The great aggregation was occasioned principally by an east wind which drove the extraordinary throng in shore. The writer sailed through these forms for some distance where they could be scooped up by the bucketful in any direction, and fairly covered the surface, presenting, as the sun struck them, a most marvelous spectacle.

Their numbers were beyond computation. There were yards, acres, and square miles of them. The animals were single individuals and in chains. The former could be seen pumping their way over the surface, their two horn-like projections in advance; while the chains of fifty or one hundred would move along with a gliding, undulatory motion.

While the popular name, jelly-fish, is applied to these little creatures, individuals of which are less than half an inch in length, they are much more important, and represent a far higher stage in the scale of life, than the jelly-fishes proper, as they really constitute the first and simplest group of the back-boned animals, being ascidians and literally degenerate vertebrates. In the class are found many different kinds. Some are attached to the

PHOSPHORESCENT FISH, CATALINA ISLANDS.

bottom; others, like *appendicularia* or *salpa*, are free swimmers, but all have certain characteristics which show them to be low vertebrates.

The *salpæ*, the crystal-like creatures which fill the waters of the Santa Catalina Channel, are the most interesting. There are two noticeable kinds—solitary, or individual *salpæ*, and others which seem to be grouped in chains, the individuals forming the links, which, when lifted in the hand, fall apart like drops of crystal. The process of growth may be briefly described as follows: The solitary individuals develop a long, slender cord which divides up, forming a chain. Each of these new links contains an egg which develops within the animal, some of the incidents of its birth recalling the higher vertebrates. The young produced from each egg becomes a solitary *salpa*, which in turn produces a chain *salpa;* so that we have an example of alternate generation.

The sight presented by these enormous masses of ascidians was remarkable during the day, when they rose to the surface and seemed to delight in basking in the sunlight, raising themselves above the water a fraction of an inch, so that the sun caught them, causing a brilliant scintillation; but this faded into insignificance when compared to their splendors at night. The *salpæ* are famed for their phosphorescence, and even in northern waters, where they are not so numerous, often present a remarkable spectacle. Here was an almost solid mass of fire-bodies gliding along, each a blaze of light.

The *salpæ* were not the only light-givers in this vast throng. Here were huge jellies a foot or more across, others not so large were of the most delicate roseate hues by day, and at night blazing with light. There were also myriads of luminous crustaceans and minute jelly-fishes which added to this aggregation of light-givers, but the little *salpa*, found in Californian waters, is one of the most resplendent creatures of the sea.

LOS GUARDAFRENEROS.

BOURDON WILSON.

Of all the queer titles ever bestowed upon railroad train men, that of "*guardafrenero*" is the queerest, and the way in which that name came to be adopted is a story quite worth the telling.

When, in 1884, the Mexican Central Railway Company completed its main line from El Paso, Texas, to the City of Mexico, the railway officials decided to uniform the passenger brakemen, who, up to that time, had been as innocent of brass buttons as any freight "gafter" (as a baggageman is called in the southwest). The color and style of the uniform were matters easily decided, but when the officials came to the subject of badges they found themselves confronted by a problem not quite so easy of solution.

The English word "brakeman" could not be used in a Spanish-speaking country, and the Company's interpreter, a highly educated Spaniard, informed the officials that the Spanish language contained no equivalent.

Here was a poser. But could the interpreter not suggest some word or term that would express to the Mexican people a brakeman's position and duties?

Yes, he thought he could. "Garotero" would do it.

Accordingly a lot of neat steel badges was procured and issued to the passenger brakemen, each badge bearing the word "Garotero" distinctly engraved thereon. And all went smoothly until a Mexican gentleman informed one of the railway officials that the word "garotero" conveyed to the Mexican mind much the same idea that the word "hangman" would to the American mind; and there was consternation upon the part of the officials, and another consultation with the interpreter.

That gentleman explained that the word "garote" meant to throttle, and as the brakes throttled the wheels of the car, he could think of no better title for the man in charge of the brakes than "garotero," the throttler.

But could he not take a little more time and think of another word equally expressive?

Quien sabe! It was possible. He would submit a written report manana (to-morrow).

The written report advised the substitution of the "*guardafreno*" for the objectionable "garotero"; and explained that the brakes governed a train much as the "*freno*" (bridle) governed a horse. "Bridle-watcher" would be, therefore, a very appropriate and expressive title for the man who watches the brakes.

In accordance with this elaborately written and apparently scientifically prepared report the first issue of badges was called in, and the brakeman upon the Mexican Central Railway became a "guardafreno."

A few weeks later the interpreter sought the presence of the General Superintendent, wearing a troubled expression and evidently laboring under some, but partially suppressed, excitement.

"Ah, Senor," he exclaimed, "a grave meestake you haf made."

"As to how?" asked the Superintendent.

"The badges worn by the brakemen," answered the interpreter.

"Well, what's wrong about them now?" irately asked the Superintendent.

"They say 'guardafreno,'" replied the interpreter.

"Well, what should they say?"

"'Guardafrenero.'"

The Superintendent drew from a pigeon-hole in his desk the report in which the interpreter had recommended the use of the word "guardafreno," glanced over it, and then silently passed it to the interpreter.

"Ah! Caramba!" exclaimed that gentleman as he reached, in the report, the word which expressed his idea of the man who watched the bridle that governed a train. "The infamous typewriter! To heem I dictate 'guardafrenero,' and he write 'guardafreno,' which mean 'bridle watch,' not 'bridle-watcher.' To the typewriter is due the meestake."

A new supply of badges was ordered, the brakemen were renamed, and "guardafreneros" (bridle-watchers) they have ever since remained.

A NEW PUBLICATION.

The Mill Valley and Mt. Tamalpais Scenic Railway has just issued a very attractive six-page folder in colors, descriptive of the trip over one of the prettiest mountain roads in America. Part of the work is devoted to a colored map outlining the location of the Summit, and the balance gives many interesting details concerning the journey from San Francisco.

A paragraph in the folder reads as follows:

The Mill Valley and Mt. Tamalpais Scenic Railway is a triumph in engineering. The air-line distance from Mill Valley, at the base of the mountain, to the summit is only three miles, but as an ascent of 2,500 feet was to be made the road had to take a tortuous course, and is 8.19 miles in length. Its crookedness is its greatest charm, as it produces a constant shifting and changing of the view. The grade is easy, the average being five feet to the hundred and the maximum seven. The road-bed is cut in the solid rock of the mountain side all the way. Fifty-six-pound steel rails are used on ties set close together. Standard gauge is employed.

Copies of this pamphlet can be obtained free at the office of Thos. Cook & Son, 621 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

CENTRAL AMERICANS.

HENRY G. TINSLEY.

CENTRAL America is noted for its picturesque and interesting Spanish cities, nestling as they do at the feet of lofty volcanoes. Of all the five republics, Nicaragua is the most interesting on account of its wealth, its salubrious climate, its idols and temples, and its ruins of forgotten cities.

The houses of the wealthy are one-story adobe, neatly whitewashed inside and out, and roofed with well-burnt tiles. The floors are laid in dark-red tiles, each about one foot square. Each dwelling has a wide porch in front, separated from the neighbors' by a low iron railing, which does not quite reach from wall to gutter. This porch serves as a sidewalk, parlor, and evening dining-room. Here the people gather in the evening to chat and visit, the passer-by keeping in the street or on the narrow strip beyond the railings.

Each home, in true Spanish fashion, has a square inner court, or "patio," forming a yard, and each room has two doors, one opening into the street, the other into the patio.

Sitting on the porch, "outside in the parlor," in the cool of the evening, it is interesting to watch the people pass by. The small, weak-looking Indian men lounge along as if they hadn't the least idea, and cared less, as to when they would arrive at their destination. One little Indian girl is leaning listlessly against the high curbing, dreaming the hours away. The women, full of activity, in strong contrast to the men, are strongly built, and their suits, consisting only of one thin, colored cotton skirt and a very low-cut white sleeveless chemise, are admirably adapted for exhibiting their bronze Venus-like forms. They walk erect, with a peculiar side-swing of the hips, but from the waist up they are so rigid and steady as to carry empty bottles balanced on their heads. Everything is carried on their heads, except the babies. These are never carried in the arms or on the back, but always astride the hip, supported by one hand.

A RANCH HOUSE IN COSTA RICA.

To test the skill of the women an egg was balanced, small end down, on the top of an empty beer bottle, and given to a girl of probably sixteen, with the promise of "dos realos" (twenty cents) if she would carry it down the block and back. The bottle was carelessly placed on her hair and the feat successfully accomplished, with many extra skips and wiggles on the way back, accompanied by the dancing of the big, black eyes and the ivory gleam of her teeth. "Cassedaras," or women pedlers, stop with huge trays of cigarettes and cigars, and solicit your trade.

The army is recruited and kept up in two ways—first, by making all convicts serve out their time as privates in the army, and second, by using a "press-gang." Whenever more men are needed a squad is sent out composed of soldiers whose time is nearly up. Their orders are to scour the streets and the country and lasso every man they find who is barefoot. The high-toned classes who can afford to wear shoes are exempt. It makes the town lively and is the cause of a great amount of excitement for an hour or two whenever forty or fifty men are suddenly wanted.

The porters who carry your luggage up and down the mountain roads are generally ex-soldiers, and they do their work with the stupid indifference of the convict. Cruel and ignorant, mere animals with the form of man, these lower classes find their greatest delight in the "Patio de Gaellos," or cock-pits, which are the center of attraction in every city and hamlet, after church services are over. It is a brutal, disgusting scene, bloody and cowardly in the extreme. The birds are armed, not with the cruel steel spur that makes the contest one of skill, but with a still more cruel long, curved, slender knife, sharp as a razor. One slash anywhere, and the unfortunate victim is conquered. There is no science, no sport, no fun in it, but it appeals to the cruelty and love of blood which they crave and that has come down from their warrior ancestors of ages ago. It resembles a well-known feature of the wild Texas ranch fun. A stout young bull is blindfolded and fastened to a stump in the center of a four-acre bull-field. A saddle is firmly lashed on, and the "picador," as the rider is derisively named, climbs into the saddle, locks his heels in the sinche, grabs the creature's mane, and begs to be turned loose. He is accommodated at once, and the crowd howl and yell until he is thrown. It is a rare thing for the scamp to stick on and wear the bull out.

A NATIVE RANCHMAN.

The love of destruction inherent in the nature is shown not only in chicken fighting and other so-called sports, but is carried even into the laundries. Along the banks of every lake can be seen hundreds of professional washerwomen following the trade of destruction. The program is invariably as follows: first, the clothes are soused up and down in the water by the "lavandera," who wades in waist deep for that purpose; then they are piled up in a heap on the edge of the water, where the current or light surf can fill the pores with sand; then the lavandera takes each piece and beats it savagely on a large sloping piece of volcanic rock set up in the water. Buttons fly to pieces, new rents and cracks appear, but the savage works on in a frenzy as if her life depended on the result. The shreds of the garments are laid on the bare, dirty sand, and more water is thrown on them, using large gourds. As women are doing the throwing, the water usually strikes the sand near the garments, throwing more pulverized rock than water over them. This is supposed to be the bleaching process. The drying, ironing, and starching are completed in one more step that consists of another sousing, another beating to thoroughly imbed the grains of sand in the fiber of the cloth, and then hanging on bushes to dry. The scene is an animated one, full of life and color for the artist, as it is a huge "life class." Their clothing in full dress consists of a colored flowered skirt or "nagua," and a white chemise, or "guipil," no under clothes, no shoes, no hat. The houses of the poorer classes are mere huts, containing only a few miserable furnishings.

It is only after four o'clock in the afternoon that the cities really wake up. Then every one is out of doors. The porches are crowded. The plaza is filled with soldiers drilling. Religious processions wind through the streets. Every man owning a saddle-horse prances around the blocks seeking admiration as eagerly as a sixteen-year-old flirt. Ladies in full evening dress sit where they can see and be seen.

A SCENE IN GREYTOWN, NICARAGUA.

As the shades of night grow deeper the streets are deserted, except by the watchmen, who blow their mournful sounding whistles at the corners of each block. The soft notes of a guitar or the tingle of a mandolin can be heard here and there as some heart-stricken swain wails out the plaintive love-song, "Adios, Mi Alma" ("Adieu, My Soul"), or "Buena Manana, Mi Cara" ("Good Morning, My Heart"), in the vicinity of his lady love. Then the music ceases.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

C. F. DAVIS.

THAT many an innocent man has suffered from purely circumstantial evidence, there can be no question; but few, I believe, have been more singularly unfortunate in this respect than I.

On a brief visit to this State, some time since, I was called to Haywards on a matter of business; and, on alighting from the train, asked one of the barge drivers if he knew where Judge Blank lived?

"Oh, yes, sir," he replied briskly; "jump in!" And, without further parley, I followed several other passengers into his vehicle, and it proceeded slowly toward the center of the town—about a mile distant. The other passengers were left, one after the other, at their respective domiciles, when the driver, to my astonishment, again turned his horses' heads toward the depot, landing me just across the track at an old-fashioned farmhouse, which, he declared, was my destination. "The fare," he added, "is one dollar." The fare to the town being but one-fourth that sum, and the distance from the depot to the farmhouse—by way of the track—but, perhaps, three hundred yards, it was evident that the ruffian had taken advantage of my being a stranger to drive me all over Robin Hood's barn—simply for the purpose of robbing me. I felt indignant—naturally so, I claim—and expressed myself, mildly, to that effect.

"That's the reg'lar fare fur comin' roun' here," said the driver, sullenly. "We don't never do it fur less." What could I do? Nothing, of course, but pay the extortioner—which I did with a large dollar, and he drove away. My business transacted, Judge Blank drove me into town, and there left me. A lonesome, but excellent, supper at Tony Oaks' followed; after which, lighting a cigar, I set out, on foot, for the depot. I had made, perhaps, half the distance—it was then almost dark—when I heard the rumble of a vehicle approaching me from the direction of the depot; and soon recognized it as the same in which I had been driven by such a devious route to Judge Blank's. Its driver evidently recognized me at about the same time, for, hastily pulling up his horses, he sprang to the ground, and immediately pounced upon me.

"Take that," he said, savagely, hitting me over the head with his whip, "and that, too,"—the latter "that" referring to a blow from his brawny fist, which put my right eye in mourning and laid me flat on my back in a mud puddle.

"Wh-what's the matter?" I gasped, struggling to my feet, and warding off another blow of the whip with my arm.

"Matter!" he fairly yelled, "matter enough, when yer wants to be packed all over town fur nothin', an' then pays fur it with a bad dollar!"—and he proceeded to again belabor me.

"Hold on there," I cried, "it was unintentional. Here"—and I hastily extracted another dollar from my pocket. Shades of memory! this, too, was bad—very—and the driver knew it the moment he touched it. That he did not murder me then and there, is due, I am convinced, to the approach at this moment of a number of pedestrians, when, assuring me that he had had his dollar's worth (as he doubtless had), he climbed into his wagon and drove away.

But what was this experience to others I have been through!

At an out-of-the-way counter in one of this city's largest stationery stores (there being neither clerk nor customer in the vicinity), I stood, one day, examining some memorandum books, it being my full intention to obtain one of them—by honest purchase—for my hip-pocket. I had some difficulty in making a selection, the assortment being a large one; but at last my wandering gaze rested upon a little, vellum-covered volume, which I thought might suit.

"Ah!" I said to myself, picking it up, "about the thing, if it is not too large," and without thought of evil—simply for the purpose of testing the matter—I slipped it at once into my hip-pocket. Could there be, I would ask, a more perfectly natural act? But alas! it had the appearance of evil—which should always be avoided—and to the noiseless and crafty clerk, who, at this instant appeared on the scene, it was deemed as conclusive proof of criminal intent.

Roughly seizing me, therefore, by the collar, he fished the book from my pocket, and, despite my protestations and explanations, turned me over to the police—charged, under an assumed name, with shop-lifting. Being practically unknown in this part of the world, what possible defense could I make against such overwhelming evidence as that of the clerk? Nothing, except kleptomania. This, then, was my plea; and having means, I was soon again breathing the free air of Heaven.

I will omit several other experiences of a disagreeable nature, in which I suffered solely through circumstantial evidence, and pass on to my arrest and imprisonment in a foreign country for pocket picking. On my way to Madrid, I concluded to stop for a few days at Monte Carlo—at once, I believe, the wickedest and most beautiful spot in the whole world. What visitor, I would ask, has ever passed wholly unscathed through the temptations of its wondrous Strangers' Club, the playground of titled Europe? I did what many another poor fool has done before—lost my last sou, and pawned my jewelry, before I had been there a week. But the excitement of watching others at play, of seeing fortunes won, or, more commonly, lost, at a single coup, was still mine; and so, awaiting the arrival of an American remittance, I took my place among the singed moths ("the decaves"), that nightly cluster around the busy tables. Roulette had most fascination for me, and, of course, I had a system—a recent acquisition, bequeathed to me, in confidence, by a French gentleman, whose good will I had obtained by the loan of a louis. Why not test it, then and there, with imaginary bets? If successful, my course was plain, when my money arrived. Taking my place, therefore, behind one of the seated players, an aged and, as it appeared, somewhat irascible Frenchman, hemmed in on either side by would-be spectators and players, I produced a card and pencil, and went to work. How many ruined men are there to-day, I wonder, who realize that there is no better way of playing roulette than to close the eyes and throw a coin upon the table, allowing it to lie where it falls? My idea then was, however, to bet on numbers that had not recently appeared; and I soon discovered a transversale, or series of six numbers, that was everything that could be desired.

"According to the doctrine of chances," I reasoned sagely, "one of them should appear in every six turns. Not one of them has appeared in twelve. Now is my time"—and, in imagination, I placed a louis on the transversale. It lost, as did my four increased bets—each made with the idea of stopping with a gain of a louis—and I made my sixth mise, of thirty-two louis, with considerable excitement—feeling almost as if I had been really losing. A "Rien n'va plus" called the croupier, and, as I leaned eagerly forward to observe the winning number, I let fall my pencil—my hand, instinctively following it, bringing up in the sack-coat pocket of the aged Frenchman in front of me.

"Nom d'un chien," yelled the Frenchman, clutching my hand wildly, "un filon," and the commotion that followed may be easily imagined. My explanations, in obscure, and, I fear (in view of my excitement) wholly unintelligible, French, were useless; a guard was summoned and I was conducted to the cage. Here, after being searched, I was allowed a few words with an interpreter. In accordance with the French system, the latter functionary took my guilt for granted; the motive, my total lack of funds. Then, too, had I not simulated an interest in the game, which my financial conditions would not warrant? As for my story about dropping my pencil—pure fabrication, or I had dropped it designedly. It was, in short, an extremely black case; my best course was to plead guilty at once.

Refusing, very naturally, to do so, the Commissaire then took me in hand.

"How does it happen that Monsieur has no money?" he asked, blandly.

"Roulette," I replied, gloomily.

"Has Monsieur money elsewhere?"

"Yes, in America."

"Ah! in America—it is far"—and he looked grave.

"Monsieur is, then, an American?"

"Oui, oui."

"Has Monsieur no friends in this country with whom he can communicate?"

I thought a moment. Yes, there was an old New York friend, an artist, in Paris, possibly he might come to my assistance. But no, a telegram to his address brought word that he was in America, in which direction, it was evident, lay my only hope. As in all petty foreign states, justice moves slowly, and with great caution, in Monaco; and—but why dwell further upon so distressing an incident? Suffice it to say, the Mediterranean never seemed so "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue to me" as it did during the twenty days I watched its tideless surging through a little, grated window, waiting for the reestablishment of my respectability and funds with which to continue my journey. What wonder if, after experiences like these, I put little faith in circumstantial evidence, however strong it may be.

Garfield Park, Chicago, has the only half-mile cement bicycle track in America.

Russia demands an import duty of $12.50 on every wheel imported into that country, regardless of its selling price.

It is claimed that Washington, D. C., has more cyclists, in proportion to its population, than any other city in the world.

It is estimated by good authority that a macadam roadbed, sixteen feet wide, costs about $7000 a mile, but is money well invested.

CROCODILES OF THE NILE.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

ALLIGATORS and crocodiles are closely akin to each other, but the former are found only in North America, in the swamps of Mexico and the tropical parts of the United States. The toes of alligators are not so much webbed as those of crocodiles, and they have no fringe on the hind legs. The true crocodile is found in various parts of Asia and Africa, and in the tropical regions of Central and South America. The crocodile is seen in great numbers in the River Nile, and in ancient times was worshipped in some parts of Egypt. The numerous steamers laden with rifle-bearing tourists have driven the crocodiles away from the much-visited parts of the Nile, and have made them wild and hard to approach. But near its sources the Nile still abounds with crocodiles, upon whose backs a small plover is often seen perched. The little bird warns his big friend of the approach of man by rising into the air and uttering a shrill cry. The native Egyptians eat crocodile's flesh, but white men can rarely swallow a piece of it; and no wonder, for it tastes like a mixture of putrid meat and rotten fish, strongly flavored with musk.

Crocodiles are amphibious, and very fond of basking in the sun on the mudbanks of marshes or rivers. They lay from twenty to sixty eggs in holes scooped in the mud or in soft sand, where they are hatched by the heat of the sun. Certain of the American species make hillocks, which they hollow out and fill with leaves and other vegetable matter, the heat generated by the decomposition of which hatches out the eggs. When the young crocodile emerges from the shell into a new world, it is gently guided by the parent to the water, and is fed by her with great solicitude with morsels first chewed by herself. The male renders no assistance in rearing the young, but, on the contrary, is sometimes only prevented by the female from eating them up. Fishes, turtles, various small animals, and some species of birds, are fond of crocodile's eggs, and devour them—raw—in large quantities. The inhabitants, too, of the regions frequented by crocodiles eat their eggs, which are nearly as large as those of a goose.

A CATCH ON THE NILE.

During the dry season crocodiles bury themselves in mud and remain dormant until rain falls; they also bury themselves to escape danger. A tale is told of an officer in Ceylon, who, camping out upon the open ground at night, was mystified by the movement of the earth beneath him, and did not find out until the morning that he had been sleeping on the top of a crocodile. When in danger a crocodile will lie perfectly still, and feign death, now and then stealthily opening one eye to see how matters are going on. It is an exceedingly sly and wily beast in catching its prey. It will float on the surface of a river in midstream, and, observing an animal drinking or a woman filling her water-skin, will sink and swim below till it is within a hundred yards of its victim, then it rises and takes a momentary glance at the position of its prey, sinks again below the surface, and comes up at the exact spot. It usually makes the final rush from beneath, or strikes its prey into the water with its powerful tail and seizes it there. Another plan to reach its prey is to lower its head and tail, and float down stream like a log until near enough to seize it. When a crocodile gets a large animal it drags it into the water and holds it beneath the surface until suffocation ensues; then it takes the body to a hole under a rock or at the foot of a tree and devours it at leisure. Sometimes it buries its booty in a sandbank until it has putrefied sufficiently to be toothsome; for, like other *gourmands*, crocodiles like their game "high." But large and powerful as crocodiles are, they are somewhat timid, and will not attack a man except when he is bathing or off his guard.

Though a crocodile's skin is not, as has been often said, impenetrable by a ballet, the creature is still pretty "hard game." If a shot strikes its scales obliquely it will ricochet off, but if a bullet from a good rifle strikes fairly it will penetrate the hide; but to kill the creature at once it is necessary to strike either the brain or the spine behind the neck. If a crocodile is in the water when it is shot the body sinks and does not rise to the surface for twelve or eighteen hours; for, not being a grass feeder, it has a small stomach, so that the gases generated by decomposition take a considerable time to form in sufficient quantity to distend the body and cause it to float.

The crocodile is a treacherous, dangerous animal. Sir Samuel Baker, the great African hunter and explorer, tells how he had one day seated himself under a willow-tree near a lake to fish, and was warned by the Arabs that if he stayed where he was most probably a crocodile would seize the angler in preference to the bait, for, they said, crocodiles often seize persons as they are scooping water out of a stream with their hands, or watching their flocks. Men crossing the river on logs are carried off by crocodiles, and occasionally a man is even snatched from the back of a swimming horse. The natives of Egypt sometimes harpoon the crocodile as it is basking in the sun on a bank. The wounded creature takes at once to the water, and the hunters follow its course by watching the float attached to the harpoon.

RESORT GOSSIP.

We are informed that Bartlett Springs has made still further additions to its numerous cottages in order to accommodate the expected influx for the coming season. Bartlett in itself is a veritable village, and even during the winter time may properly come under that category. It has an elevation of nearly 2400 feet right among the pines, the odor from which is so beneficial and inspiring. The climate at Bartlett cannot be said to be surpassed in America. The Springs are located in the canyon, and the entire property embraces 1800 acres, the scenery being most picturesque and romantic. One of the delights at Bartlett is its 15-foot veranda at two stories, surrounding the main hotel on three sides, and affording a most grateful shade for those who wish to indulge in quiet siestas and amusements of various kinds. Mr. H. R. Warner still remains as manager of the hotel, having occupied that position for several years, and a more polished gentleman and competent hotel man it would be hard to find. Bartlett's has every convenience, including postoffice, telephone, telegraph, and express office. The Springs at Bartlett are famous the world over, and many thousands of human beings owe their lives to the efficacy of these waters. In the way of amusements there is almost every variety, croquet, tennis, bowling, billiards, dancing, and the paid orchestra which dispenses sweet music during certain hours of the day. In a word, no one would make a mistake in spending a good share of the season at Bartlett Springs.

Within the past month we have had a new hotel added to the list of our popular California resorts, named the Hotel St. George, at Santa Cruz. It is a splendid structure in every detail, and has been leased to Farrell & Ely. The erection of it having been under the direct advice of Mr. Farrell is some evidence of its character, as this gentleman is well known and up to date in ideas and requirements of the hostelries of the day. The hotel is located in the most central part of town, and combines the convenience for commercial travelers with the luxuries for pleasure-seekers.

The Pacific Ocean House at Santa Cruz is doing well under the new management of Mr. E. B. Pixley, ably assisted by his daughter, Miss E. Pixley.

The short and pretty trip from Gilroy Station to Gilroy Hot Springs has been very much improved by the advent of a new road. It has been put in splendid condition, and as a result the schedule time has been considerably lessened. Gilroy Springs is one of our most interesting resorts in California, and to those who have been there it needs no introduction. I might say, however, to our readers who have not visited this pretty place, that you will find there all that is claimed and more too. Messrs. Roop & Son still conduct it, and their name is a guarantee of the careful management under which it is directed.

Soda Bay, in Lake County, is one of the most popular and delightful resorts in California. It has recently undergone a change of management, Mr. F. B. Heath having leased it for an extended period. Mr. Heath is progressive and up to the times in every respect, and under his regime it will be more of a Mecca for summer tourists than ever. The Submarine Soda Spring, bubbling up out of the lake, itself is a never-ending delight to visitors.

This, That and the Other

LILLIAN FERGUSON.

The printer and I have had a quarrel. He has done that for which I may possibly forgive him in the next world. I cannot in this. He is not a TRAVELER compositor—perish the thought! But he has caused me much mental anguish and mortification, and I feel that, while it is my duty to think of him more in sorrow than in anger, I cannot summon Christian forbearance to my aid. The case is too aggravated.

When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for a scribe to report a social function, the duty is fraught with pain rather than pleasure when the type stares back at you thus, after describing a swell reception in which you innocently said "a collation was served" — "a collection was served." Fancy the amazed wrath of the hostess, upon reading that her guests, at the conclusion of a musicale, or during a reception, had a collection served, as though she had levied a tax on them for the refreshments provided in her house. Of course she loves that unlucky reporter ever afterward—I don't think.

Referring to the churches at Easter and the lovely women, lovely bonnets, and lovely flowers that would make of these edifices a veritable garden, I could have wept when the intelligent compo made me say that the churches would resemble "a vegetable garden." Further on in the paragraph another horrible outrage on common sense and English sent the chills down my vertebræ, for in referring to the choir's rendition of "Oh, Death where is thy sting?" the energetic typo had introduced more of his originality and had made the familiar sentence read "Oh, Death, where is thy string?" Alas, we know this is a designing world, but little did we ken that there were any strings on Death.

To a prominent member of the Horse Show Association I offer sincere apologies. It was the printer's fault—and may heaven have mercy on his soul! I wrote that in the last Horse Show his was one of the finest exhibits. Yet the sentence read in type that "in the Horse Show he was one of the finest exhibits."

These are but samples of what occurs almost daily in a writer's life. Is it any wonder that the penpusher ages before her time?

Love, that most fascinating of topics, never had anything cleverer said concerning it than the bon mot credited to Rubinstein. If it indeed originated in the great composer's fertile brain, it proves that music has not absorbed the artist's entire attention throughout his career. Says he:

"I once intended to write a composition entitled 'Love; Theme and Variations,' but I gave it up, because when I was young I might have found the theme, but had not experience enough for the variations; now I might write the variations, but cannot find the theme."

THE REASON WHY.

She never wears a mammoth hat
  To hide from view the stage and play;
She never flirts, I'll swear to that,
  In fact, she does not know the way;
She drives no husband to despair
  In settling up her dry-goods bills;
No man for her need rend his hair
  To buy her furbelows and frills;
The reason why she lacks the faults
  With which the rest of us contend?
She cannot help it. She was born
  A South Sea Islander, my friend.

A death-blow to romance is the study of violin construction. One learns that in order to secure wood of sufficient age—since the dryness produced by time alone will develop the necessary richness and resonance of tone in this exquisite medium of music—manufacturers search for and regard as treasures such articles as the beams of ancient barns, the rafters of cobwebby garrets and other seasoned portions of crumbling rookeries. Almost anything wooden that has survived the ravages of time is invaluable as a component part of the tuneful violin; old bedsteads are a genuine bonanza, for from them may be evolved a well-nigh priceless instrument. And this is where romance suffers at the hands of cold fact. Sitting entranced in an orchestra chair, listening with breathless attention to the playing of a great artist, it is a trifle disquieting to reflect that the heavenly and inspiring strains proceed indirectly from a second-hand bedpost, picked up, perhaps, by the astute manufacturer, in some European junkshop. Truth, however, is far less kind than fiction. The music of this earthly sphere is music still, even though to make it we must have the tumble-down bedsteads of our great-great-great grandpas sawed into melodious kindling-wood. Scrape away on the several-thousand-dollar piece of workmanship under your chin, O man of genius. We will try to forget that you are juggling with a section of furniture that groaned far less soulfully than now, when the portly form of a grandsire sought its rest o' nights. Play on, thou interpreter of the divine. A truce to the old bedstead anyhow. Perhaps the very one upon which your listener sleeps to-night may be whacked into violin shape in ages to come, and knock romance in the head for those who live after.

Somewhere, years ago, I came across a poem called "The Mere." It made a profound impression upon me, although I do not remember the author's name. It seems to me that it was Robert Buchanan. Can any one inform me? Strange that the memory should play one such tricks. The melody of an exquisite song will often remain when singer and composer are alike forgotten.

As a word-picture of the loneliness and despair which a man may feel whose gratified wish to estrange himself from the world is succeeded by an unutterable longing for the society of his fellow-beings, I have never seen this poem equaled.

"I built a hut beside the mere,
  A lonely hut of earth and stone."

Yielding to an impulse when sick at heart, and impatient of hypocrisy, he becomes a recluse. Far from the sound of human voice, with but his books and thoughts for company, he resolves to pass the remainder of his days in peaceful seclusion. His chosen place of habitation is in harmony with his mood. Dark, fathomless and silent lies the lake. Scarcely a ripple stirs its surface, and the thick foliage near its brink is seldom pierced by a sunbeam. But in time the hermit finds this solitude unbearable, and leaving misanthropy forever behind him, gladly hastens back to the world that he fancied he despised.

The society of one's fellow-beings—who can live without it? The pleasure of congenial companionship—who has not felt its influence? A friend's warm hand-clasp, the sense of human comradeship—who can know happiness without these? Society in its broadest significance, namely, the association of people with each other, has infinite power. It may drag us to lower levels or lift us to greater heights. Rightly chosen, it broadens the character. Deprived of it, we would be as wretched as the lonely dweller by the mere who

"Crept back and made his peace with men."

I wish that there were fewer boarding-houses and more homes in San Francisco. In no city of its size are there so many restaurants and lodgings, so great a dearth of home makers. Granted that housekeeping entails work, care, expense. What infinite possibilities are offered in the way of comfort and the sort of happiness which can be found nowhere else! A boarding-house existence should be one of necessity and expediency, not choice. For the busy professional woman, God bless her, who has work to do in the outside world and who is doing it with all her might, there is scarcely any other alternative. She cannot be at home and abroad too. But the average woman can be domestic without becoming a slave to the drudgery which housekeeping involves. In these days of cheap labor, much that is disagreeable may be eliminated from her list of tasks. It is neither wise nor beneficial for any woman to imprison herself within the walls of her home. Extremes are always to be avoided. The aim should be in the direction of a happy medium. Cultivate the home side of the question, girls. Get on a white apron once in a while, if only for the cozy air it gives you. Be as independent, as free to follow your ambitions as you may—but keep the domestic corner of your nature as much alive as possible. It is immensely charming to see; and it makes you lovable.

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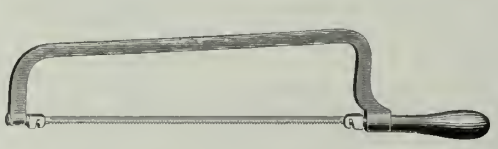

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AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

PRICE TEN CENTS. *JULY, 1897.* SAN FRANCISCO AND LOS ANGELES, CAL.

AFTERNOON AT THE SPRINGS. *From Morris & Kennedy.*

Hotel Del Monte

NO ONE picture or group of pictures can do more than serve as a suggestion of the great attractions of Del Monte. There is such a wide variety, and everything is on such a broad scale, that from no one standpoint can the story be told; and while we have attempted in the above cut to illustrate interesting bits of the grounds, hotel, etc., there are scores and scores of other scenes of equal interest and attractiveness. It is yet to be placed on record that any stranger has visited this resort and been other than agreeably disappointed. Everything is up to (and beyond) the brag. The grounds and flowers are a revelation, the eighteen-mile drive around the ocean shore and back through the sweet-smelling pine forests is a marvel, and the hotel itself is as near perfection in all its appointments as it is possible to reach. It is little less than criminal for strangers visiting California to miss seeing Del Monte.

THE TRAVELER.

OLUME X. SAN FRANCISCO, JULY, 1897. NUMBER 1.

THE TRAVELER.

LUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

WM. V. BRYAN, Editor and Proprietor.

General Office, 20 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

FREDERIC MAYER, 7, RUE BALLU, PARIS, FRANCE, GENERAL EUROPEAN AGENT.

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OW that so many expressions of opinion are being ventilated on the question of the annexation of the Hawaiian Republic with that of the United States, the criticisms that appeared in the daily papers weeks since, concerning the attitude of the Hawaiian government rds the importation of Japanese labor, have been comparatively lost of by the more important deal at stake.

o much has been said on the treaty proposition, that we will not under- to discuss it here, except to say in a general way, that we fully concur the majority that it would be proper s to have the Hawaiian Republic a on of this government. There is every n why it should be, and regardless of ales and arguments that have been pre- d to us through what we might term ists, there has still been no legitimate onvincing evidence advanced in support e discouraging views expressed.

et us in any event continue the existing y and annex, if possible. But this is ur subject.

he little Republic has been criticised ely and unjustly for placing restrictions e importation of Asiatic labor, which urse refers especially to the Japanese. underlying reasons for the action of the aiian government in this matter are y these:

n the first place the government was lished by Americans, and in its every l is absolutely an American enterprise. consequence their families are raised bred on the Islands, and following out the characteristics of American , they are naturally desirous of having their children surrounded with, st, proper influences.

he influx of the Asiatics, however, does not tend to maintain this prin- It is difficult, and, in fact, almost impossible to affiliate two so distinct s as the Caucasians and the Asiatics, and experience has proven that introduction to the Islands has not added to the moral or intellectual of the general commonwealth.

We cannot speak as plainly as we would wish to, but we know that it r moral reasons more than anything else that the residents of the Hawaiian Republic object to the association of their own children with those of the Asiatic nations.

Further than that, the Japanese locates in the Islands under an unwritten law to remain not longer than three years. This fact alone certainly does not encourage employment of that class of labor.

Notwithstanding the protest and action of the Hawaiian government it is to their credit that they take their own medicine, in that in many instances white and Portuguese labor is employed at a higher rate than would be necessary for that of the Asiatics.

In the various statistics that have been presented from time to time, comparing the financial relations between the Hawaiian government and the United States, no mention has been made of the fact that nearly all the wealthy residents of the Islands invest their money, or at least a large percentage of their surplus, in San Francisco or California. These items do not appear in the tabulated statements that we have seen, but there are undisputed instances without number which would materially change the complexion of the apparent balance of trade against the United States government.

WE LEARN from Press dispatches that the Chinese Government is rapidly pushing forward the railway from Tientsin to Peking, and it is anticipated that during the current month travelers will be able to go by rail from the seaport to the heretofore mysterious capital of the Chinese Empire. This venture covers about ninety miles, making in all about two hundred and fourteen miles of railway from Tientsin to the interior coal mines, and constitutes the entire railway system of China.

Prejudice against foreign innovations seems to have been broken, and no doubt other enterprises on a much larger scale will follow the advent of this road. Principally among them is designed a railway line about fourteen hundred miles in length from Peking to Hankow, a seaport on the Chinese coast. Active measures have already been inaugurated to this end, backed by a small governed subsidy, but it will probably be some time before the project is consummated. A short line from Shanghai to Woosung is also contemplated.

WHO SAID THIS WAS A SUMMER RESORT?

It is only within the last few years, and especially since the war with Japan, that China has come "out of the shell," so to speak, where it has lain dormant for so many hundreds of years. Their policy in sending highly accredited representatives to various parts of the world, seeking information and making reports upon the progress of other nations, is in line with the similar course taken by the Japanese Government, which to-day is acknowledged to be much superior to the Pagan Empire in so far as the adaptation of modern ideas and improvements are concerned. It is really an occasion for serious thought as to what will be the influence on the world at large when China, with her 400,000,000 inhabitants, breaks forth from her ancient chrysalis and stands an equal among the other nations of the world in progress, enlightenment, and improvement. We of to-day will never live to see the result, neither can we venture any predictions as to the nature of it.

NATIONAL HOMES FOR VETERANS IN CALIFORNIA.

EMMA SECKLE MARSHALL.

THERE is something in the sound of the word "veteran" that is fraught with meaning. Probably there is no other word in the English language which means as much, for it tells a story of effort, of experience, and of the passing of years.

We who are strong and active cannot honor too much the men who willingly and bravely did their best at a time when enlistment meant the offer of a life. To have borne the discomforts, endured the deprivations, and taken part in even a single battle, should entitle a man to everything that we, who live in a later and untried generation, can confer upon him.

We should be glad that in our State provision has been made for so many of the men who "fought and bled" for the country we all love; for as the years pass their number becomes less, and some day in the not very far-distant future the great buildings which now constitute their homes will have to be used for other purposes, as there will be no veterans left to occupy them.

California is about as near Paradise as a mortal can attain in his earthly career, and he is a curious bundle of contrariety and other unenviable attributes who is not satisfied with it as a place of residence. Particularly fortunate are the "old soldiers" who have chosen the Veterans' Home at Yountville, or the Soldiers' Home at Santa Monica, as their place of abode, for nowhere else are climatic conditions better or the environment more inspiring.

With every comfort well looked after, plenty of good food, unlimited liberty, the companionship of kindred souls, and ample provision for diverse recreations, who could not be at least reasonably happy?

If a man prefers to be near the sea, and loves to sit upon a bluff with the wide sweep of the ocean before him, where he can watch the incoming waves roll in merrily or angrily, according to their mood, while he listens to the voices of the deep, he would prefer Santa Monica, for it is less than four miles from the Pacific, and "the boys in blue" dearly love to visit the beautiful town of Santa Monica, especially on Sundays, when the band plays on the esplanade.

But at Yountville there are the ever-charming foothills, the varying landscape garbed in robes of graceful foliage that change in hue with the passing seasons. This undulating country is always restful, always new to the man who loves Nature in her quieter aspects.

This Home is supported principally by Federal and State appropriations. The land belonging to it, 910 acres, was purchased by the Veterans' Home Association, which was incorporated March 7, 1882. The cornerstone of the Administration Building was laid July 4, 1883, and the Home was opened to admit the first members on April 1, 1884.

The limit of accommodation is almost reached, as there is a present membership of 684 veterans, and there are accommodations for only 700. The largest number ever resident here at one time was 689.

Eligibility to membership consists in having served honorably in the United States Army or Navy in some war, and any such worthy officer, soldier, marine, or sailor who is in indigent circumstances, or incapable of self-support, may become a member of the Home after he has resided in the State one year. The members possess all the privileges of free American citizens, and receive, gratuitously, shelter, clothing, food, tobacco, if non-pensioners, medicine, and medical attention.

Strict military discipline is not maintained, as the rules of the Home are such as preserve order without entailing hardship upon the members. They are required to do fatigue duty when able.

The recreations are such as may be derived from a well-appointed library, a social hall containing billiard tables, card tables, pagoda table, and various games; an amusement hall where plays, concerts, lectures, and exhibitions are frequently given, and the pleasure of roaming at will over the beautiful surrounding country.

The oldest member at present in the Home is eighty-eight years of age, and in proof of the healthfulness of the location and the excellent attention bestowed upon the men who once formed the bone and sinew of our country, the death ratio per thousand of the last nine months of the present fiscal year is but fifty-nine.

A visit to the Yountville Home is an interesting one; for not only is the scenery *en route* a delight to the eye, but the tasteful buildings, the clean, smooth walks and driveways, the spreading oaks under which the "boys" love to gather whilst they exchange "yarns" of the battles in which the fought, and the cheerful-looking old fellows in the garb we all honor, ar very pleasant to view.

The officers stationed here are Colonel George W. Walts, Commandant Lieutenant W. F. McAllister, M. D., Medical Director; Captain Charles F Graham, Adjutant; and Lieutenant Ferd L. Clarke, Quartermaster an Commissary.

In Los Angeles County all is new, even in the country; the passing o the *adobes*, which marked the era of the old *regime*, is to be regretted, eve though the new era, with its subdued bustle of unrest attendant upon th infusion of new blood and varying sentiments, is indicative of progres There is a moving panorama of strange forms and faces, and this army o tourists which annually invades this part of the State is eager to see every thing, and the Soldiers' Home is a point of especial interest.

Briefly, the history of the Home is as follows: In the latter part o 1886 Congress authorized the Board of National Managers to select a suita ble location in California whereon to establish a branch home for disable volunteers. Many sites were inspected and many offers of land considere but it remained for Senator Jones and Colonel Baker, who own vast inte ests in that section, to make an offer which no board of managers woul pause to consider twice; and three hundred acres of choice land, twenty-fiv acres for a reservoir site, and the right of way for a good stream of mour tain water were accepted.

A syndicate, which owned the adjoining tract, also donated three hun dred acres of equally fine land, making in all over six hundred acres belon ing to the Pacific Branch National Home for Disabled Soldiers. It wa formally opene on the fifteenth March, 1889, an

1. Soldier's Home, Santa Monica. 2. Canteen, Soldier's Home, Yountvil
3. Barracks and Hospital, Yountville.

quarters were then furnished to one hundred members who were transfer from the State Home at Yountville.

The corps of officers consists of Governor J. G. Rowland; Major Uphar Treasurer; Doctor Hasse, Surgeon; Doctors Burton and Van Dyke, Assista Surgeons; and Mr. Goodale, Superintendent.

The Home comprises in all about fifteen or sixteen buildings, each o possessing considerable claim to architectural beauty, being built in the sty of the Italian Renaissance, and situated on the highest point in the groun from which a magnificent view, embracing the Pacific and some of its islan on one side, and a majestic mountain range on the other, is obtained. Th are built in the form of a semi-circle, the central structure being used headquarters and library.

The hospital department is perfect in its appointments, and is rea several separate houses connected by corridors. Here are wide veran fronting broad, clean driveways and beds brilliant with flowers and attra ive with graceful foliage trees. The invalid or the convalescent may lour on the reclining chairs and inhale the pure air that sweeps in from the or wafts down from the mountains.

James Payn tells a story of an officer of a transatlantic steamship who the absence of any clerical passenger, was asked to undertake the duties chaplain. He was anxious to oblige, but felt that he was altogether uneq to the occasion. "I can however," he said, "take up a collection."

OUR CITY FAKES.

FLORENCE PERCY MATHESON.

I DECIDED the other day to peer into the future. I also decided, being of a generous nature, not to show an invidious partiality, but to consult as many of San Francisco's weird sisters as was possible during one day, thus obtaining a kind of composite fortune for myself, and incidentally some authentic information concerning the seeresses themselves.

A half an hour spent with a clever makeup artist transformed me into a more or less fascina- strawberry blonde. A white dotted veil, a pair of eyeglasses, and a ume, the component parts of which were borrowed from indulgent friends, le a disguise which even the hawk eyes of "Old Sleuth" himself d scarcely have penetrated, and thus prepared I went boldly forth to n my destiny.

My first call was at a tumble-down house on one of the little streets south Market. A tall, gaunt woman with a hard red face, sharp black eyes, and se hands opened the door. She was clad in a dark calico Mother Hubbard around her flat waist was tied a large green gingham apron. Her thin was twisted into a pug about the size of a hickory nut, and altogether, but the covertly watchful expression of her keen eyes, she looked like a plain y England farmer's wife interrupted in the midst of her morning's work.

Did I wish to see the Madame, she asked. I did, and I was ushered into nall room furnished with a large range in full blast, a table covered with d cloth, two cane seat chairs, and a bristly hair-cloth sofa with a scald back. I squeezed into a chair in the coolest corner and the woman d her hands on her apron and sat down opposite me.

This was the "Madame" herself then, and while I was trying to get a little superstitious awe of her she took a pack of cards out of the table ver and asked me to take off my gloves that she might "get the magsm," and as I obeyed her I saw that she took note of a large plain ring he third finger of my left hand.

"Lay your hand on the pack and wish," she commanded, and then she e me "cut" the pieces of pasteboard into three plles. Then came the y out," an arranging of the cards in four lines, after which she "read" m with great ease and fluency.

I was married, she said—my left hand lay innocently on the table with tell-tale ring in full view—was married very young (a tribute to my stically youthful appearance), and my husband "worshipped the ground" trod on."

Her story was made up of glittering and presumably safe generalities. We not been surprisingly fortunate during the last year or two, but good times e coming—she was evidently a pronounced McKinleyite—I had an hemy," a dark woman who was unduly fond of my husband and would to lure him away from me, but in vain. My "wish" I was not to get, there was much good for me in the future. Then she took out another k of cards with people and animals and all manner of signs and symbols n them and corroborated her first assertions thereby.

I asked if she could tell me anything about my uncle in Randsburg, she assured me that he was doing well, and would soon send me a fine ent—all of which was encouraging since my Randsburg uncle was but a tion of my fertile brain. I also asked her if my little girl was happy h her aunt and she answered in the affirmative but said that she "missed mother" a great deal.

Taken altogether she did her best to please me, and if I had asked her if Czar had received my last letter would undoubtedly have said "yes," told me that he was going to answer it at once.

"I don't gouge folks as some of 'em do," she said, as I paid her modest "I've got one price and that I sticks to, be it man or woman. I earn an est living, I do!" and she patted her cards affectionately.

But I, thinking of the worshipful husband, the Randsburg uncle, and the ent small daughter, went out into the sunshine with my head in a whirl.

I next visited a lady who styles herself, as do most of her profession, "the atest clairvoyant in the world," and here I had what is called a "picnic."

This party does not belong to what she contemptuously calls the "cheap vd," but lives "north of Market," and boasts a well-furnished parlor and ting-room. For three dollars she would tell me my life.

Her "trance" consisted of a promenade up and down the floor, done in good old stride-and-halt tragedy style, with waving arms, staring eyes, much attitudinizing.

I had assumed a mournful air before entering her apartments, rubbed my s and nose vigorously, and carried my handkerchief in a crumpled ball, the spirits "took the cue" at once.

I was in "great trouble." I had married very young, after a brief uaintance, and my husband was a hard drinker, a gambler, and in every way unworthy. The spirits strongly urged me to get a divorce, and kindly assured me that an elderly gentleman who was "dead in love" with me would furnish funds for the purpose and afterwards marry me and be very kind to me and the "two lovely children," who were at the present time the "only gleams of sunshine" in my "unhappy home."

A lady claiming to be "the favorite clairvoyant of all the crowned heads of Europe" was the next to entertain me. She wore rings galore, and a diamond star which would be worth about twenty-five thousand dollars if genuine, but she was gowned in a faded calico, and her substantial feet shuffled along in a pair of down-at-the-heel carpet slippers.

She came out strong on "lucky numbers," and urged me to buy lottery tickets regularly. She prophesied that I should have two husbands and die a widow at the age of eighty-six. She advised me, as did all the rest, to come frequently for advice, promising me immunity from all earthly ills if I would put myself under her guidance, and incidentally pay her from one to five dollars at each visit, and encouraging me by saying that she had many customers who came to her regularly, some of whom "ride in their carriages."

Another sybil was too busy to give me a sitting at the time, but wished me to call in later, and gave me a circular to meditate on in the meantime. Besides going into "trances" this gifted being deals in a variety of "charms" and "talismans" and "amulets" which are guaranteed to cause marriages, end all love troubles, give luck in business, and so on. This medium also "gives good luck to lodging-houses" for a consideration. And all this in a civilized city in the last years of the nineteenth century!

A "planet reader" to whom I went proved to be a large and handsome woman with an education far from liberal. She declared that "the planets was open as print" to her, and when I stated that I was ignorant of the hour of my birth she cheered me by the assurance, contrary to my life-long belief, that "didn't make no difference" since she could "read 'em anyhow," and would "read 'em fine for me for five dollars."

At last, becoming unduly fatigued by my many experiences, and the contemplation of the various futures in store for me, I took an hour off for lunch and recuperation. When I went forth again I had become metamorphosed into a subdued looking middle-aged person with gray hair, an apologetic manner, and sad-colored garments.

Alack and alas! Though I went to the same parties who a few hours since had told me of lovers and marriages and rivals, not one of them repeated the tale to me in the same way.

The imps of darkness who preside over the cards, the pure spirits who influence mediums, and the "second sight" of clairvoyants were all unequal to the task of seeing me as I really was.

Not one of the women to whom I went on this second trip suspected that she had ever seen me before, and not one of them, with all her supernatural aids and magic arts, read me the same fortune that she had read me previously.

Even my "lucky numbers" and "lucky days" were altered, my "enemies" and "friends" were chameleon-like in their change of complexion, and on inquiry I heard things regarding the misdoings of my grown children and my sons and daughters-in-law which were almost enough to make even the hair of a wig stand on end.

I had not the time to visit each of the thirty-four seeresses, who being regularly licensed pay ten dollars a quarter into our city's treasury, but I saw enough of them to be thoroughly convinced that "dealing in futures" through their instrumentality is a most uncertain and unsatisfactory business.

The pity of it is that, while honest people anxious to work at hardest labor for their daily bread are penniless in our streets, these individuals are making comfortable, and in many cases luxurious, livings, by trading upon the ignorant superstitions and the silly credulity of their fellow-beings.

There is a certain section of the Penal Code which seems to cover the ground. It refers to "obtaining money under false pretenses," and prescribes penalties therefor which are not pleasant to contemplate.

Some day some one who has been too egregiously befooled will rise up and invoke the aid of the law and then "we shall see what we shall see."

FUNNY HOW-DO-YOU-DO'S.

Most amusing are the styles of salutation in different countries, and also very interesting. The following are a few that have been recently brought to notice: The Chinese gentleman meeting a friend shakes his own hand and inquires in the most complimentary terms about his friend's health. The friend shakes his own hand also and answers that he is well, but calls himself the most abusive names he can think of, and they pass on. The French and Italian gentlemen kiss and embrace their men friends when they feel great delight at meeting. The American fool grasps his friend's hand at the level with his hat and gently jiggles it. The politician, just before election, meeting a voter slaps him vigorously on the back and shakes his hand at the same time. The Gambier Islanders rub noses, and if their welcome is very hearty they each hold their breath for a few seconds and then give a most alarming sniff.—*Harper's Round Table.*

THE LARIAT—HOW IT IS MADE AND USED.

J. M. SCANLAND.

LARIAT throwing possesses a knack or an art which can scarcely be explained and only learned by practise. Mexicans, and Pueblo Indians of New Mexico, are the most expert in throwing this formidable weapon. They are far more skilful in its use than the much-vaunted "cow-boy" of the plains. It is almost generally conceded that the Pueblos are even more expert in its use than the Mexicans. When the conquering Spaniards came three and a half centuries ago they found the lasso in use among the Pueblos. The Pueblo mounted police were armed with the lasso and a knife made of bone. They hunted down the horse thieves of other tribes, and lassoed them as the Mexicans of the present day do a steer, only that the lariat is thrown around the fleeing man's body so as to pinion his arms close to his side. At the moment of throwing the lariat the thrower touches his horse in the flanks with his knees, and the horse immediately stops, throwing back his weight on his haunches. The thrower then begins to haul in, and if the fleeing man does not slacken his speed he is pulled off his horse backward, and perhaps dragged to death. If, however, the aim was erring and the man caught around the throat, he is perhaps choked to death. In those days perhaps it made little difference. The practise of hunting desperate characters and lassoing them is still in vogue in New Mexico and across the border line from San Diego among the Mexican rurales, or country policemen. Cattle stealing is quite an industry over the line, and a race between the rurales and the ladrones (thieves) is highly exciting.

WHERE THE LARIAT WON'T WORK.

An expert can lasso a man on horseback at a distance of from fifty to one hundred feet, both going at full tilt. But, if he has not trained his horse to stop and stand fast at the critical moment, he is in as much danger as the fleeing man whom he has lassoed. After he has thrown the lasso the horse does the rest, the well-trained animal seeming to act from instinct the moment the riata is thrown.

In California, however, the riata is used only for lassoing cattle, especially at the rodeo, or "round up." The term rodeo signifies "to gather." The Mexican can lasso a beef as far as he can throw the lariat, which is from one hundred to two hundred feet, according to his strength and dexterity. The lariat is coiled over the pommel of the saddle, one end being secured. There is a slip-noose at the other end. The thrower takes the coil on his arm, and with the right hand lets fly the slip-noose at the feet or horns of the beef. His quick eye discerns the exact moment that the noose is about to encircle the object, and with a dexterous move he gives the lariat a jerk and begins to haul in, the horse also doing his part. Sometimes two or three will each select a different foot of a bovine, and after one has lassoed him by the horns and got him to rearing and kicking, they will lasso each foot and simultaneously haul in, throwing the astonished animal on his back. This is generally done at the mantanzas, or killing. Then the animal is harmless and can only roar.

In the early days Mexicans lassoed bear in the same manner. Bears were plentiful and amusements scarce, and bears were lassoed and pitted in the ring against bulls. A number of daring Mexicans armed with lariats and knives would visit some of the numerous bear canyons and wait in the vicinity of a bee tree for Bruin to come along and get his fill of honey, of which he is especially fond. Bruin would be lassoed in this manner, roll into a cart, and taken to the ring. Next day everybody, including wom and children, were present to witness the gladiatorial dispute. The bear w chained to a post by one foot, giving him about twenty feet latitude. T bull was turned loose. Several men stood near during the fight with riat to lasso the bear should he break loose from his moorings, and others we near with knives to dispatch him if necessary. So the spectators we apparently secure. One instance is reported of a bear having slipped h cable. While the women and children were screaming and calling up the saints to protect them, the scared animal, bleeding from his woun upset several of them in his wild flight for the woods.

It requires much skill and work to make the lariat. First, the gre hide of a beef is thoroughly soaked in brine for about two days, and th the hair is rubbed up or across the grain. It is laid out on a hard surfa and stretched for the cutting, which is done in a circle, beginning in t middle and continuing in rings outward until the entire hide has been c into one continuous string. This long string is then stretched by means weights at each end until the stiffness is taken out and it has dried. It then plaited into a riata, generally into four strands. Those who have se ribbons plaited, or young ladies plait their back hair into strands, may fo an idea how the riata is made. The riata is then greased and rubbed intervals until the leather has become soft and pliable. It is then ready u use. They are light, being of an average thickness of half an inch, and a very strong and durable. They are more serviceable than the hair ro which is also in common use. The hair lariat is also serviceable to camp in snake-infested regions. A rope is stretched around the camp at nig Snakes cannot cross the rope, owing to the hair which cuts them, wh they wriggle away.

Lariats made of grass are also used by the Indians and Mexicans California, but mainly for "domestic" purposes, or rather for lassoi cattle around home and for practise.

It is only on infrequent occasions that civilians have had the opportun of witnessing exhibitions by native experts of their astonishing dexter with the bronco and lariat, and they never fail to furnish the most excit enjoyment and surprise, but, as a rule, these entertainments are given in sı small enclosures as to allow but little facility for seeing the riders at their b

A lariat and a horse are the Mexicans' most highly prized possessio

REUBEN, THE GUIDE.

"Reuben, the Guide," is a well-known local character who shows "sights" to visiting tourists and has a ready answer for every question, matter how silly it may be. He has traveled some himself and know great deal of human nature. Before he became a guide, philosopher, and friend to the tourist he was a hotel porter away down in "Dixie," at Shreveport, Louisiana. From there he emigrated to Indian Territory and became a cowboy, which entitles him to wear the regulation wide-brimmed sombrero and the double-cross, notwithstanding that he is as black as the well-known ace of spades. Some years ago he drifted to San Diego and engaged in the business of piloting tourists around, the heaviest part of the job being to tell them tall stories to fit the objects visited. While out at "Old Town" a dude tourist who affected an English lisp accosted Reuben, "Weuben, how old is that?" pointing to the old Mission Building.

REUBEN.

"Dat, sah, am seben hundred years old."

"Why, Reuben! the guide book says the Spaniards came here only three hundred and fifty y ago; now how can you make it out that the Mission is seven hun years old?" asked another tourist.

"Well," replied Rube, "I may be a little out ob de way 'bou building, but de dirt am dat old, anyhow."

A VISIT TO THE HOME OF ENGLAND'S QUEEN.

MAE ELEANOR GATES.

THE day was most beautiful, one of those days so characteristic of England. There had been a shower in the morning, heavy enough to wash the dust from the trees and flowers and grass, followed by brilliant sunshine, sunshine that made you forget that there ever could be such things as rain and clouds.

We had taken an early train out of Paddington Station, and on reaching Windsor gladly dispensed with our umbrellas and wraps. After a charming lunch at the old Windsor Inn we ascended the broad road leading to the Castle I shall not attempt to describe Windsor Castle, which a hundred pens a hundred times abler than mine have described in glowing words. One must see it to appreciate it, and not only the Castle, but the Thames flowing at its base, brushed by bending trees around whose trunks lie thick, green, mossy carpets, studded with English daisies. The Castle, the grounds, and the river, with mighty London in the distance, all making one of the most beautiful pictures that can possibly be imagined.

WINDSOR CASTLE.

A fit home, we said, for a queen, as we passed through the gates, guarded by Her Majesty's Life Guards in their splendid uniforms, to the grounds beyond. To the left of the Castle runs a long terrace overlooking the river. Here, I think, we got the most beautiful view of all. Below us lay the little town of Windsor, so quaint and picturesque, with Eton College in the distance. On the other side a Gothic church reared its spires above the trees.

Sentries passed and repassed us as we strolled forward to the front of the Castle, helping us by their presence to realize that we were almost in the company, humanely speaking, of the greatest personage on earth.

Through the wide, iron gates at the end of the terrace we got a view of the gardens lying in front of the Castle, and immediately beneath Her Majesty's private apartments. Here and there among the trees and shrubbery stand beautiful statues, and fountains throw their waters into the sunlit air. Twittering sparrows fly hither and thither, or perch in the ivy that climbs up the old Castle's walls.

At the front of the Castle stood a carriage, and about it were grouped grooms and footmen. After waiting a moment or two we were repaid by seeing the Princess Christine, accompanied by the Princess Victoria, issue from the Castle and be driven away behind two magnificent white horses and a postilion with a groom on the seat behind.

After an hour's ramble about the Castle's walls we went round to the gate on the right and entered the inner court through an archway.

This inner court is almost devoid of foliage and here are the Life Guards' barracks, the Chapel, the old Tower, and a handsome statue of Prince Albert. We loitered for a moment on the graveled walk while one of our party, an Englishman, told a story illustrating the thoughtful kindness of the Queen toward her servants.

QUEEN VICTORIA.
STARTING FOR THE MORNING DRIVE.

For years an old man has swept this inner court each morning and Her Majesty has been accustomed to see him at his task. One morning not long since she missed him and inquired if he were ill. She received rather an evasive answer and persisted in knowing why he was not at work. She was finally told that he had been discharged for drunkenness. Always lenient toward an offender the Queen ordered him reinstated, and early the next morning had the pleasure of once more seeing him sweeping away beneath the Castle's windows.

Drawn up to the entrance on the right side of the court stood the Queen's private pony carriage drawn by a donkey. In this little carriage the Queen takes a morning drive, every fine day, in the private grounds, though she often goes into Windsor, or drives to old Windsor beyond.

Quite a large crowd had assembled by this time to await her appearance and we joined them. We had not long to wait. A few moments afterward the Queen came out followed by the Princess of Wales and an attendant. Her Majesty entered the carriage and took the reins and soon was rolling out of the gates and down into the town.

Here another crowd of people were awaiting her coming and she was greeted most enthusiastically. She acknowledged the demonstrations very pleasantly and continued her drive. No flourish of trumpets, no mounted attendants, no pomp, no display. England's Queen looked not unlike any other sweet-faced old lady out for a morning drive.

Such an exhibition of modesty and simplicity on the part of the greatest Queen on earth cannot but impress the observer and at once invite the striking comparison between the dignity and ostentation of the earlier sovereigns with the artlessness of our modern rulers. And just such daily methods of life in all their plainness have characterized the reign of Victoria and endeared her and the country she represents to the hearts of her subjects, as well as won for her the respect and admiration of all other civilized nations of the earth.

After lingering about the Castle to witness the changing of the sentries we rambled down the hill to the river and were soon floating across to the opposite bank where we could look back on the Castle.

It was most delightful to sit there on the green bank through the long afternoon, watching the sentries pacing the ramparts, and the carriages with their magnificent horses dashing backward and forward from the Castle to the town.

And thus ended the happiest day of my visit to England.

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The following paragraph was clipped from a paper published over thirty-two years ago, and is rather interesting in comparison with the fashions of to day.

We have seen many ladies lately in the great hotels walking about without crinoline, and their dresses trailing half a yard; and those who wear hoops have diminished their size one-half. The form of bonnets has changed very little since we last described it. The crown is large and the cape without folds, and there is very little trimming. Headdresses consist of three simple bands of velvet, half an inch wide, over the top of the head, or merely a ribbon arranged in the same manner. Scarlet jackets are very much worn for simple morning toilet by ladies, and by children in the street, made of broadcloth with a stand-up collar, coat sleeves, and trimmed with large black buttons.

The shop windows display a great profusion of ribbons, a quarter of a yard in width, which are worn as girdles and to trim dresses. The basques are made to fit close to the waist, and confined still closer with a belt or girdle; but it is a very unbecoming fashion for all except perfect forms. The hair is still worn in great puffs or braids behind, arranged to meet the headdress at the top, which ties in a simple bow underneath the roll behind, and leaves long ends. Collars are worn a little broader, especially in front, and tied with a narrow cravat, fringed or embroidered at the end. Dresses are much trimmed up and down each breadth, and around the bottom, with ribbon wreathed in all manner of fancy forms. Skirts and crinolines are frilled and furbelowed, as they have been for a year or two, to allow the dress to be drawn up, but we now and then see one made the proper length for the street, a fashion which we hope will in time prevail.

Kate Douglas Wiggin, in one of her recent magazine stories, puts the following in the mouth of a pretty woman: "I have lived thirty-six years and I have never seen a man's unhappiness last more than six months, and I have never seen a woman make a wound in a man's heart that another woman couldn't heal. The modern young man is as tough as—well, I can't think of anything tough enough to compare him to. I've always thought it a pity that the material with which men's hearts is made couldn't be utilized for manufacturing purposes; think of its value for hinges for the toes of little boys' boots or the toes of their stockings!"

"You do not go out often to dinner, Mrs. Waddington?"

"No. I don't think the best dinner on earth is sufficient compensation for making oneself agreeable for three hours at a stretch.

BRITISH BEAUTIES.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

AS MR. GRANT ALLEN somewhere says: "Being a man, I think it a woman's first duty to be pretty." And certainly personal beauty is a woman's most valuable possession. People not infrequently dispute as to just what beauty is, and that it has many forms and manifestations is obvious. We may perhaps say that feminine beauty comprises grace of form, loveliness of face, and sweetness of expression. Grace of form consists in a well-proportioned, well-balanced healthy body, with limbs not too plump, nor yet too thin, but softly rounded and supple; a small foot, an arched instep, tapering ankles, well-developed bust and arms, a neck gracefully poised upon the shoulders, and a small head. Loveliness of face consists in a straight nose, delicate ears, curved lips, and a clear healthy complexion. Yet the pleasing effect of all these charms may be marred by an unpleasing or ungracious expression, for it is from the expression of the face that we judge of the temperament. The body is the casket, but the soul is the jewel it bears. The face is, of course, the part of the body to which we usually refer when we speak of a woman as handsome, pretty, plain, or homely. Considerations of courtesy constrain us to call many thousands of girls "pretty," who have not a really good feature in their faces. Their pleasing looks are merely the result of health, a wholesome complexion, and an agreeable, good-tempered expression. But beauty is of much rarer occurrence than prettiness. My own theory of beauty, derived from the Platonic theory of heavenly types, is that there is but one ideally beautiful face, and that faces are beautiful only in so far as they approach that ideal. The beauty of the ideal face consists in its proportions and outline and in the perfection of its coloring. A beautiful face may be on a large scale or on a small one, just as the statue of the Venus of Milo may be reproduced in heroic size or as a statuette a few inches high without destroying its identity or grace of proportion. The beautiful woman may have a face of any size or coloring, providing only that the proportions are preserved and the coloring is artistically satisfactory; she may have a complexion reminiscent of cream, of old ivory, of roses and lilies, or of brown nuts; her hair, provided only it is soft, lustrous, and abundant, may be jet-black, dark-brown, light-brown, golden, or silvery; I suppose that it may even be brick-red or tow-colored. But every woman's claim to beauty rests upon her possession of one or more features of the ideally beautiful face. Fashion is continually changing with regard to the particular shade of hair or color of complexion, but we take it that, in all lands and in all ages, the complexion of perfect health, innocence, and purity, when combined with well-proportioned and modelled features, will be sure of gaining admiration. In fashionable circles a king's consort or favorite, or a woman of great social influence, may succeed in making the color of her hair, eyes, or complexion fashionable for a time, but we are not speaking of these passing whims and caprices of fashion; we are thinking of the face and form that are at all times and everywhere accounted beautiful. But even if a woman has been gifted by nature with an almost perfect form and faultless face it is a matter of continual care and pains to preserve them. The body must be kept in good health, or the inaction of the great organs will soon cause the form to lose its gracious outlines and the roses and lilies to fade from the cheeks. In fact, as the French say, to be beautiful it is necessary to suffer; not from boots too small, corsets too tightly laced, or inconvenient clothing; for these things are abominations; but one must deny oneself rich food, strong wines, late hours, and other things much beloved of pleasure-seekers but inimical to health, for without health there is no real beauty.

MRS. LANGTRY.

COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

LADY HELEN VINCENT.

In all countries, but especially in the older countries of Europe, great prizes of rank, social position, and wealth are to be won by beautiful women, and in certain circles young women of beauty and refinement are regularly trained to compete for these prizes. From girlhood they are carefully brought up and taught to make the most of their natural charms; their appearance, style, and manners are assiduously cultivated, their voices softened and modulated, their movements trained to grace and elegance; they are taught to ride, dance, swim, and otherwise develop their frames, for skill in outdoor sports gives a fearless and easy carriage, and tends to exorcise the modern demons of shyness and nervousness which are fatal to the achievement of fame as a beauty. The girl who is ambitious to be a belle in circles so exacting and with so high standards as those of the great cities of Europe must also cultivate a correct taste in dress and must learn to gown herself suitably and becomingly on all occasions. She must not wear a golfing costume at an afternoon tea, or an evening dress at a luncheon party; she must not only have pretty clothes but must wear them at appropriate times. I believe that the term "professional beauty," meaning a woman who having been dowered by nature with unusual good looks, endeavors on all occasions to present a charming picture and to build up and maintain a reputation as a belle, was first used in England about twenty-five years ago in connection with Lillie Langtry and Mrs. Cornwallis West. Lillie Langtry was a Miss le Breton, the daughter of the Reverend W. C. le Breton, Dean of Jersey, one of the Channel Islands. Born in 1852, she was in her girlhood the pet of the military officers stationed in the beautiful island, and very early became conscious of her attractiveness to men. At twenty-two years of age she married Mr. Langtry, a native of Belfast and a man of considerable fortune. She soon became a reigning beauty in London society and earned the title of "The Jersey Lily." "Society" was at her feet, and even Royalty tried to win her smiles. Mrs. Cornwallis West was an Irish girl, with brown hair and eyes, and all the vivacity for which her country-people are famous. Her husband, Major Cornwallis West, was a handsome, tall man, Lord-

Lieutenant of his County, and owner of Rutkin Castle, a most picturesque residence in North Wales. These two ladies were for a long time rival beauties, Mrs. Langtry being the more showy and voluptuous, and Mrs. Cornwallis the more delicate and vivacious. Finding her husband's income insufficient to maintain her in the consumedly expensive manner she liked, Mrs. Langtry determined to go upon the stage, and made her first public appearance on December 15, 1881, at the Haymarket Theater, as "Miss Hardcastle," a character exceedingly well suited to a woman of Mrs. Langtry's social antecedents. In January of the next year she was engaged by Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, and later she appeared as Rosalind in "As You Like It." In the same year she made her first visit to the United States, whither her fame had preceded her. At the close of the London season of 1885 she came to this country for the second time. The reputation acquired by Mrs. Langtry as an actress and a woman of business has clearly proved that to earn the highest fame as a beauty considerable brains are necessary. Scores of lovely girls "come out" every season in London without achieving a tithe of Mrs. Langtry's success. The Lily has owned for several years a ranch in Lake County, and it is said that she intends to live there for some time.

Probably no British beauty is better known to the English-speaking world than Lady Warwick. In 1881 Miss Maynard, a great heiress, married Lord Brooke, the eldest son and heir of the Earl of Warwick and Brooke. As Lady Brooke she attracted the special attention of the Prince of Wales, who is a very highly accomplished judge of feminine beauty. In 1894 Lord Brooke succeeded to the Earldom, and his wife became the Countess of Warwick and mistress of one of the most glorious historical castles of Britain.

Lady Helen Vincent, wife of Colonel Sir C. E. Howard Vincent, was a Lady Helen Venetia Duncombe, sister of the beautiful Lady Hermione Duncombe, who became Duchess of Leinster. She has a petite, graceful, slender figure, and a very refined aristocratic type of face. Among other famous British beauties may be mentioned the Marchioness of Londonderry, Mrs. W. H. Grenfell, Lady Beatrice Butler, the Countess of Annesley, the Duchess of Portland, and the Princess Henry of Pless; the last named being a daughter of Mrs. Cornwallis West.

In a future article we hope to comment on a few of the best known American women in English society.

LADIES' BOATING CLUBS.

ABNER DOWNS.

San Diego has more ladies' rowing clubs than perhaps any other seaport city, and one of them has made the best time on record of any club, except perhaps professionals. San Diego also has the only incorporated ladies' rowing club in existence. It is peculiarly named. Young ladies are ingenious in selecting or inventing "given" names for themselves, and the one selected for the swiftest boat club on San Diego Bay is as ingenious as anything that can be invented by the feminine mind. The club is named the Zlac. It means nothing, but stands for everything. The club was organized by four young ladies of this city, and each one contributed the first letter of her "given" name, and the acrostic formed the word Zlac. The club was regularly incorporated and a captain was elected. She wears the regulation rowing cap and bars on her shoulders denoting her rank.

Their rowboat was launched some time ago with great enthusiasm on the part of their numerous friends. Since that time the ladies have built

ZLAC CREW.

their own boathouse and added a few more members to the club. So far they have never been defeated in a race.

Several other clubs have been organized: La Faluca, La Serano, Columbia, Nereids, L'Esperance, and the Water Babies. Each of these has from six to eight young ladies and races are frequent. On these occasions the wharf is lined by the friends of each club and the fair rowers are cheered to the echo as the race draws to a close. A race was recently made between the Zlacs and the Columbias; distance 6000 feet. The Zlacs made it in nineteen minutes and eighteen seconds—the fastest time ever made on this bay. And when it is considered that there have been races by ships' crews of the men-of-war visiting this harbor, it will be admitted that the Zlacs made an exceptionally good record, in fact they have broken all previous ones. The Columbias were two seconds behind the Zlacs, the latter making the home stretch under a thirty-eight stroke to the minute.

Owing to the calmness of San Diego Bay boat racing is more agreeable than otherwise, and during the summer especially. It is one of the fashionable amusements, besides being a healthful exercise. Races will be frequent during the coming season.

BATHING IN THE GANGES, INDIA.

The bathing ghats along the banks of the Ganges at Benares, the holy city of India, are indeed a wonderful sight to behold. The ghats are built on the banks near the city for a distance of four to five miles, in stone or

BATHING IN THE GANGES.

marble steps or terraces varying from ten to sixty feet in height, at the top of which are Hindu temples and platforms for priests who sit under immense bamboo umbrellas, with a rough table before them on which are colored pieces of chalk or paint, where they receive the offerings as the bathers come up from the water cleansed and purified, and as they contribute they receive their blessings in the form of a fresh-colored, bright mark on their foreheads, the symbol of their caste or station in life, of which the Brahmins have over one thousand.

At sunrise these ghats are crowded with devotees, mostly pilgrims, many of whom have traveled hundreds of miles. Most of the bathers are Brahmin priests, men of all ages, sizes, and color, of speckled lepers not a few, many so old and feeble as to be led and carried up and down the steps, their great desire being to die there.

There is one ghat especially set apart for women; a bit of cheese-cloth constitutes the bathing-dress, and this in most cases is taken off, washed and dried as the bather conducts her devotions, turning her eyes neither to the right nor to the left.

The direct way down to the ghats from the City of Benares is through a narrow, filthy alley. Near the end of this alley is the famous well of the god Vishnu, the water of which is stagnate and perfectly green—said to be the perspiration from Vishnu's body; those bathing or dipping themselves three times therein, then in the Ganges, are supposed to be forever immaculate.

At the Ashi Ghat, the most sacred of all, one finds a peculiar looking boat, from the deck of which, as it steams slowly up the river, he gets a fine view of the bathers. Near this starting point the seepage of the whole great city comes pouring down, discharging itself like a torrent into the river (and the stench is overpowering); yet, close to all this, devotees are bathing and drinking the water, every drop of which is sweet and sacred to them.

A little farther up the stream is the public crematory, where all the dead of Benares, except priests, are burned. As many as twelve bodies are consumed at once. The bodies of the rich are entirely reduced to ashes, which are sprinkled by their friends over the river, while those of the poor are charred and the bones tossed into the water. Bodies of priests are carried naked in a square of cloth—the winding-sheet—by four natives, who run as they go, and ring a bell to herald their coming; stones are placed in the cloth, and a few miles up the river the body is dumped into the water, that, thus purified, flows gently on toward the ghats swarming with exhausted, earnest, believing bathers.

ABOUT THE STAGE.

THE DEVOTEE.

THE immense improvement in the Frawley Company is a matter for congratulation both for them and for us. The retention of the most valuable members of the old combination and the addition of several players of decided merit result in a company which, for all-round competence, compares favorably with most of those which visit this Coast. Cut off by three days of desert from the rest of the world our dramatic nourishment depends upon the crumbs that New York sends us from her not too well-filled table, or such fare as our own stock companies can provide, and at present we look, in a great measure, to the Frawleys to keep us from starvation. This geographical isolation, however, is not without advantage, for in necessitating the institution of stock companies it gives us the form of theatrical government which most encourages good acting. The effect of long runs upon the actor's art is deadly; crowds of actors in the metropolitan cities are being maimed for life by this system, which has been in vogue ever since the drama became a purely commercial venture. The stock system, by giving the actor an opportunity to play a variety of parts, brings him to a knowledge of his own capabilities, for no man knows what he can do till he tries.

The stock system also makes the difficulty and expense of producing new plays less great. This expense is at present so enormous that a manager may well be chary of novelties, but it would be considerably less if a play were not advertised in the undignified manner it so often is to-day, as a vehicle for the mere accessories of the drama. I am not one of those who would condemn the Frawleys to eternal drawing-room comedies; they have shown themselves capable of better things. Drawing-room comedies are emasculating the stage; we have had enough of the milk-and-water diet which T. W. Robertson and his multitudinous followers have so long prescribed for us; we want meat. Strong plays don't need bolstering up with expensive scenery and Parisian gowns. It is absurd to expect brand-new settings with each production. Out here we have a chance to be independent—indeed, we are forced to be independent if we would grow and not wait for ever on the will of the world and follow it two years behind, and I hope a sign of our independence will be the occasional production of plays chosen solely for their artistic value.

CARRIE POWERS.

Mr. Frawley has shown himself commendably enterprising so far. He has already produced two new plays, and promises more, and the list which he offers during the present season is by far the most interesting he has yet presented. "The Question" was good enough to make me sorry it was not much better. Although Mr. Stoddard did not offer much in the way of parts, and showed a distressing predilection for soliloquies and inadequate witticisms, his play contained some merry and original scenes which were thoroughly refreshing. I look to his future work with hope, for if he continues the rapid improvement he showed between the first and last acts of his comedy he will attain excellence. The last act was a good idea cleverly handled; that scene where the Daughters of Old New York met in conclave was as dramatically appropriate as it was amusing, and for that reason altogether effective.

I am glad to see that Mr. Haddon Chambers will have a chance to redeem himself in "The Idler," which is to be produced during the present season. He wrenched an unmerited success for "The Fatal Card" by means of the good presentation it has always been fortunate enough to obtain. Remembering his good work both in "The Idler" and "Captain Swift," it is hard to account for the foolishness of his last offering to the stage. Perhaps its failings lie at the door of B. C. Stephenson, his collaborator, but if they all lie there he must have had very little to do with the making of the play himself.

Of the new members of the Frawley Company Miss Gladys Wallis has had the most chance to shine, and she has shone. Miss Georgia Busby adds to other charms a sweet, low voice and a clear enunciation, a combination all too rare. Mr. Frank Worthing is, without doubt, one of the best leading men on the American stage; his work is refined at the same time that it is strong. Though Miss Blanche Bates started off with some uninteresting parts, that of the irritating Mrs. Cannon in "The Question" and the aggressively affectionate daughter in "The Fatal Card," she has shown us that she is much improved in her art; she has lost much, but not all, of that over restlessness which marred her always conscientious work.——

J. M. COLVILLE.

Although the Lyceum Company comes back to us every year with an appearance changed almost beyond recognition, we always welcome it. San Francisco very properly insists upon judging a play for itself, and ignores stories of long metropolitan runs—had not "The Fatal Card" a most successful run in London, and yet we took care to inform the Frawleys on every possible occasion that we went to see them and not the play? But we respect names, for all that, and Frances Hodgson Burnett, Sydney Grundy, and Louis N. Parker, the authors of the plays the Lyceum Company is presenting during the present season at the Baldwin, are a nominal guarantee of good work.

I notice that Miss Tyree, who as Lady Thomasina Belturbet in "The Amazons" two years ago made a nightly sensation by vaulting a five-barred gate, has renounced the familiar name of Bessie for the more high sounding Elizabeth since she discarded her riding breeches and played a round of classic roles in London last year, where she starred as Juliet, Camille, and in "The Country Girl."——

The phenomenal success of the Chinese play at the Alcazar is a timely encouragement to unknown authors and nervous managers. "The First Born" has already been running two months, and is announced to go on indefinitely. It will be interesting to know what foreigners will think of this little curio when it travels abroad. There is no doubt that its dramatic value has been overestimated, but it is a fascinating picture of Chinatown.

This play, originally put on as a curtain-dropper, but now the chief event of the bill, has done much to call attention to the Alcazar Stock Company. Its aims are not classic; it gives principally farces of the bedlamite order, but for such as have a physical rather than a mental sense of humor it provides excellent fun.

The versatility of the Alcazar players is extraordinary. I have watched with wonder and admiration the weekly transformations of Mrs. F. M. Bates—now she is an old Scotch goody, now a maid servant, now a sat-upon wife, anon a trousered Chinee, and she throws herself into each part so genuinely that the wonder is there is any Mrs. Bates left.——

GLADYS WALLIS.

Comic opera and smoke will reign at the Tivoli for several weeks more. After "Wang" comes "The Isle of Champagne." I remember seeing this piece some time ago with Seabrooke as the bibulous monarch, the part which he made famous and which Edwin Stevens will now play. It made me laugh heartily then, and though my sense of humor has since undergone some unexpected changes, I hope it will again. Elvia Crox Seabrooke will resume the part she played during her husband's production of "The Isle of Champagne." After this "The Grand Vizier," "Angeline," "The Circus Queen," and others are promised.

This, That and the Other

LILLIAN FERGUSON.

Again has Maxine Elliott, the black-eyed, the beautiful, come and gone her theatrical way via San Francisco, and again have the dramatic critics hereabouts sharpened their pencils the better to impale her thereon. Just how many moons it will take Miss Elliott to live down the fact that she is tremendously handsome, of course I cannot even surmise, being an indifferent guesser at best and a prophet not at all. I venture the assertion, though, that it will be when the splendid Elliott eyes are closed upon this troublous vale of tears and critics. It is so hard to forgive a woman for being the most superb physical specimen of femininity that one has ever seen!

One critic—one lonely, broad-minded scribbler within these city limits—sat in solitary state apart from the rest and dared to do Miss Elliott justice. Right here let me take off my hat to this truthful chronicler of local stage affairs, even though I pay tribute to him in the far-off precincts of my den and not in the theater, where now, thanks to the powers that be, the wearing of a hat signifies one's willingness to go to jail. His dramatic work is always carefully, honestly done, and no fear of being choked into insensibility by an infuriated business manager of his paper terrorizes him while he writes. He does not have to parse his sentences according to grammatical rules laid down by the presiding genius at the box office. He has his freedom and uses it wisely and well.

Our critics, as a rule, are divided into two classes: those who would if they could, and those who could if they would, write fair, competent criticisms of the plays and players who come westward-ho throughout the year. The former, of course, are not responsible for their lack of brains and judgment. Upon the editorial head lies the sin of sending them forth to juggle with that of which they wot not. The latter class—who could if they would—dare not fly in the face of providence; the species of providence that furnishes the paper with ads and angrily withdraws the small but necessary stipend if the criticism be damaging to the theater's receipts.

The theaters have decidedly the best of it, I think. Journals must live, but it is scarcely fair that they should be obliged to kowtow to their supporters in the advertising line so abjectly as they occasionally do. On the other hand, it is a difficult and vastly expensive undertaking to get first-class companies out here on the ragged edge of western civilization, and if sarcasm and abuse await them they will give us a very wide berth. As matters stand, the mummers are apt to be dosed with fulsome praise, which is in no sense criticism and which is certainly not helpful to them. The dramatic critic, I take it, should be appointed seriously to his task by his editor, and should in turn take his responsibilities seriously, else may the mischief take him, and most surely he would deserve his fate! I protest against the slaughter of an actor or actress by a critic merely because thereby a clever sentence can be turned. Brilliancy may sometimes be sacrificed to truth but truth should never be sacrificed to literary brilliancy in the dramatic critic's art. First, last, and always, critics should be chosen for their ability and honesty, and having been so chosen should be granted full freedom in expression of opinion.

To return to Miss Elliott, who is certainly attractive enough to lure one back over much greater space than that of a few TRAVELER paragraphs, she is plentifully endowed with brains as well as beauty; though she gets far more credit for the latter than the former. In comedy she is at her best. I can think of no other actress who could have given us a more refined, intelligent, charming, and altogether satisfactory impersonation of Beatrice Carew in "An American Citizen." She is a hard student and therefore an ambitious one, and while I doubt not that being a perfectly sane woman she does not undervalue her personal charms in the least, she is absolutely lacking in the self-consciousness of them that one would almost expect to find. When one thinks what the looking-glasses are telling her in green-rooms the world over, from London to Melbourne and back again, is it not surprising that of vanity one can discover in her not a trace? As for myself I rejoice in the beauty and feminine charm of her. She is a glorious feast for eyes that love to dwell on Nature's masterpieces, and she hath a merry wit withal that will soon trip you up for an awkward answer if you go to sleep—figuratively speaking, of course—in her presence. Moreover, compliments are not in the least to her liking; in truth she is surfeited with them, and though you may pride yourself upon conversational originality you can conjure up nothing in the line of flattery that will not bore her more or less. As I said before, Miss Elliott is trying industriously to meet the world on the actress rather than the beauty plane. I even suspect that she thinks the lot of a beauty is not altogether a happy one. Perhaps it isn't, but I and a few million other women would like to try it all the same, just once, for ourselves.

If you want to do your share toward helping San Francisco to maintain the best possible reputation—and if you don't, what is your excuse for living here anyway?—remember that the National Association of Letter Carriers is to hold its annual convention here next September, and that you, personally, can do a great deal for its success. We have a civic responsibility in this convention which should go on record as the most notable and memorable one ever held by that organization of good men and true. Perhaps I feel more than ordinarily grateful to the letter carriers as a class, because I have done so much to make their lives miserable. No one but myself knows, and I won't tell, how many manuscripts in big fat envelopes I have burdened them with in the past—the painful, thorny past, when I thought I could write and the editors knew I couldn't—only to have them mount my front door steps eventually with the dear familiar things, just as big and a wee bit fatter because of the short but not sweet printed slip inside, bulging from the bag on their aching shoulders! Then I made them more trouble when those dark, tragic epochs in my history were succeeded by times of delirious joy, and the checks that I thought were never to be drawn in my favor began to come to my door. The letter carrier has been my friend in joy and in sorrow. His comings and goings have almost made me—*almost*, I said—sorry sometimes that I didn't die young, very young; and anon, when I broke the seal of happy news I've been glad that I was above the earth instead of below it. Yes, I want to make amends for the extra labor I have inflicted upon Uncle Sam's messengers, and so I say, do all that lies in your power to help the boys gather in a jolly good fund toward celebrating that convention in royal San Francisco style. Do not fail to buy as many as you can afford of their handsome souvenir books now on sale, with no end of valuable postoffice information inside of them. Then there is the picnic on the glorious Fourth at Schuetzen Park, given in honor of the letter carriers by the press and public of San Francisco. If you don't buy one of those souvenirs, why you are so unpatriotic and mean that I hope you will go into hiding while the convention is on; that is, if you can find a place small enough to hide in.

An amusing story is told about May Irwin's son, eight years old. He was recently started at a private school, and at the close of the first morning session, rushed over to see his mother in the lobby of the theater where she was playing. "Well, my son, how did you like it?" asked the actress. "I don't like it at all," pouted the little thespian of the possible future. "The teacher put me on a chair and told me to sit there for the present, and she never brought the present."

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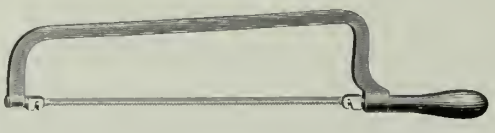

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OLD GOLD.

THE COUNTRY JAY.

City folks think I'm a jay!
  Well, maybe I am,
But, say,
  Don't you believe I'm a clam!
There's plenty of gray matter under my hat,
  And 'm usin' it, too—let it go at that.
I'm the "new farmer." Understand?
  My main crop doesn't come from the land,
It comes from town.
  Along about June,
When the days get hot, the sun comes down
  Like it would bake you; then, pretty soon,
The boarders pile in. See?
  That's the harvestin' time for me!

Half a century—more or less—
  I've worked like a slave. I've earned a rest
And I'm goin' to have it now, I guess,
  For I've struck the best
Blamed scheme
  Ever sprung on a farm!
Sounds like a dream,
  But it works like a charm.
Used to worry and work and sweat;
  Never reaped very much, you bet!
The only thing that seemed to grow
  Spontaneous-like was a mortgage. So,
Says I, "We'll quit. Let's give up hay
  And look for a crop that is bound to pay."

Last spring
  When suckers were bitin' good and strong,
I put a piece in the paper. Hoped to bring
  What I had waited for so long.
Wrote about "pure country air,"
  "Fresh milk" and "eggs" and "clover,"
"Bees and flowers everywhere,"
  "Health and happiness all over
The place." Lord, how I lied!
  Read the thing through and laughed till I cried.
But it caught 'em!
  I wanted boarders, and, by gee, it brought 'em;
Heard from that shot right away,
  Made em pay in advance so they had to stay.

No more workin' the ground!
  I'm workin' the city chaps!
Spend my time now putterin' round,
  Fillin' 'em up with air! And, perhaps,
I don't do it. And then ag'in
  Perhaps I do.
When we begin
  My wallet's empty. When we're through,
Well—I've got their watches salted down
  And lent 'em money to get back to town.
They say there's a sucker born every minute.
  I know I'm a jay;
But am I in it?
  Well, say! —*Chicago Times-Herald*

A COURTIN' CALL.

HIM.

He dressed hisself from top ter toe
  Ter beat the latest fash'n,
He gave his boots a extra glow,
His dickey glistened like the snow,
He slicked his hair exactly so,
  An' all ter indicate "his pash'n."
He tried his hull three ties afore
He kep' the one on that he wore.

HER.

All afternoon she laid abed
  To make her features brighter,
She tried on every geoun she hed,
She rasped her nails until they bled,
A dozen times she fuzzed her head,
  An' put on stuff to make her whiter,
An' fussed till she'd a-cried, she said,
But that 'ld make her eyes so red.

THEM.

They sot together in the dark
'Thout a light, excep' their spark,
An' neither could have told nor guessed
What way the t'other was dressed!

THAT REMINDS ME.

Copyrighted by Wm. V. Bryan

WHAT ALL SAID.

Penelope—Charlie called last night.
Justine—That's twice in a week, isn't it?
Penelope—Yes.
Justine—I suppose he'll come three times in the next week?
Penelope—That's what brother says.
Justine—And five times the next?
Penelope—That's what sister says.
Justine—And six times the next?
Penelope—That's what aunty says.
Justine—And seven times the next?
Penelope—That's what papa says.
Justine—And then what?
Penelope—Then I won't see him any more of an evening; that's what mamma says. —*Brooklyn Life.*

"Does Miss Gushinton's father look with favor on your suit?"
"I think so; he always lets me pay for the drinks."

Chicago Hotel Clerk—I shall have to give you a room on the eighteenth floor, sir.
Guest—All right. If any one calls to see me, tell him I am out of town.

Guest—Am I the unlucky thirteener?"
Host—No; you're the lucky fourteener. We invited you to fill the gap.
Guest—All right. I've brought it with me.

"Let me take the blamed thing home," said the patient, as the dentist relieved him of his aching molar; "I want to take it home and poke sugar into it and see it ache."

Dyer—What is your business, may I ask?
Boorish Stranger—I am a gentleman, sir. That's my business.
Dyer—Ah, you have failed, I see.

Tom Toppnot—Hullo, Jack! how do you do?
Jack Plunger—I (hic) do as I (hic) blame please, thank you.
Tom Toppnot—I see—when does your wife get back?

She—When I marry, I hope my husband will die young—I want to be a widow.
He—How barbarous! How cruel!
She—Oh, don't worry, it won't be your funeral.

"What is that place down there?" asked she of one of the officers.
"Why, that is the steerage," answered he.
"And does it take all those people to make the boat go straight?

Proud young mother—John, let us call him Claude.
Equally proud young father (gazing at his first-born)—No, Miranda. It might keep him from being President of the United States some day.

"Darling," he cried, throwing aside all reserve, "do you not know me?"
The girl flung herself upon his bosom.
"Your face is familiar," she sobbed, "although I can't quite recall your name."

A HOME DINNER

is rare when you're traveling, and sometimes when you're not. You can get them at all prices—such as they are—but there is no place in San Francisco that can serve you the genuine article in the same style, taste and elegance for the modest sum of $1.00 as

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Most centrally located. Cable cars pass the house for all parts of the city. Floors carpeted with the best body brussels and velvet. Electric bells and heated by steam. The only house in the city running a FREE 'BUS both ways and independent of the Transfer Co. Watch for the Natick House 'bus. Rates, $1.25, $1.50 and $2.00 per day. HART BROS., Proprietors.

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A. THORNE, Formerly at H. B. Claflin & Co's, New York. American Representative in England, London, Chatham and Dover Railway, Victoria Station, London, S. W.

The London, Chatham, and Dover Company's Trains run through the prettiest parts of Kent, and passengers have the privilege of stopping over at Rochester to visit the Cathedral and Castle, and at Canterbury to view the Cathedral (containing the tomb of the martyr, Thomas à Becket), and other places of interest.

Telegrams: Caldover, London.

PURE CIDER

is a rarity. There are many imitations. Some is labeled; some is not, and you don't know where it is made.

MONROE'S

is made in the Fel River Valley, the greatest apple producing district in California. It

IS ABSOLUTELY PURE,

sparkling and delicious.

JOHN BUTLER, Gen. Agent,
7 SUTTER STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

AMONG THE RESORTS.

Mountain Home Resort in Santa Clara County is enjoying a prosperous season. Its accommodations are filled, and largely, by former patrons, which is the best evidence of the attractiveness of any resort.

Glenbrook, in Lake County, is pleasantly located in Cobb Valley among the fir and pine trees, at an elevation of 3000 feet, and is most delightfully cool and pleasant. Some splendid catches of brook trout, for which Glenbrook is famous, have been recently reported.

The Natick House at Los Angeles is enjoying a good run of business. The proprietors are arranging to hold a series of band concerts every Saturday night on the hotel balcony for the entertainment of the guests. The new elegantly furnished baths are a much appreciated feature of the hotel.

Sanhedrin Resort, Lake County, is full to overflowing even at this early date, and the manager has engaged carpenters to build cottages for others who are to follow. The last installment of teachers from Berkeley is delighted with the surroundings, management, and the glorious climate of the high altitude.

The stage road to Madrone Mineral Springs (a distance of ten miles) has been greatly improved this summer. There have been several improvements made at the Springs, including a new trail down Soda Creek Canyon to the Coyote and also to Gilroy Hot Springs. Madrone Springs are under a new management this season. There are more deer in the vicinity of these Springs than there have been for years.

Skaggs' Hot Springs are attracting an unusual number of visitors this season, owing to their accessibility to San Francisco, the excellent table, and the general popularity of the present management.

It is reported from the Hotel Bailey in Shasta County that travel is rather late this season, but that section will be well patronized nevertheless. An unusual fishing story comes to us from this same place concerning Professor Ardley, who landed two trout at one cast, both together, weighing three pounds.

Anderson Springs has now a fully equipped livery, conducted by Mr. Spiers of the well-known stage line. We also learn that Anderson Springs has just been appointed as a C. W. C. hotel at the same rates allowed the L. A. W., and in consequence is receiving a large wheelman patronage. The outlook is most promising for an unusually good season. Miss Anderson, the proprietress, is well known as untiring in her efforts for the comfort and entertainment of her guests.

Returning sojourners at Avalon, Santa Catalina Island, will be pleasantly surprised by the many improvements which have been made since the close of last season.

All partitions between the smaller rooms in the main building of the Hotel Metropole have been removed, throwing two rooms into one large one, while an addition has been erected at the west end of the building containing thirty-five elegant rooms with private baths, a grand ballroom, reception rooms, etc. This addition will be open to the public July 1st. The main office has been enlarged and remodeled, and is now one of the cosiest in the State.

The famous mountain stage road is rapidly nearing completion. Stages have been running out of Avalon since early in June.

One of Avalon's most novel features this season is a large glass-bottomed boat, which enables occupants to view the wonderful forms of ocean life which abound here, swimming or floating to and fro, many fathoms below the surface of the crystal water for which this island is so widely noted.

For many years past Pacific Congress Springs, in Santa Clara County, has never received such a flattering testimonial from the general public as during the past season, the reason for which is, that it has recently come under new ownership and management, and all parties interested are enthusiastic and progressive young men, with ideas up to date, and they are carrying them out as rapidly as circumstances will permit.

Congress Springs is a delightful place, is easy of access, being but six miles from Los Gatos on the line of the Narrow Gauge Railway. It can also be reached from San Jose, from which point it is ten miles distant.

The Springs are under the management of J. S. Matheson, who will perhaps be remembered in connection with Paraiso Springs. Mr. Matheson together with his genial wife do everything possible to make their guests happy and contented.

Those who are familiar with Paraiso Springs, one of the most delightful resorts in Monterey County, will be interested to know that R. Robertson, who for several seasons has been manager of that place, has succeeded in obtaining a lease of the Springs, and will hereafter conduct it as the proprietor. Mr. Robertson is well and favorably known among the resorters on the Coast, and the fact that he will have exclusive control and full say of the direction of Paraiso will be in itself a drawing card to many of its old patrons as well as to those who have heard it so favorably spoken of in the past.

The new road from Hopland to Highland Springs is even more pleasant than the former route from Pieta. Hopland is on the road of the San Francisco and Northern Pacific Railway, and the trip is now made in about the same time as formerly, if not less, and is much more picturesque than the old route. Highlands is now prepared to receive its summer guests, and the indications are it will be filled to overflowing, as usual, within the next two weeks. The new hotel is most attractive, and its broad and shaded veranda is the delight of its guests. Genial Mr. Craig is still in charge as manager, and leaves no stone unturned for the entertainment of his patrons, and excursions to Clear Lake, Blue Lakes, etc., are posted on the bulletin board almost daily.

The beautifully picturesque Milton, Big Oak Flat and Calaveras Big Tree Route to Yosemite Valley is now open, and as the fare by this route is only about half of that formerly charged, it will enable many to visit these scenic wonders who before found it financially impossible. A drive through the magnificent forests of the Sierras alone will be a perpetual feast of pleasure to the traveler; while the health-giving ozone of its wonderful atmosphere will add life and zest to the journey.

One of the chief delights of resorters in Lake County is the splendid swimming pond at Seigler Springs. The pond is 200 feet long, 60 feet wide, and 16 feet deep, at a temperature of 80 degrees, so that it can be imagined what enjoyment may be experienced from a swim in this comfortable and spacious pond. Seigler is likewise noted for its many beautiful walks and drives, and they are provided with a fully equipped livery connected with the hotel. Seigler Springs is doing an excellent business, and many improvements have been made in the grounds since last season.

The Hotel Vendome at San Jose is becoming more and more appreciated every year by men and women who desire quiet and pleasant surroundings in which to take their annual rest and recreation. The grounds are large and well kept—a veritable *rus in urbe*—and the trees are filled with wild song birds. There are many pleasant drives to the mountains, on either side of the valley, over perfect roads. The management provides a splendid orchestra, which discourses music during the dining hours and gives concerts during the evening. Altogether the Vendome is an ideal resort.

People are growing wiser. Residents of Alameda, Oakland, Berkeley, San Rafael, Sausalito, Belvidere, San Mateo, Palo Alto, and other suburban cities do not now take the last boat or train after theater or party as formerly, but with due regard for their complexions and health generally, they slip up to the Hotel Ramona, 130 Ellis Street, between Powell and Mason, San Francisco, where rooms are only 50 cents to $1.50 per day, and get a full night's precious sleep. It is only a block from the Baldwin and Columbia Theaters, and an easy few minutes' walk from all other places of amusement. The character of The Ramona is the highest, and the manager, Mrs. Kate S. Hart, has the happy faculty of making every guest feel welcome.

"The Traveler's Bureau," at No. 20 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, has on file pamphlets, cards, and all other information about rates and routes, concerning the hotels and resorts published in "The Traveler." We admit none to our columns that are not first-class and reliable. There is no charge for this service. Call upon or write to us.

SUMMIT SODA SPRINGS

Is a delightful resort in the Sierra Nevada Mountains thirteen miles from Summit Station, on C. P. R. R., and will be open June 1st. Fine scenery, excellent hunting and fishing, and refreshing MINERAL SPRINGS. Altitude, 6000 feet. Rates, $2.50 per day; $10.00, $12.00 and $14.00 per week.

For further particulars address

GOULDEN & JACOBS, Proprietors,
Donner Postoffice. PLACER COUNTY, CAL.

SKAGGS' HOT SPRINGS.

SONOMA COUNTY, CAL.

Only 4½ hours from San Francisco, and but 9 miles staging. Waters noted for their medicinal virtues, and generally conceded to be the finest natural bath water in the State. Excellent climate and grand mountain scenery. Long distance telephone; daily mail and express; well-stocked trout streams. Round trip from San Francisco only $5.50. Take Tiburon ferry at 7:30 A.M. or 3:30 P.M. Terms, $2.00 per day or $12.00 per week.

J. F. MULGREW, Proprietor.

LOS GATOS HOTEL.

OPPOSITE DEPOT.

Headquarters for Commercial Travelers. Best accommodations and Polite Attention. Excellent service. First-class table. Beautiful drives. Delightful climate.

C. W. GERTRIDGE, Proprietor.
LOS GATOS, CAL.

POPE HOUSE AND COTTAGES.

The Pope House is favorably located in the most beautiful residence portion of town. The genial warmth of the atmosphere, and freedom from the cold, damp winds of the beach, furnish the luxuries of a rural home. Tennis, croquet, billiards and music room. Electric cars to beach and baths.

Rates, $2 to $2.50 per day; $10 to $15 per week.

For further information, address

MRS. ANNA POPE, SANTA CRUZ, CAL.

PACIFIC OCEAN HOUSE

The Leading Hotel.

SANTA CRUZ, CAL.

E. B. PIXLEY, Proprietor.

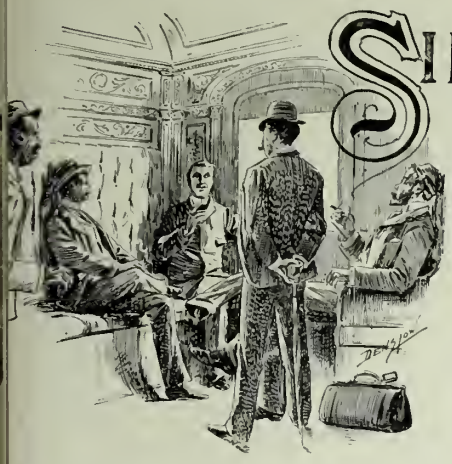
Remodeled. Refurnished. New Management. Strictly First-Class.

Free Sample Rooms. Free 'Bus to and from all trains

SANHEDRIN HEIGHTS SUMMER RESORT.

LAKE COUNTY, CAL.

Over 4000 feet elevation among the pines. Fine scenery, pure air, delicious water, shooting, fishing, etc. Home cooking and comforts. There is no more delightful and healthful resort in Lake County. Further information and descriptive pamphlet can be obtained by writing L. B. FRASIER, Manager, at the above address or at the office of THE TRAVELER, 20 Montgomery St., S. F.



SIDE LINES

Tales Told Between Stations

Bartlett Springs in Lake County has been enjoying phenomenal patronage this season. The paid orhestra maintained, to say nothing of the delightful surroundings, the social amusements and the celebrated waters, is sufficient to make the most exacting ontented and pleased.

The "little" Brewster Hotel at San Diego (as it is ffectionately called) is capturing all the first-class rade, and deservingly so, for there is not a neater or etter managed hotel in the State of California.

Notwithstanding the summer season is at its height he Hotel St. Nicholas in San Francisco is full, a strikng testimonial to its management and its reasonable erms.

First Boarder—Going to stay until October? Must e rather cold here at that time of the year.

Second Boarder—Yes; but the hotel proprietor loses ome of the icy manner which distinguishes him in uly and August.

In Santa Cruz the run this season seems to be diided between the new Hotel St. George, the Pacific)cean House, and the Pope House. They are all disnct in character and are receiving the balance of ade. Up-to-date ideas and good management have rought them to the front and the City by the Sea is ell able to take care of all its guests at these ell-known hostelries.

Laurel Dell in Lake County is well patronized. A blendid table is provided, and the fishing, swimming, nd boating on Laurel Dell Lake is a combination arely to be found.

The new Hotel Van Nuys at Los Angeles, opened in anuary last, is an acknowledged success. Centrally cated, modern in equipment, an unsurpassed cuisine, asonable charges, and untiring attention are all that e could ask. Hence the result.

A lawyer tells the following story in the *Green ag* "Some time ago we had under cross examinaon a youth from the country who rejoiced in the name Samson, and whose replies were provocative of uch laughter in the court. 'And so,' questioned the rrister, 'you wish the court to believe that you are a aceably disposed and inoffensive kind of person?' 'Yes.'—'And that you have no desire to follow in the eps of your illustrious namesake and smite the Philtines?'—'No; I've not,' answered the witness, 'and l had the desire I ain't got the power at present.'—Then you think you would be unable to cope successlly with 1000 enemies and utterly rout them with the wbone of an ass?' 'Well,' answered the ruffled mson, 'I might have a try when you have done with e weapon.'"

We learn that Harbin Springs, Lake County, is joying a flattering patronage and that of the best ss of people, and they are still coming. You won't gret a visit there and if you go away dissatisfied it n't be the fault of Mr. Hays, whose success lies iefly in the personal attention he gives to his guests.

Samuel Soda Springs in Napa County is now in the ld bidding for public favor. If about two hundred ests are any indication of its attractions we should y it is a veritable "dark horse" in the resort campaign. Plain, homelike, efficient waters, picturesque surroundings, and amusements without number are some of the reasons why so many people go there.

An admirer of Rossini sent the composer at Christmas time a fine Stilton cheese and an oratorio which the donor had recently composed. In a laconic letter of thanks Rossini wrote: "A thousand thanks! I like the cheese very much."

Tuscan Springs of Tehama Co., Cal., but nine miles from Red Bluff, have made some remarkable records of late as to the curative properties of the waters of which there are about fifty springs. They can accommodate nearly one hundred guests. For descriptive pamphlet call at the office of THE TRAVELER.

The prettiest and best conducted hotel in Mill Valley is the Hotel Eastland, under the management of Mrs. Farrar, well known as the proprietor of Blithedale last season. Here one can have the advantages of a complete change of climate and frequent train service with San Francisco.

"You didn't stay long at that hotel which advertised a fine trout stream in the vicinity."

"No; the hotel proprietor explained that it was a fine trout stream, but he couldn't help it if the trout hadn't sense enough to find it out."

A beautifully illustrated pamphlet on the Tahoe region has just been issued by the Passenger Department of the Southern Pacific Company, and can be obtained free of charge by addressing Mr. T. H. Goodman, General Passenger Agent, San Francisco. It tells of all the principal resorts of the Middle Sierras. The principal resorts on the Lake which are receiving the patronage this year are McKinney's, Glen Alpine Springs, and Deer Park Inn. McKinney's is a delightful resort right on the Lake, Glen Alpine is most picturesquely situated in the mountains beyond Tallac, and Deer Park Inn is an ideal retreat not far from Tahoe City. These three places are getting the bulk of the Lake traffic because of their beautiful surroundings, fine tables, and, more important than all, their reasonable charges. If you are going to Lake Tahoe be sure to select one of these three. You can get as good as the best, and you will never complain of exorbitant charges.

The pleasure of the Lake trip has been greatly enhanced by the new steamer *Tahoe*, owned by the Lake Tahoe Transportation Company, of which Mr. C. T. Bliss is general manager. It is built of steel, cost over $70,000, is 169 feet long, and capable of making twenty-three and one-half miles an hour. Its equipment is up to date, and altogether the trip to Lake Tahoe is especially enjoyable on a modern vessel of this character.

Those interested in healthful amateur athletics will be interested in the remarkable showing made by the Belmont School this year in both football and baseball. The football team did not lose a game the entire season, although it played against the Stanford Freshmen, the University of California Freshmen and the University of Nevada 'Varsity. In baseball, too, the team has not, this year, lost a game in its class, and has won, in a canter, the entire athletic pennant for the Coast. But we understand that the School has no intention of elevating athletics into undue prominence. They are encouraged and practised as supplementing the gymnasium and military drill, for the physical benefit they are certain to bring, and for the spirit of good comradeship that they bring about. The Alumni of the school are showing a very delightful loyalty to it, and the right kind of spirit with regard to athletics. They have lately offered a beautiful cup to be competed for by an athletic association of the leading preparatory schools, and their general spirit was shown in the fact that although they are Belmont boys, the cup will be open to competition, and is to go to the school that is first three times champion.

In the Middle Sierras should also be mentioned the well-known Campbell Hot Springs, twenty-seven miles from Truckee, and at an elevation of 5000 feet. The waters are fine for rheumatism, kidney complaints, gout, liver, and all blood and skin diseases.

Likewise should be included Summit Soda Springs, thirteen miles from Summit Station, 6000 feet. They are celebrated for the cure of stomach and liver troubles, as well as for splendid hunting and trout fishing near by.

It should be mentioned, in conclusion, that the Truckee Hotel is the stopping-place for all tourists visiting this section. It is still under the management of Stuart McKay, and is the headquarters of all stage lines radiating to the various resorts of the Sierras.

A poet has been found who blithely makes the word "circumstances" rhyme with "Kansas," and a novelist launches a book at our inoffending heads, whose heroine is burdened with the following alphabetical curiosity for a name—Gwendolynne Ethylwynne. Truly, imagination is a great thing.

HOTEL EASTLAND.

MILL VALLEY, CAL.

Just 45 minutes from San Francisco, on the slope of Mt. Tamalpais. Picturesquely located, delightful climate, home comforts and first-class table, tennis court, croquet. The Hotel is easy of access, having 14 trains daily from San Francisco. Bus meets all trains. Rates, $10 to $14 per week.

MRS. M. A. FARRAR, Proprietor,
Formerly Manager of Blithedale.

DIVIDEND NOTICES.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

532 CALIFORNIA ST., COR. WEBB.

For the half year ending June 30, 1897, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of four and two-tenths (4.2) per cent on Term Deposits and three and five-tenths (3.5) per cent on Ordinary Deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, July 1, 1897. LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

526 CALIFORNIA STREET.

For the half year ending June 30, 1897, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and twenty-hundredths (4.20) per cent per annum on Term Deposits, and three and fifty-hundredths (3.50) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, July 1, 1897.

GEO. TOURNY, Secretary.

SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

101 MONTGOMERY STREET, CORNER SUTTER.

For the half year ending June 30, 1897, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and twenty-hundredths (4.20) per cent per annum on term deposits, and three and fifty-hundredths (3.50) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, July 1, 1897. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of dividend as the principal from and after July 1, 1897. CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO.

33 POST STREET.

For the half year ending June 30, 1897, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on term deposits, and three and one third (3.33⅓) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, July 1, 1897. GEO. A. STORY, Cashier.

THE DAILY ROUND.

ROSE CROSBY.

AS EACH day comes to us, it is both wise and helpful to crowd into it bits of significance, thereby making the days of our lives a worthy part of the great history of individual existence.

Brief researches from time to time into the records of bygone years should encourage us to weave about the days as they come and go the legends, myths, and fancies that have made certain dates memorable.

The fourth day of July need not only convey to us an idea of noise and confusion, but entertainments may be so planned that the historical meaning of the anniversary may be both interesting and respected. Invite friends of the young people in your home to come on their bicyles to

A PATRIOTIC LUNCHEON.

Paint a bicycle frame in red, and decorate it with blue and white ribbons. Have an even number of red, white, and blue ribbons. Paint or stamp on each a number; arrange numbers so that there will be a red, white and a blue ribbon bearing the same number. Hand to each guest as he enters the house one of the ribbons. When luncheon is announced the guests should by seated in groups of three according to numbering of ribbons, each group representing the three colors.

On table linen of daintiest white damask set out your old family blue china, and in heirloom brass or silver candlesticks insert red candles and cover them with shades, completing the color idea with decorations of carnations, red geraniums, and blue bachelor buttons.

For a center-piece under the bowls of flowers and from the bases of the candlesticks and fruit dishes, firecrackers should be so arranged as to radiate from the center. Menu cards, fastened to pin-wheels, will add to the novelty of the occasion if fastened in one corner with a little hatchet, the crest of the father of his country.

The fruit served at the table should be appropriate to George Washington's early iniquity, and if the cherries are ripe and luscious your guests will bless the good man for bestowing upon the nation so desirable a family tree.

To complete the picture, flags should be mounted in each individual salt-seller, and the napkins used should be of paper bearing the Stars and Stripes.

It has been claimed by many a host and hostess that amusement and recreation should be free from mental or physical exertion, but regardless of this opinion you will find it entertaining to pass around anagrams between the courses, and ready guessers will easily spell "Liberty," "Independence," "George Washington," etc., and, take my word for it, they will never remonstrate.

If you are so fortunately situated that you can serve ice cream on historical plates, you can heighten the effect by the legitimate fairy tale that "it is supposed that these formerly belonged to George Washington."

After coffee is served, remove the candles, draw the window-shades, and make the room as dark as possible, in order that the display of Japanese fireworks, with which you have already provided yourself, may be more effective.

In the early afternoon it would be well to prepare a novel game that will cause much merriment, the prizes to consist of two little silver flags, one enameled in colors and the other plain. Procure flags of all nations, and suspend them about various parts of the lawn while luncheon is being served. Provide the guests with cards and pencils, and bid them write the name of the nation to which each flag belongs, and it will be both interesting and ludicrous to see how few flags will be recognized, and the guest who takes the prize of honor will have little more to boast of than the winner of the dummy. By way of further honoring sister nations, arrange a short musical program, to include the songs and national airs of all countries, closing with an attempt to sing our own national hymn without words for guidance. This may prove a lamentable failure, but at the same time may be an incentive to learn the lines. Drink to the health of any such resolution with a mild and innocuous punch, which should be served in a large George Washington pitcher, and as the guests depart, tie a bunch of cherries to the handle-bars of each bicycle for refreshment on the way home.

BELVEDERE, CAL., IN SUMMER.

The old adage goes, that if it rains on St. Swithin's Day it will rain for forty-five succeeding days, and in England and in those parts of our own country where rain falls during the summer months, showers on the fifteenth day of July are always considered indicative of a wet season.

The legend is, that St. Swithin, who was Bishop of Winchester and one of the tutors of Alfred the Great, desiring very humble burial requested that his body be laid to rest with the poor. His wish was gratified; but later the clergy, wishing to do honor to the Bishop, attempted to move his body to a better position within the church, but rain prevented their doing so, and continued for forty-five days, until the plan was abandoned.

In old almanacs we find many rhymes and allusions to St. Swithin's Day:

"St. Swithin's Day if then dost rain,
For forty days it will remain;
St. Swithin's Day if then be fair,
For forty days 'twill rain na mair."

In rainy districts invitations to midsummer frolics are frequently worded: "If it be fair on St. Swithin's Day," etc. The good Saint evidently regards California with favor, as our summer season will testify.

At length it has come to pass that children are to receive just as much consideration and care as dogs in their kennels and horses in their stables.

Heretofore the lords of creation have allowed the young of the human race to grow to maturity as best they could, while no owners of kennels or stables were ever so thoughtless as not to provide every means necessary to make their dogs prize-winners and their horses capable of capturing the blue ribbons at the horse show.

The approach has been gradual, and has become part of the reform of the late century movement. Organized at Washington, D. C., not yet a year ago, the "National Child-study Association" has done such efficient work that already branch associations have been formed in many of the States.

California is quite abreast with the times in that there has been formed in this State a "Home and Child-study Association," and prominent educators have interested mothers to join them in a crusade against existing evils, and to study the physiological and psychological conditions that influence the growth and development of young children.

This movement is sure to interest every thoughtful man and woman, and its influence will be felt through every strata of society wherever the mystery of motherhood has blessed humanity with its sacred import.

The up-to-date home, realizing the education of travel, and through it a better understanding of geography and history, will supplement school work with home study in this direction. A keener interest in this branch is incited if the student expects that some day he may stand in modern Athens and recall its ancient history, or that he may roam through the galleries of Europe, not because they are one of the "sights to see," but because of the historical significance surrounding them.

With anticipation trained and a cultured memory, one may derive comfort and pleasure from whatever conditions exist, and the stay-at-home, by the aid of photographs and maps on a library table, may be able to conduct a well-regulated company of young people around the world. While this task may tax the patience, the result will amply repay the effort.

The rose, as the symbol of love, was dedicated to Venus, who in turn dedicated it to her son Harpocrates, the God of Silence, from which circumstance emanated the well-known phrase "sub rosa," as used in connection with confidential disclosures.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

PRICE TEN CENTS. *AUGUST, 1897.* SAN FRANCISCO AND LOS ANGELES, CAL.

CALIFORNIA CAMP LIFE.

Hotel Del Monte

NO ONE picture or group of pictures can do more than serve as a suggestion of the great attractions of Del Monte. There is such a wide variety, and everything is on such a broad scale, that from no one standpoint can the story be told; and while we have attempted in the above cut to illustrate interesting bits of the grounds, hotel, etc., there are scores and scores of other scenes of equal interest and attractiveness. It is yet to be placed on record that any stranger has visited this resort and been other than agreeably disappointed. Everything is up to (and beyond) the brag. The grounds and flowers are a revelation, the eighteen-mile drive around the ocean shore and back through the sweet-smelling pine forests is a marvel, and the hotel itself is as near perfection in all its appointments as it is possible to reach. It is little less than criminal for strangers visiting California to miss seeing Del Monte.

THE TRAVELER.

VOLUME X. SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST, 1897. NUMBER 2.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

WM. V. BRYAN, Editor and Proprietor.

General Office, 20 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

FREDERIC MAYER, 7, RUE BALLU, PARIS, FRANCE, GENERAL EUROPEAN AGENT.

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THE TRAVELER'S BUREAU,

conducted in connection with THE TRAVELER, will furnish, *without charge*, reliable information about any hotel, summer or winter resort, railway or steamship line, country lands, guides, etc. Call upon or write to us at any time.

Special Notice. No employee or representative of THE TRAVELER is empowered to request transportation or contract any debts on account of this journal. The publisher invariably furnishes letters over his own signature where any favor or concession may be desired, so that those granting them without such letters do so at their own risk.

IN connection with the Letter Carriers' meeting it is interesting to note that a most important gathering of the California Hotel Association was held at San Francisco on July 27th for the purpose of devising ways and means to bring Central California more prominently to the attention of the traveler, tourist, land-seeker, and investor throughout the world.

Comparatively little has been done heretofore to bring this section of the State before our Eastern friends. Southern California has been splendidly advertised, and the result is they are enjoying a most lucrative influx each winter from our Eastern States.

It is now proposed to establish in New York City (the center of population) a "Bureau of Information" on similar lines to that of "The Travelers' Bureau" in San Francisco, but on a larger scale. This Bureau will be under the immediate supervision of George W. Lynch, and, in fact, the entire enterprise has been suggested and promoted by him. Mr. Lynch is well known as a hustler, a man of broad ideas, and one who generally carries out what he undertakes.

There is to be no partiality shown, either to hotels or to any section of Central or Northern California, but the underlying principle is to give accurate and detailed information about every portion of this territory in regard to its agricultural possibilities, its climatic advantages, etc.

The advent of the Christian Endeavorers at San Francisco has proven a most gratifying experiment, and among the other objects of the associated hotels will be to encourage gatherings of all classes of large associations, including the National Convention for 1900. It may seem somewhat distant to figure on the Convention, but large bodies move slowly, and if they whose interests are more or less of a public character, and who depend directly or indirectly upon congregations of this kind, will substantially support the movement on foot, there is no question of its ultimate success under the management of its promoter.

SURF BOARD SWIMMER—HAWAII.

CALIFORNIA is fast becoming a favorite convention headquarters, and it is certainly an excellent way to exploit the resources of our State. The next gathering of importance will be the National Letter Carriers' Association, annually assembled during the week beginning September 6th, and on that date a grand parade and opening meeting are scheduled. On the 9th, Admission Day, visiting delegates will be driven through Golden Gate Park to Cliff and Presidio, and banqueted at night, a bay excursion following on the 12th. Delegates are coming one thousand strong. Horace Platt, President of the Hopkins Institute of Art, has tendered the freedom of the Institute. A metal plate backed by that grandest of symbols, the American flag, is to be the convention badge. Headquarters will be at the Baldwin Hotel, and here Californian hospitality will be maintained in the spirit and letter; namely, wines will be distributed to the Letter Carrier delegates. Donations in the way of fruits, flowers, and wines are solicited for this purpose, and the supply should far exceed the demand, for it is an excellent method of practically advertising Californian products. The local branch of the Association is in the field with an urgent request for more funds to see the affair through in handsome style. Who will loyally advance to assist them with the needed coin?

THERE is no such thing as a national holiday in this country. Lawyers assert that even Labor Day, which was set apart by act of Congress in 1894, is not such outside of the District of Columbia, unless by State enactment. The creation and regulation of holidays have been left entirely to the legislatures of the individual States. The act of Congress concerning Labor Day was approved on June 28, 1894. It provided that the first Monday in September in each year be the day celebrated and known as Labor Day, is hereby made a legal holiday to all intents and purposes in the same manner as Christmas, January 1st, February 22d, May 30th, and July 4th are now made by law public holidays. The act making holidays of January 1st, July 4th, Christmas, and "any day appointed or recommended by the President of the United States as a day of public fast or thanksgiving," was passed in June, 1870, and was restricted in its effect to the District of Columbia. These days are holidays in the various States only as they are made so by the various State legislatures. The act of January 31, 1879, makes February 22d a legal holiday, and the act of August 31, 1888, does the same for May 30th, and both are restricted in their application to the District of Columbia. The misleading language of the Labor Day act would lead to a prevalent statement that the first Monday of September is a holiday throughout the United States by Congressional enactment. It may be likewise interesting to note that nearly all so-termed "national" holidays are universally observed throughout every State in the Union, but, frequent as they may seem, they aggregate but seven as recognized in the State of California.

JUDGE RITCHIE, of the Maryland Superior Court, has decided that the purchaser of a section in a sleeping-car for a given trip has the right, if he leaves the train before he reaches his destination, to transfer the use of his section to another first-class passenger for the balance of the trip for which it was sold. We believe this is the first legal opinion covering this point.

NOTES ON ART AND ARTISTS.

KATHERINE M. BALL.

TO THOSE who have had the advantage of visiting the different world's expositions, and who were thoughtful enough to comprehend the characteristic features of their various exhibits, it must be apparent that countries generally rank in the order of their civilization according to the character and quality of their arts, and generally prosper in proportion as the arts are cultivated. And yet it is sad to think that while the arts do so much for a country they frequently do so little by way of remuneration for the artist, notwithstanding that they require so much of him by way of preparation and training.

This is probably due to the fact that genius for art and genius for business are rarely combined in the same individual. The artist dwells in the upper realms of thought and action and finds it difficult to descend to commonplace transactions.

To paint a picture is one thing, but to sell it is quite another, and the methods that are often necessary to effect a sale are of such a character that they tend to dwarf the spirit that is obliged to resort to them.

It would almost seem that when the student takes his training in drawing and painting he should, parallel with this, study methods of disposing of his products.

If pictures always sold on their merit, the artist might take courage and strive to perfect his art, but such, unfortunately, is not the case, and the reason for this is the prevailing ignorance of the general public as to art matters.

The personal element enters largely into the sale of pictures. Your buyer often knows nothing about the subject. Convince him of your greatness as a man, or your superior ability as an artist, of your originality, of the esteem in which you are held by others in your profession, of your reputation, and your coming fame, and he will buy your picture, not because it is good, but to satisfy his vanity to possess something that is unusual, or possibly to hold it as a speculation until the time comes when you are famous, and your work will bring unusual prices.

And such conditions will prevail until people are better educated in art matters; until they have knowledge of art principles; until they have correct standards of judgment; and until art becomes as necessary to well-being as are literature, music, and the drama.

But how is this to be done?

By following the example of older and more experienced countries; in the establishment of free art schools and museums which shall be presided over by competent and well-trained teachers whose duty it shall be to bring their work to the people; in the fostering of elementary educational art in our public schools and by placing it beyond the reach of the local politician; in employing the finest of the world's talent for the construction and decoration

"LET'S MAKE UP."

From the well-known painting by Grace Hudson.

of our public buildings and monuments, so that they may be silent teachers of the beautiful.

To confine the competition for a public structure to Californians may be to protect home industries, but the problem is a greater one.

A City Hall, a Liberty on its dome, a Lick Monument, may last several generations and either be a source of regret or an inspiration to the community.

How lovingly and with what reverence we recall French's Statue of the Republic, or MacMonnie's Fountain, or Kemys's Sculptured Animals, or the Administration Building, or the Art Palace at the World's Fair.

What an inspiration would a few such products in our midst be to our young artists, and what an impetus to the general cause!

We learn that the famous Wm. H. Stewart collection of paintings is soon to be sold in New York. The majority of the pictures are still in Paris, but are to be brought to this country before the passage of the Dingley Bill, which means to impose a heavy duty on all art products.

THE MILL VALLEY REDWOODS.
By L. P. Latimer.

This collection includes many of the works of Fortuny, together with some of Corot, Rousseau, Gerome, Diaz, Dupre, Daubigny, Vollon, Baudry, and Boldino. This has been one of the most conspicuous collections in Paris, and we trust that the sale may not escape the notice of visiting Californians so that some of these works may find their way to San Francisco.

Constant Troyon, one of the most famous artists of the Barbizon School, left a series of productions that has not lacked appreciation. "The Return from the Farm," sold for $6550: "The Cow Chased by a Dog," for $9100; "The Coast Villiers," for $8100: and "The Celebrated Drinking Cup," for $16,000.

It is stated that art in Rome has degenerated into a mercantile business that is controlled by speculators, picture-dealers, vendors and manufacturers of sham antiquities, who supply their products to the uneducated trustees of foreign galleries. Artists of talent have frequently had wretched reproductions of their work put upon the market. These transactions have made both artist and buyer suspicious, and consequently they have been attracted to Venice, in which city they feel protected. Such has been the success that Venice is rapidly superseding Rome in becoming the art center of Italy.

The Government commissioned several artists of distinction to make designs for the new one, two, and three dollar silver certificates, but for some unaccountable reason they were discarded.

The Art Gallery at the Mechanics' Pavilion was a feature of the Christian Endeavor Convention that deserves a great deal of commendation. The collection was representative of California art and of California art subjects. It was received with much enthusiasm by our visitors, and doubtless inspired many to make excursions to the various resorts that the pictures represented. Not only was the Yosemite Valley well represented in Mr. Keith's and Mr. Hill's paintings, but to the art student they showed different schools of art, for as we compare the earlier canvases of these two famous California artists with their latter works we find a marked difference. In the former we see carefully defined and highly finished modes of working, which give place in the latter to the broader impressionistic school, where ideas are suggested rather than carefully expressed.

Mr. Keith's "California Autumn Twilight" is a beautiful piece of color, and is full of feeling.

Mr. Yelland's pictures carry us from the snow-covered, cloud-capped mountains to the calm and peaceful shores of Monterey, where he shows us soft skies, calm water, and moss-covered shell inhabited rocks. Mr. Yelland always impresses one with his careful work.

A charming study in pastel by Tavernier, "Fire in the Santa Cruz Mountains," received considerable attention on account of its grand scenery and weird subject.

But of all the pictures the one that was most appreciated was Mrs. Hudson's "Let's Make Up." Scenery may be grand and thrill us, flowers and still-

life be beautiful and please us, but to touch the popular heart a picture must treat of human thoughts and interest. The two little Indian children evidently have been quarrelling, and, as the title says, are trying to "make up."

Mr. Raschen's picture, "Indian Camp in Mendocino," is strong in handling and representative of Indian life and character.

Mr. Dixon showed some bold masterful drawing in his water-colors. We learn that Mr. Dixon has made quite a hit in the East by his "New American Poster" made for the *Overland Monthly*.

A very large and interesting picture by Ernest Narjot suggested the Chinese custom of carrying the dragon on festal days, which was in vogue in the earlier days of San Francisco, but which recently has been discontinued.

Some pleasing sketches in the Redwoods were shown by Mr. Latimer, who is one of the foremost of the Pacific Coast water-colorists. Mr. Latimer paints many studies of his favorite subject, but he rarely has any on hand, as they are no sooner painted than sold.

Miss Helen Hyde was represented in a series of the most charming and original sketches of Chinese children, among which are "Hide and Seek," "The Mandarin," "Little One-Two," and "Plum Blossoms."

These studies, which look like water-colored etchings, cannot fail to please the most critical.

Miss M. E. Nicholl showed two studies, "Strawberries" and "Mandarin Oranges," which show talent of an unusual order.

Miss Schamm had several outdoor studies, which are delightful. Miss Schamm promises much for her future work.

Miss Cashin exhibits a pleasing study in her "A Berkeley Oak."

A portion of the wall space of the Art Rooms is given to a collection of studies in water color and oils by the late Fortune de Conte, together with a series of studies contributed by resident artists. These pictures are to be disposed of for the benefit of the family of the deceased artist. There are many interesting things in the collection.

In closing, we must commend in the highest terms the skill and taste displayed in the decoration of the auditorium. To the citizens of San Francisco who are familiar with the general character of the building its transformation was marvelous. The selection and arrangement of the palms and garlands of flowers, flags, shields, banners, lanterns, and bunting gave excellent evidence of the ability of the Committee on Decoration.

A SUMMER OUTING.

DEAR TRAVELER:—When I left San Francisco last week I was not in the best of humors. To dance by night and play euchre by day, with other social accessories for the annihilation of time throughout a season, is destructive to the temper and a menace to the digestion.

We were bound for Highland Springs. By the time we left the train at Hopland for lunch at Thatcher's Hotel, I was wolfishly hungry, and ate like a Kansas grasshopper. Mrs. Thatcher, by the way, is one of the prettiest women I ever saw, with lovely gray hair, and her pies are better than any your mother ever dared to make. As for that seventeen-mile drive, it was charming. The road winds upward to the summit of the mountain through as beautiful a country as eyes could wish to see. It is smooth and easily graded, with branches of magnificent trees shading us overhead, and the view at the apex a picturesque perspective of field and canyon, with Clear Lake in the distance. Dust? No. He or she who says the ride is a dusty one is a wicked prevaricator. I was almost sorry when I had to hop earthward again at the hotel.

A BRIDGE OF SIGHS. *Rankin photo.*

It is brand-new, that hotel, and Highland Springs is so delightful a spot that we shall stay right here the rest of the season. Any one who could find fault with Highlands is a crank, and may heaven have mercy on his soul.

Apropos of ailments, we have several distinguished invalids up here, and nearly three dozen different kinds of mineral springs to drink cures from, and a variety of baths. Many of the guests are here solely for pleasure, and there is gayety in plenty in this colony of three hundred people. Just think! Nine hundred were turned away in June, and still they come. The management is perfect. How Mr. Craig, the manager, does it *he* only knows, and he won't tell. There is every attraction here, too, for people who are not burdened with refractory livers, creaking joints, or stomachs at warfare internal and infernal. Hunting, fishing, horseback riding, driving, tennis, swimming, croquet, billiards, and bicycling are popular diversions. The other morning I saw a beauty of a deer a mile and a quarter from the hotel, and the trout are superb and abundant near by. The moonlight nights are glorious compared with the spurious imitation of that romantic commodity which tries to filter down to us in San Francisco.

A look at the register shows many prominent names. There are travelers here who have trotted the globe over. Among the Oaklanders are H. M. Barry, C. K. Miggit, Grant I. Taggart, A. C. Morse, Howard Adams, Mrs. H. G. Sturtevant and daughter. Those who have their families with them are Mrs. E. E. Farnum, P. Lamoreaux, Attorney George W. Reed, John W. Harris, George D. Gray, Mrs. F. E. McNear, G. W. Baker, W. F. Hopkins, and Judge Greene. If you want to find the Judge, go down to the Ems Spring, where he is more than likely to be warmly defending the gold question against the eloquent arguments of his silverite townsman, B. W. Sloan, who is said to be the most popular commercial traveler in California. Among other bench dignitaries are Judges J. V. Coffey and J. C. B. Hebbard, the latter with his wife.

From San Francisco I have noticed Attorney-General Fitzgerald and family, Mrs. W. G. Stafford and sister, Miss Gertrude Honsman, William P. Lewis, Ivan Treadwell, Miss Hillegrass, Mrs. Philip Caduc, J. Parker Currier and wife, E. P. Fish and family, James T. Boyd, Major A. D. Hammond, George H. Wheaton, A. Sattler and wife, Mrs. Ernestine Kreling, Leo Cooper, Hiram B. Cook and wife, F. B. Cavarly, S. H. Seymour, Fire Marshal Charles Towe and wife, Mrs. D. Cutter, B. R. Fredericks and wife, George W. Beaver, F. Chevalier, Mrs. Alexander Forbes and daughter, ex-Mayor Eliert and wife, Ralph Briggs, and Frank T. Meagher. With their families are Mrs. T. T. Atkinson, C. A. Fisher, Mrs. Moffit, Mrs. Wm. V. Bryan, F. W. Dickson, H. A. Hedger, Mrs. Doctor Buckley, P. F. Butler, M. A. Wheaton, Doctor R. H. Plummer.

Other guests of note are the Countess Shiotti, Paris; L. E. Aldrich, Stockton; A. V. Clark, Alameda; Mrs. M. A. Dunbar and daughter, China; R. H. Beamer, Woodland; E. P. Colgan, Sacramento; Doctor T. M. Todd, Auburn; W. M. Wheeler, Battle Mountain; Captain W. B. Collier and family, Lakeport; Wm. W. Fogg and bride. Mrs. Hopkins is chaperoning a bevy of young ladies, among them the daughter of T. V. Cator, Miss Marie, an accomplished musician and an unusually gifted girl.

Man is here in all his variety, and there is enough of him to go round. Decidedly the most youthful among them for his years is Mr. Stevens, who lives in royal style in apartments whose furniture cannot be duplicated, it having been made to order, after the owner's designs, of the finest mahogany obtainable, lined with dainty bird's-eye maple. Mr. Stevens does not want the earth, for the reason that he already owns a big slice of it, thousands of Lake County acres, including Highlands, standing in the Stevens name. He is literally monarch of all he surveys.

Scarcely a day slips by but that there are excursions to some one of the many points of interest, ahorse, afoot, or awheel. Nor are deer the only game, smaller varieties abounding in the near-by mountains. The Lovers' Retreat, strange to say, has never a pair of lovers there. It is such a pretty nook that the elderly ladies preempt it for a knitting rendezvous, leaving to those who are romantic Manzanita Grove and its beautiful pathway. At its terminus is the famous Sulphur Spring.

Highlands is seventeen hundred feet above sea level. The hotel is situated on the banks of a running stream, protected from the sun by laurel, pine, oak, and other trees which grow as only California forest trees can grow. The entire country is heavily timbered and absolutely free from that usual summer torment whose singing is worse than a brass band out of tune—the mosquito. As the hotel is open the year round, we are planning to spend part of the winter here. The Diana Spring has already done wonders with my complexion.

En passant, take my advice and don't die in order to attain heaven when steam and horses can bring you to this earthly paradise. Would you cheat death? Then come to Highland Springs! ONE OF US.

An old gentleman who was very absent-minded often had to ring for his servant, and say, "Thomas, I am looking for something, and now I can't remember what it is." And then Thomas would suggest, "Your purse, sir, or spectacles, or cheque-book?" and so on, until the old gentleman would say, at last, "Of course—that's it! Thank you, Thomas!"

One night the old gentleman had gone to his room, and all the household were in bed when Thomas was startled by hearing his master's bell. He rushed upstairs and threw open the door.

"Thomas," said the old gentleman, "I came up here for something, and now I can't remember what it was."

"Wasn't it to go to bed, sir?"

"Of course," said the old gentleman—"so it was! Thank you, Thomas!"

ABOUT THE STAGE.

THE DEVOTEE.

ONE of the principal dramatic events of the year is John Drew's season at the Baldwin, and what is more important to the minds of many theater-goers, it has the added dignity of being a social event as well, but as Mr. Drew is so unmistakably an actor, I can forgive him for being a fashionable one. Those in high places have always trials to offset their glories, so that there remains to them a residue of happiness no greater than that enjoyed by the humble individuals who envy them. A fashionable actor who is also an artist has to pay dearly for his vogue, because compliments upon his gentility and good dressing are apt to over-shadow expressions of appreciation for his art. He has the chagrin of knowing that his skilful execution of a difficult scene will cause less interest than a change in the dressing of his hair. I fear that Mr. Drew's appearance in a costume play only will cause some consternation among our *jeunesse doree*, who, I understand, trust to his annual visit to inform themselves about the correct fashion of tying cravats and the momentous question of whether stripes should or should not be worn on dress trousers.

Actors so established in popular favor as Mr. Drew never score failures. His is one of the cases where, perhaps, the play is not so much the thing as the player, however dramatically immoral this may be, but the success of "Rosemary," both in New York and in London, where Chas. Wyndham "created" the part now taken by Mr. Drew, has been unusually great. We are prepared to indorse the favorable verdict after having so recently seen "The Mayflower" by Louis N. Parker, one of the authors of "Rosemary." Mr. Parker's work is best described by the gentler adjectives; it has charm and refinement; he manages with more than ordinary success to infuse into it that subtle element called atmosphere which eludes so many who write romances of bygone days, and which it takes genius to fully attain.——

Many lessons and many warnings were to be derived from the performances of the Lyceum players. The women of the company were responsible for most of the lessons, and the men, I regret to say, for the warnings. In tragedy and comedy alike the Lyceum actors are apt to exceed bounds and become inartistically extravagant. I know it is the custom for dramatic critics to deal leniently with stage beauties, and, therefore, many may think that Mr. Hackett ought to escape reproof, but, as he is the worst offender, it would be unfair to the rest to excuse him on account of his faultless physique. Whether he has leavened the lump or not I am not prepared to say, but I am sure that we used to get saner acting from the Lyceum actors than we did during their recent visit. Mr. Morgan possesses marked histrionic power, but, though his work was generally excellent, it was too frequently marred by a disposition to overact in fortissimo climaxes. Overacting in a young player is certainly a preferable fault to underacting, but the same fault in Mr. Walcot, a veteran universally beloved, respected, and admired, was enough to bring tears to the eyes. I admit that the temptation to act extravagantly is very great, for a relapse from comedy into farce or passion into mere ranting is invariably rewarded by "the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind." That actors are encouraged to their best efforts by applause is the only excuse for the vicious habit of applauding while the play is in progress, and while it is a greater rebuke to the audience that any experienced actor can gain loud plaudits by raising his voice to a shout and then stopping, however inappropriately, he should remember that he has a higher duty to perform than that to his audience, namely, his duty to his art.

BESSIE TYREE. *Thors photo.*

But the women of the company were, as usual, admirable. To me one of the greatest delights of the Lyceum season was the acting of Miss Tyree. Her improvement since she last visited us is almost incredible. She is amusing beyond laughter, for her effects are invariably produced by legitimate means, the result of her own observation and not of tradition. It is not until one sees an accomplished actress like Miss Tyree that one realizes how much most comediennes lack, for the sins of the majority are sins of omission rather than commission. She gives valuable lessons in voice culture to those who will learn. Two years ago her voice was harsh and unpleasing—indeed, I then thought it an insuperable difficulty in the way of her progression, but now, though she shrills at a climax owing to the peculiarly high pitch of her voice, she generally emits her words in little soprano chirps which are pleasing to the ear. I am only afraid that Mr. Frohman will elevate her from her environment and make a star of her, which he certainly ought to do to be consistent, for she has quite enough good looks to qualify her as a leading lady.——

FERNANDO MICHELENA. *Marceau photo.*

The only reason that the Frawley Company has succeeded better in light comedy than in serious drama is that the comedies were better plays of their class than the others. The best they have done is the best they had to do. When one remembers that they play seven nights a week, and that the weekly change of bill entails constant rehearsals, it is difficult to find anything but praise for their accomplishments. If the strength of the company needed proving it was amply demonstrated by their ability to give such an excellent performance of "Pudd'nhead Wilson," without either the leading lady or gentleman in the cast. It would be invidious in so short a space to single out individual players for special mention, for in almost every instance one has to commend not only effort, but results thereof.——

The grand opera season at the Tivoli opens during the present month, and promises to be even more interesting than that of last year, for, besides the evergreen works of French and Italian composers, "Tannhauser," "Lohengrin," and "The Flying Dutchman" are to be given. Although the low prices at the Tivoli almost disarm criticism, the performances compare favorably with any we have heard in the city during recent years at six times the cost. Several artists whom we have not previously heard have been engaged, and among those who return Signor Michaelena with his sweet tenor voice will be one of the most welcome.——

Mr. Powers is nothing if not original and up-to-date. Before the world has done wondering at his Chinese play he has an oriental drama ready on the subject of the Greco-Turkish war. I wish that "When Greek Meets Turk" may have as successful a run as "The First Born" had. The company at the Alcazar has undergone some changes, but the audiences at the little theater are loyal to their old favorites. Mr. George Osborne is still the mainstay, and Miss Adele Belgarde is applauded and admired whenever she appears. Mr. Hugo Toland is the most economical actor I ever saw; he expresses joy, grief, and surprise with a single gesture.

The Orpheum still glides quietly along on the wave of prosperity, although during the past month its tout ensemble has not been up to its former standard, but whatever shortcomings there were the indefatigable and always original Dockstadter more than made up for them. He is gone now, but leaves many a smile behind him, with the satisfaction of knowing that he did not remain long enough to wear out his welcome.

We have recently been treated with the return of graceful, petite Papinta in her marvellously effective color dances. She has improved wonderfully since we saw her last, the stage and light effects have been greatly elaborated, and her interpretation of the Lily dance which brought Loie Fuller her fame is, if anything, more perfect than its rendition by the originator.

Take it all in all, the Orpheum always has something of special interest, and when Mr. Walter returns from his European trip we many anticipate many additional novelties of the highest class to regale us during the long winter months.

THE BATTLEFIELD OF SAN PASQUAL.

J. M. SCANLAND.

ABOUT thirty miles north of San Diego, is the Indian village of San Pasqual, which is pointed out to tourists as "one of the battle-fields where the Mexicans were defeated during the conquest of California." This is misleading. California was taken without a battle. The killing of three or four Mexicans by the freebooter, Fremont, was the only blood shed. The battles took place after the "conquest," and these were caused by the tyranny of Lieutenant Gillespie, who had been left in command of the pueblo of Los Angeles. While Commodore Stockton was organizing a civil government, Gillespie issued an order prohibiting social assemblages. A revolution was the result. He had caused the arrest of a local character known as "El Guero le Blond" (the Blond Warrior), Cerbula Verala, and Manuel Cantau, for violating these orders. After their release from the guardhouse they organized a conspiracy, and a few nights later about twenty of the conspirators surrounded the barracks, and, amid their yells and the beating of tin pans and drums, fired upon it and ran away. The garrison fired one volley and retreated to the hill overlooking the pueblo, afterward known as Fort Hill. Jose Dominguez was wounded in the heel. This was the first blood of the revolution.

Gillespie then issued orders for the arrest of several prominent citizens as conspirators. This was revealed by a faithful negro whom one of the Mexicans had befriended.

The conspirators met nightly at the house of Don Antonio Coronel, near the present Arcade Depot, and an "army" of about three hundred was enrolled. Jose Maria Flores, a soldier of fortune, was selected as Comandante General, Jose Antonio Carillo as Second General, and Don Andres Pico, a brother of the Governor, Pio Pico, as Third General.

Don Antonio Coronel, as Secretary of War, had all of the odd bits of iron and metal from house roofs made into pikes and bullets, and the senoras contributed their tin plates and pans for bullets, and busied themselves in making powder.

The army organized at the Mission San Gabriel and marched on Los Angeles, which surrendered without firing a gun. The garrison was permitted to march out with the "honors of war"—that is, flag flying and drums beating. Gillespie was paroled, and was to embark with the troops at San Pedro for the north. But, meeting Commodore Stockton, who had just returned from capturing San Diego, without firing a gun, he concluded to violate his parole. Stockton landed three hundred marines, and the battle of Dominguez Ranch, a few miles distant, was fought. The American loss was six killed and several wounded. The dead were buried on a small island in San Pedro harbor, still known as "Dead Man's Island." The Mexican loss is not known, as they generally carried away their dead and wounded when possible. They captured an American flag, which was carried to the City of Mexico, and it is there yet. A commissioner was sent with the flag to ask for reinforcements to assist in the recapture of California.

"JUST TELL 'EM THAT YOU SAW ME—BUT YOU DIDN'T SEE ME SAW."

Had Fremont cooperated with the naval forces, as ordered, the Americans would not have been defeated, and the more disastrous battle of San Pasqual would not have been fought.

The Mexican forces then camped at the Indian village of San Pasqual. The village is picturesquely situated in a basin-like valley, the sloping hills covered with thick undergrowth—an ideal spot, soon to be the scene of bloodshed.

General Kearny was en route from the peaceful conquest of New Mexico, and nearing San Diego. He had intended to halt there to rest the army, but, hearing of the uprising, he pushed forward. He captured some Mexican horses, which were substituted for the almost useless animals of his command.

On the memorable night of December 6, 1846, the Mexican army lay asleep at the village of San Pasqual, and so secure did the commander feel that only one sentinel had been posted. The night was dark, a cold, sleeting rain was falling, and the ground was slippery. About daylight the Americans charged the enemy, firing a volley. The Mexicans fired a volley, retreated, then formed and received the Americans as they came in a full sweep down hill, much to their own disadvantage. Not being accustomed to Mexican horses they were carried into the enemy's ranks, and a hand-to-hand battle raged for about fifteen minutes, the Mexicans using lances and knives, and the Americans their revolvers and clubbed muskets. Neither side fired guns after the first volley.

The American loss was twenty-one killed and nineteen wounded. This is one of a very few instances in which the killed exceed the number of wounded. The Americans received from two to a dozen lance wounds each. General Kearny received two, and Gillespie received three, and was unhorsed by his enemy, "El Guera, le Blond," who also captured Gillespie's horse, and thus made his revenge complete. He would have killed Gillespie, only that the latter wore a steel coat of mail.

The Mexican loss was twelve wounded and one prisoner. They also captured one prisoner and a cannon. An expert threw a riata around the gun and hauled it into camp, the gunner staying with it.

Snooks, a rancher, became demoralized and did not stop running until he reached San Diego. A fellow named Stokes died from fright, and one Beale became temporarily insane. Skirmishing continued during the succeeding two days, with few casualties.

On the night after the battle the American dead were buried at the base of a large live-oak tree near the Indian village, with the enemy hovering around threatening an attack. The tree is the only monument that marks the graves of those who fell at the battle of San Pasqual.

The Mexicans retreated toward Los Angeles, demoralized by the dissensions of the envious generals. There was a skirmish at San Gabriel River Crossing, near the Mission, and another in the outskirts of Los Angeles where the Convent stands. The American troops marched into the pueblo from which they had been driven several months previously.

Thus ended the revolution. The conquest was without a battle. The battles were fought after the conquest, to quell the revolution.

QUEER PERSONALS.

We occasionally read in the various weeklies and magazines clippings from the great dailies, quaint, curious, humorous and ridiculous, and indicating how many people there are in the world who are willing to publicly advertise their idiocy, or who must promulgate their unsophistication through the chilly medium of printers' ink. We have read many odd paragraphs, noticeable because of their grammatical construction or the eccentricity of the announcement, but we never before knew that the daily press was used as a medium for the transmission of love letters and *billet doux*, until our attention was called the other day to a copy of *The London Standard* of June 25, 1897, on the first page of which appears the following announcements under the caption of "Personal."

C. E. H. 88.—MY OWN DEAR A*****. I have not yet thanked you, for your nice letter. I cannot tell you how happy I feel, when I see that you are so kind to me, and when I think: que vous tenez a moi. Your letter is full of nice words and thoughts, and I am beginning to HOPE again, because of late I saw everything very black, and I have not been well again. And it was also such a long time since I had your other letter. It was of course my fault, if you did not write, but for reasons which you must have understood. I did not want to ask you to write. I hope you are not angry with me for my last letter, but you cannot imagine how I am longing to see you, and I am decided to overcome all difficulties: I must see you. You remember what I told you when we separated at W. F. A. G. I am patiently waiting for your answer. I hope it will be the one I am expecting, and which I think I merit. And I again repeat to you, that you can entirely rely on me: I will accept any conditions which you may judge necessary to impose on me. But I implore you, not to try and avoid giving me your answer: if you do this, I will consider myself freed from all my promises. Excuse me speaking to you in this way. I do not want to cause you any sorrow, but you understand that I am obliged to speak to you in this way. I implore you again not to be angry with me. I love you, with all my heart, MY OWN SWEET A********. EVER, ever fondest love.

LISTEN.—My Darling, 1000 thanks for your dear letter which was never more welcome. Be sure, Dearest, I quite understand now, and forgive me if your long silence made me very anxious. You must know how willingly I will come to you at any time, and be sure that if I failed it would only be because it was quite impossible. I have nothing to ask or to tell you; remember always that so long as you give me what you can spare I shall be as I always have been, well content, God Bless you my own Little One. With all my love and devotion Always Always Yours.

ROSEMONT.—At No. 39 in basin of A., complete contracts are indissoluble. S. It was the principle. H. N'ayez point peur des lions, car ils sont enchaines. H. JACKIE.

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND.

DAVID MERICK.

THE tourist who goes ashore at the Island of Juan Fernandez—some 425 miles off the coast of Chile, in South America—starts, first of all, for the famous Lookout, from the top of which—so says the historian—poor Crusoe used to watch for a sail, "and yet no sail from day to day." But he is likely to be long on the way, though it is less than a mile from the landing place, because there are several points of interest to be viewed en route. First, there are the people—a hundred hands to be shaken and a thousand eager questions to be answered; for the arrival of a ship is by no means a matter of every day, and when one does appear in the harbor the lonesome islanders, old and young, troop down to meet her. Though voluntary exiles in this beautiful place, where Nature has been lavish in supplying everything necessary to sustain life without labor, the colonists pine for news from the distant world, whose echoes come to them like angels' visits, "few and far between." Though no longer a convict colony, as in days long past, the island is virtually a prison, whose bolts and bars are ocean billows, and many a modern Crusoe voices his predecessor's sentiments:

> Oh, Solitude! where are thy charms
> That sages have seen in thy face?
> Better dwell in the midst of alarms
> Than reign in this horrible place!

There are about one hundred residents on Juan Fernandez, mostly German and Chilean ranchmen and their families; for some years ago the island was leased to a rich cattle company, who has now as many as thirty thousand head of horned cattle, and twice as many sheep, grazing in the narrow valleys and on the green foothills. The cottages of the colonists are mostly within sight of the landing, set in the midst of orchards on the side of a hill sloping down to the sea, and the oppressive silence of Selkirk's time has given place to the bleating and lowing of flocks and herds, the merry shouts of children, and sounds of human activity. The houses are extremely picturesque, and made of the bright yellow straw of wild oats, woven in and out through bamboo wattles and thatched with the same. Their high, peaked roofs project all around far beyond the walls, and the doorways are shaded by straw-thatched porches, reminding one of French-Canadian cottages or chalets in the valley of the Seine. Each little home is enclosed within a wall of stones and brushwood, its rustic gateway overrun with luxuriant vines, and within the enclosures are granaries, storehouses, and other outbuildings, all set up on poles to keep them out of the water during the heavy rains of June, July, and August. There is no winter in this latitude, but the wet season, though short, is more trying than northern ice and snow.

Whoever goes to Juan Fernandez finds himself enthusiastically welcomed by every soul on the island, and receives just as many pressing

GRINDING MESCAL, JUAN FERNANDEZ.

invitations to lunch, to dine, and to stop over until some other boat comes along, as there are homes on the island, and if he has been so thoughtful as to bring along a few old books or newspapers, he has earned the lasting gratitude of the people. Besides caring for their flocks, the settlers raise fruits and vegetables to sell to passing vessels. The soil is wonderfully productive, especially in the northern valleys, where decayed vegetable matter and rich deposits of burned earth have washed down from the mountains. Grass and oats spring up spontaneously in the open space, and vegetables of all kinds grow abundantly wherever the seeds are scattered. Wild grapevines and fig-trees bearing excellent fruit flourish on the slopes, and there are many natural orchards grown from seeds planted a century ago by Selkirk and other mariners. Besides peaches, apricots, pears, quinces, and other fruits common to temperate climates, the chuta is

CHILEAN PLANTER'S HOME, JUAN FERNANDEZ.

everywhere—a species of palm which produces a delicious berry—and among an endless variety of indigenous trees are pimento (pepper), sandalwood, corkwood, and myrtle.

Though the tillable area is small, because there is so little level ground, it is asserted that several thousand people might subsist comfortably on the main island alone, without any supplies from other countries beyond exchanging their surplus productions with passing vessels for clothing and groceries. The not very enterprising inhabitants of to-day live chiefly on fish and goat flesh, of which there is an exhaustless supply. Boatloads of the finest cod, rock fish, culley, lobsters, lamprey eels, etc., may be caught as fast as they can be hauled in anywhere around the shores, and pheasants, pigeons, and other birds are as abundant as the wild goats and rabbits.

Attended by numerous volunteer guides from among the hospitable settlers, we again set out for the Lookout, but turned aside midway between the cliff and landing to explore some remarkable-looking caves in a hillside topped by ruined fortifications. These are all that remain of the settlement founded here by Spain in 1750, and of the Chilean penal colony established on the same spot in 1819. The Spaniards built a great fort and a town, both of which were destroyed the following year by a violent earthquake. They were immediately rebuilt, and were in good order and inhabited when Carteret visited the island in 1767. Earthquakes are frequent in the archipelago, and several, within the memory of the people now living, have done considerable damage. Nothing remains of the ancient fort but its foundation and a portion of the ramparts, embedded in reddish clay and overgrown with weeds.

At last, about thirty years after the founding of the colony, some three hundred prisoners broke loose from their chains, murdered the guards, and escaped. They seized the garrison, and for several days held possession of the island. Just then a Nantucket whale ship happened to put into Cumberland Bay for food and water. The convicts seized the captain and compelled him to take on board as many of their number as the vessel could possibly carry. Two hundred of them crowded in, and they threatened the ship's officers with instant death in case of failure to land them on the coast of Peru, whither they determined to go to escape the vengeance of the Chilean Government. The captain of the whaler ran over to the nearest land on the coast of Chile, and leading the convicts to believe that it was Peru, put them ashore only about thirty miles north of Valparaiso. They soon found out their dangerous situation; but it is said that every one of them succeeded in eluding the Chilean authorities, and eventually joined the Peruvian army, which was at that time advancing upon Santiago. Most of the prisoners left on the island escaped by different vessels, and were scattered over the globe. But very few of those engaged in the massacre were recaptured, and they were shot in the central square of Chile's capital. All this occurred less than forty years ago.

On that side of Crusoe's Lookout which faces the bay, a marble tablet has been set, bearing the following inscription: "In memory of Alexander Selkirk, mariner, a native of Largo, County of Fife, Scotland,

who lived upon this island in complete solitude for four years and four months. He was landed from the Cinque Ports galley, 96 tons, 16 guns, A. D. 1705, and was taken off in the 'Duke,' privateer, on February 12, 1709. He died Lieutenant of 'H. B. M. S. Weymouth,' 47 years. This table is erected on Selkirk's Lookout by Commodore Powell and the officers of 'H. B. M. S. Topaz,' A. D. 1868."

Standing where Crusoe stood when he was monarch of all he surveyed—and his right there was none to dispute—one looks off upon lovely valleys and wooded ravines, fair and solitary as the Happy Valley of Rasselas, till recently seldom trodden by human foot, environed on every side by the long swells of the Pacific unbroken to the horizon, except by the dim shapes of the islands belonging to the same group.

Later we hunted up other relics of Selkirk's stay. Great care has been taken to preserve things just as he left them, so far as inexorable time will allow. The "castle" long since succumbed to wind and weather and the "country residence" as well; but the cave, which has also been a famous resort for buccaneers, may easily be visited. It lies in a ridge of volcanic stone, and looks as if it might be the doorway into the ruins of some splendid temple. The entrance is fully fifteen feet high, and the cavern runs back about thirty feet, varying in height from ten to eighteen feet. There are many holes or pockets dug into the inner surface of reddish rock, which, perhaps, were Crusoe's cupboards. There are rusty spike nails driven all around where he may have hung his guns and household utensils and those wonderful garments and umbrellas made of goatskins. A stone oven, with a sunken place for fire underneath it, is visible in the back part of the cave, and a broad, dark smoke line reaches to the roof, probably made,

> While his man Friday kept the house tidy,
> For be sure 'twas his business to do so.

according to many of the long-winded songs that sailors sing pertaining to Crusoe's adventures.

SOMETHING ABOUT LONDON.

Dear Editor—The ride from Southampton in the funny little toy-like train was through an exquisitely green country just bursting into blossom and leaf, diversified at frequent intervals with quaint thatched or tiled roofed houses nestled in the midst of the well-kept grounds. It was a series of beautiful sketches, and I was bubbling over with delight until I reached the smoky atmosphere of London.

London is London, and wouldn't be if it were not enveloped in gloom, but for all that I liked it the moment I arrived. It satisfied my idea of the great city, only I found it prettier than I expected because of its many parks and squares and open spaces filled with great budding trees.

I was not allowed any time to admire, so before I knew it I was on top of a bus, with ears and eyes wide open, to take in all I saw and heard. But that is the way to see London, either in a cab or on top of a bus, for there you are way up above the people, carriages and horses, so that nothing can obstruct your view, and you can look down upon all who pass.

The people are interesting as a whole to watch, though I must say the English women as a rule are not what we call stylish or pretty, and I think I would like them better if they wouldn't carry their pet dogs about with them everywhere, as though they were their first and only consideration, for you seldom see them with their children; they are left with their nurses. The English believe that Americans spoil their children, but I don't know why they make pets of their dogs instead.

One of the sights is the "Dress Parade" on every pleasant Sunday, ("Queen's Weather," as they say for a clear day), when the people right after church walk the length of Rotten Row in Hyde Park. There you see men and women dressed in their "Sunday best," from royalty down to coster, and their pet dogs decked out in bright ribbons too. We paid our pennies for our seats and watched the interesting sight for hours. It was very pretty under the large green trees, and it is curious how these people adhere to their ancient customs. It is just that that makes them so interesting. I could go on and on and describe its famous old Abbey and Tower and Courts, all filled with past traditions and history, that have made this little island the powerful nation it now is. But I am giving you in this letter my first impressions of old London.

ADELE.

THE NEW CITY HALL DOME.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

The recent completion of the dome of the New City Hall makes it interesting to inquire what a dome is, and what are some of the principal examples of this form of architecture. A dome, then, is a roof, hemispherical, or nearly so, in shape, having an opening at the top, upon which stands what is called a lantern. The more nearly hemispherical a dome is, the greater is the bursting force exerted by the flat top. Pointed domes are much stronger than hemispherical ones, and are better adapted to carry a lantern. When a dome is built of masonry it is possible to reduce the strain upon the lower part of the structure by tapering, that is, by making the material thinner and lighter as you go upward. But pointed domes, having already lost the flat part which in hemispherical ones causes the greatest strain, do not gain much in stability by tapering.

The most famous of all domes is that of St. Peter's Cathedral at Rome, which, like most of the great structures modeled upon it, is built of masonry, and has a lantern at the top. This dome is constructed according to the strict architectural rule that the dome must be wholly built within a square, that is, its height must not exceed the diameter of its base. St. Peter's dome consists of two stone shells, an inner and an outer one, built near to each other, and connected by some vertical ribs. The dome of Florence Cathedral is of exactly similar construction, and has almost precisely the same diameter, the inner diameter of St. Peter's being 137½ feet and that of the Cathedral at Florence 138½ feet.

The dome of St. Paul's Cathedral in London is a graceful and ingenious structure, designed by the eminent architect, Sir Christopher Wren. It consists of an inner dome of wood and an outer dome of wood covered with lead; between the two, and independent of them, is a cone of brick upon which the stone lantern is supported. It is much stronger than the dome of St. Peter's, which is cracked in many places and held together by bands. And, as the dome of St. Peter's, though built of stone, is covered with lead, the external appearance of both domes is the same. In general effect St. Paul's surpasses St. Peter's, and looks positively larger, though it is actually considerably smaller, its inner diameter being 102 feet, or a little less than that of the dome of St. Sophia at Constantinople, which is 105 feet. There is no masonry dome in the world of greater inner diameter than that of the Pantheon, which measures 142 feet across. Its vast rotunda is lighted by a circular opening 27 feet in diameter at the apex of the dome.

CITY HALL DOME.

The Camera Bodleiana, or Radcliffe Library, at Oxford, England, is a building resembling in general appearance the Hall of Records in San Francisco, except that it stands upon a polygonal base, and is constructed throughout of stone. It contains the modern books belonging to the famous Bodleian Library. Its height is 140 feet.

But iron domes are much easier to construct than stone or brick ones, because iron has so much more tensile strength than masonry. Accordingly we find several iron domes far surpassing in dimensions any of those that have been mentioned. At the Vienna Exhibition of 1873 there was an iron dome having an inside diameter of 360 feet; the Albert Hall in London has an elliptical dome 219 feet long by 185 feet wide; and the Capitol at Washington is surmounted by a handsome iron dome, the extreme height of which, from the ground to the top of the Statue of Liberty, is 307½ feet.

In constructing the dome of our New City Hall, the architect found it impossible, owing to the great bulk and extent of the building, and the narrowness of the base, upon which it was intended to stand, to conform to the received canons of dome-construction. He therefore designed a dome the height of which is very much greater than the diameter of its base, this being necessary to avoid a squatty appearance. The dome stands upon drums, adorned outside and inside with columns, and its ribs are of copper, the spaces between the ribs being filled with stained glass. On the top of the dome is a ball, and upon the ball a statue of Progress. The entire height from the ground to the top of the statue is 330 feet. The ornaments of the dome are of terra cotta. The interior is wainscoted with marbles of various hues, from Mono, Amador, and San Diego quarries. The architect is to be congratulated upon having devised, under serious limitations, an elegant and graceful structure, which serves its fundamental purpose of lightening and uplifting the great bulk of masonry of which it is the crown and culmination.

A DIFFICULT WOOING.

LILLIAN FERGUSON.

IN MID-AIR, they met. That is to say, they were fellow-passengers on top of a stage coach, with a thirty-six-mile ride between them and their destination—a mountain summer resort in one of California's upper counties. Their acquaintance began auspiciously enough, and nothing in the bright, sunny day portended the clouds that gathered over them, figuratively speaking, a little later in the season. Such are the surprises which Fate, whimsical arbiter of mortal affairs, sometimes holds in store for us. It is only when emancipated from the conventionalities of city life that we dare to lay aside the mask of reserve and become simply human. In town we elbow each other distrustfully, and believe all strangers guilty until they are proven innocent. We open the door of friendship only to those who bring certified letters of introduction, and eye the world askance through a loophole of caution. But in the country we expand, leaving our narrow ideas behind us in our narrow hallways. Breadth of landscape widens our mental scope and levels social rank; for the millionaire nods in friendly fashion to a passing woodchopper, and stiff-necked dignity comes "off the perch" to mingle with its kind.

All of which explains why Viola Kercheval and Kent Baxter found themselves chatting as easily and enjoyably as though they had known each other for a year instead of an hour, with a capacious sun umbrella over their heads, and such scenery surrounding them as California loves to paint for those who come to see.

Now, it is not in the drawing-room that a girl's conversational ability shines to the greatest advantage, for there are a variety of distractions to eye and ear in such upholstered environment as the modern drawing-room affords. There is music, which fills in many an aching conversational void; cards, which serve the same purpose quite as effectually, and other diversions which drown thought or conceal the absence of it. A girl on a stage coach in sailor hat and plain linen duster, with the warm breeze bringing tan and freckles to her face and the dust peppering her back hair, is a very different being from her other befrilled and teagowned self at home, pouring afternoon Hyson.

Viola Kercheval, however, did not suffer by the change. Viola had never been otherwise than captivating and clever all her life. Therefore it was not in the least surprising that her traveling companion, a Yale graduate and a popular fellow, should have appreciated her charming society to the utmost; nor that an attachment, destined to bring considerable trouble in its wake, should have had its beginning that jolly June morning under a portion of stage property in the shape of an old cotton umbrella.

One can say a good deal during a ride of three dozen miles. They talked principally of the places they had visited abroad. Baxter had spanned the globe after leaving college, and Viola had explored the continent and Egypt under the paternal wing. It was on account of her father's health that they were now en route to mountain mineral water and mountain atmosphere. All this the girl had told her companion before they alighted at their journey's end. It was not until afterward that she recollected he had not once alluded to his own family.

Arrived at the hotel, they did not often meet during the ensuing fortnight, and then rarely alone for more than a moment. But love waits not for time in which to speak, nor does it hesitate to make its presence known. It has its own silent language; a telepathic power strangely easy to understand, although its sweet mystery is beyond explanation.

To Viola the world seemed a new one in which her happiness, intangible, yet real, filled the hours with gladness. Among the hundreds of guests she looked for but one face, listened for but one voice, and wondered why he held himself aloof, until, one morning on the way to the breakfast room, he found opportunity to explain.

"It is a keen disappointment to me that I cannot see you oftener, Miss Kercheval," he said, "but I have duties that I must neither forget nor neglect." His eyes, resting upon her face, said more, but his words, brief and vague, stirred her with jealous alarm. Duties? What were they? Could it be possible that he was not free to seek her society?

Hastening through breakfast she went to the hotel register and turned its leaves until she came to his name. Then the wretched conviction forced itself to her brain. Beneath the name was written, in the same bold hand, "Mrs. Kent Baxter." Viola made her way into the parlor, which happily was vacant, and seated herself by a window opening on the long veranda. She felt crushed and faint. It is hard to have one's dream rudely broken when one is only twenty-two and in love for the first time. As she leaned her white face against the curtain, voices outside resumed their conversation.

"The Baxters? Oh, yes, I knew them quite well in Chicago. Shameful how he abused her. One of the loveliest of women, too, on the tall and queenly order. No wonder her health gave way—nervous prostration, you know. You would never think, to look at him, that he was capable of such conduct."

Viola waited to hear no more, but slipped away to her room and stayed there the remainder of the day in headache seclusion. That evening she persuaded her father to go south by private conveyance to the railroad, and within another week they were at Santa Monica. Here she haunted the beach in sorrowful solitude. Whatever the wild waves were saying to the maiden gazing wistfully out over them, it could have been nothing comforting, for she grew so distrait and ate so little that her father became alarmed.

One morning, returning to the hotel after a spiritless stroll, her heart for an instant stood still at sight of a familiar, broad-shouldered figure approaching her.

"At last I've found you!" exclaimed Baxter so joyously that a sea-gull, startled, circled the air and flew oceanward. Viola's response was as cool as the sea breeze, and by no means so bracing, but the young man was not to be easily dismayed.

"Miss Kercheval," he began eagerly, "forgive me for plunging at once into the subject uppermost in my thoughts. I have been compelled to pursue you hundreds of miles for the opportunity, you know, or else lose you altogether. The truth is, that ever since I first saw you I have been in love with you—I beg of you to let me speak—but, as I told you, I had duties which prevented me from showing you the attention that I longed to. I cannot ask your hand in marriage now, but oh, Viola, if you will only promise to wait for a year——"

"How dare you?" cried the girl, her blue eyes bright with anger, her cheeks crimson. "Oh, how dare you? Never, never speak to me again!" Then she hurried away from him and into the hotel. Did he presume to suppose that she would encourage a divorce, that they might marry? Infamous!

"I have taken a dislike to this place," she complained to her father. "I want to go away by the next train." And her father, who would have carved a slice of the moon for her, were the operation possible, humored her.

From Los Angeles they went to Monterey, and from there to Santa Cruz, with Baxter in courageous pursuit. It was at the latter place that he overtook them. Viola, unaware of his arrival and intensely unhappy, had gone for a swim as a diversion to her thoughts. Suddenly her strength seemed slipping away from her in the surf. After a futile battle with the breakers she felt herself sinking. Breathing a farewell sigh for her father in his loneliness, she felt that perhaps it were better to die than live a prey to a hopeless infatuation. Verily, youth is tragic in its beliefs, and knows no philosophy.

A few moments later on the sands she opened her eyes upon Baxter, dripping, but devoted, leaning anxiously over her.

"My own darling," he was saying, with damp tenderness in look and tone, "I couldn't give you up."

Now, when a girl has swallowed large quantities of salt water, is limp as a rag, and very much in love, she cannot be expected to adorn the occasion with much dignity. Nevertheless, Viola sat as upright as she could under the trying circumstances, and her first words were a brave but ineffectual attempt to bring her admirer to his senses. A man whose wife is one of the loveliest of women, and on the tall and queenly order besides, should be abruptly reminded of his altar vows when he elects to pursue somebody else "from Siskiyou to San Diego, from Sierra to the sea." With a pang Viola decided to discourage any bridging of the awful gulf between them.

"Where is Mrs. Baxter?" she demanded in a way meant to be stern and reproachful, but which was merely weak and briny.

"At the Springs," was the cheerful reply. "I left her with an excellent nurse. She is much better."

Viola tried to rise, then sank back with a hysterical sob.

"Oh, how I wish I had never met you!" she said. "Did you save my life for the sake of making me miserable?"

"No, to marry you," said Baxter, promptly. "I only wish it could be this very day. You see, my grandfather left me his property, but I can't get it until I'm thirty, and that will be in another year. I don't like to rattle our family skeleton, dearest, but I couldn't devote myself to you while my mother was ill, and her illness was brought about by my father's unkindness. It transpired afterward that he had been injured in the head by a fall from a horse, and so was really insane all the time. He is now in an Eastern sanitarium. Viola, will you wait for me?"

"No," she replied rosily, "because there's really no necessity for the delay. I have all of mamma's money. Why not make up a traveling party of four?"

To the consternation of two prim old ladies in the distance, Baxter gathered the petite figure in his arms, and further to their horror several salt-water kisses were enthusiastically exchanged.

"Then there are no obstacles to our immediate marriage, Viola?"

"Yes," said that young lady demurely—"a license and some dry clothes."

This, That and the Other

LILLIAN FERGUSON.

She who goes forth into the wilderness of the Alaskan gold-fields to be chief cook and bottle-washer to the man of her choice will be richer in experience if not in shekels when she returns to ivilization. Housekeeping on an iceberg may have its dvantages, but it is difficult to tell exactly what they re. The queen of a dug-out kitchen cannot ring up er butcher over the 'phone and tell him that she wants pound of walrus liver, a section of polar bear, and a hunk of seal for Irish stew. Nor can she very well o forth and lasso a deer when she feels like getting p something extra nice for hubby's birthday dinner. nd I should like to be just near enough on a neighbor-ng iceberg to see the fur fly from winter sack coat nd teagown when the lord and master of the house-old complains that he is tired of ice cream thirteen mes a week for dessert, and would like to have his eans fricasseed for a change. Suppose he brings a ouple of friends home unexpectedly to lunch when here is nothing on hand but a can of dried peas and ome remnants of hardtack? No wife could stand uch mortification as that.

nd if either of them wants divorce, how are they go-ng to get it? I think the onvenience of divorce courts vill be missed even more han the telephone by these migrating wives. I, for one, ntend to exercise all my olling-pin and flat-iron ac-omplishments where the hermometer keeps at a re-spectful distance from zero.

This from the generous, sympathetic heart of a nat-uralist in a recent magazine levoted to animal lore:

"There are many people who have never become really acquainted with bees, and so learned to love them, as we may learn to love all creatures, no matter how small and insignificant, when we understand their wonder-ful ways."

This paragraph interests me greatly because I feel that it refers to me person-ally, I being one of the afore-said people who have never enjoyed the intimate and confidential friendship of the busy bee, and so learned to love the dear little thing. But I have learned a thing or three or four about bees from observation, and my impressions are that the less one imposes upon bee acquaintance the better—not for the bee but for the victim. I once saw a small boy who had been amusing himself by getting acquainted with a bee, but there was no love whatever in the subsequent excitement, during which Mr. Bee had things all his own way. As for the little boy, I have never heard such yells since I lived on an Apache reservation, and sincerely trust I shall never listen to again. It took the little boy's mamma, his uncle, two farm hands, the cook, and myself to keep him in his trundle bed, and as for his cheek, it looked as though a football had been inserted in it as a sort of surgical experiment. The bee is indeed insignificant as to size, but his business energy, and his penetrating ways are appalling and truly wonderful.

I am also somewhat diverted by the pains which the same magazine takes to establish the claim that mad dogs are not mad. In other words, that there are no dog days in the East, because there is no time of the year when dogs are especially liable to rabies. That when you hear a cry of "Mad dog!" the chances are many thousands to one that animal is not mad, that hydrophobia is never caused by the bite of a dog, but is merely an hysterical, nervous disease caused by an unfounded dread. Vapor baths are recommended for those who imagine themselves to have been rabidly bitten. Then follows a numbered list of rules whereby one can ascertain whether or not a dog is mad.

Feeling that life is short and time precious I have not taken a day off to commit these valuable rules to memory. Besides, we have no mad canines in California. But I may journey Eastward sometime within the next hundred years or so, and it is just as well to be prepared for danger. So I have cut out those rules and pasted them in my pocketbook that I may not lose them, and should I be trudging the streets of an Eastern city some time when an alarm of "Mad dog!" is raised, all I will have to do will be to take out my "Guide to Rabies or Key to the Mad Dog Mystery," and refresh my memory. As the animal approaches me I shall look him calmly, scientifically in the eye and await developments. I shall also listen attentively to him, for my authority states that if he (the dog) simply barks, yelps, whines, or growls he is verily not mad. If he froths at the mouth he is not mad. If he runs about or dreads water he is not mad. Of course this thoughtful investigation on my part will not be without its dangers. There is really no telling in what spirit the animal might take my presence or my curiosity at such a time. But the chances being so many thousands to one that he is faking the whole performance for the mere fun of it, I shall probably incur (no pun intended) little risk. Should I detect symptoms of rabies there would, of course, be no time left in which to get away, and in that case I should be forced to try those rules on the dog. If he slinks off when I read them aloud to him I shall know that he is mortified because his deception has been discovered.

DARK SHADOWS.

Under the auspices of the National Association of Letter Carriers, a labor of love is yearly performed by them; namely, that of decorating on Memorial Day the statue to the memory of Samuel Sullivan Cox. This statue stands in Astor Place, New York City, having been erected by the letter carriers of the country for their friend. On each anniversary of the statesman's birth his grave in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, is also beautifully decorated by the Association. It is intended to enclose it with a handsome iron railing, this also being the work of the letter carriers.

The march of progress will eventually stampede the tramp army, and force this class of parasites to earn a living, instead of loafing at the world's expense. No more will the brake-beam tourist, with hide impenetrable to flying cinders and coal dust, deadhead his way the country o'er, for the Southern Pacific will hereafter build all its baggage and express cars with vestibuled platforms. When Waggles has to choose between walking and working he will be more weary than ever, but a far less objectionable member of society.

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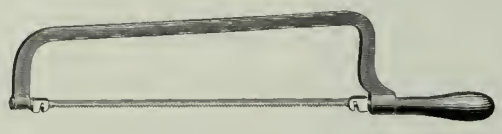

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The Springs are situated in the edge of Sierra Valley, surrounded by nice scenery, with a fine view of the Valley.

For $10.00 a two-seated conveyance suitable for five persons, will meet parties in Truckee. Board and room, per week, $10.00.

Good Hunting and Fishing. Good Camping Ground Free.

H. PEARCE, Proprietor.

Train No. 1 Stops at the **TRUCKEE HOTEL.** FOR SUPPER.

There is a Lunch Counter and Restaurant connected with the Hotel. Charges Reasonable.

STEWART McKAY, Proprietor.

TRUCKEE is the stop-over station to get a good night's rest and take morning trains or stage in every direction. Lake Tahoe is twelve miles; Deer Park Soda Springs, Donner Lake, all fine trouting waters, including the Truckee River, which is close by Truckee. The TRUCKEE HOTEL is the leading hotel and is located in the same building as Passenger Depot and Stage Office. European and American Plan.

Norman Wines, President. J. F. Moody, Treasurer. J. R. Daily, Sec'y and Manager.

TRUCKEE AND TAHOE

STAGE AND LIVERY CO.

Truckee, Cal.

DAILY STAGE FOR LAKE TAHOE.

Best of Livery Accommodations for neighboring Lakes and Summer Resorts at reasonable rates. Donner Lake, three miles; Webber Lake, twenty miles; and Independence Lake, fourteen miles.

HOTEL BREWSTER.

San Diego, California.

American Plan Only. Rates, $2.50 per day and up.

The best equipped hotel in Southern California. Centrally located. Elevators and fire escapes. Baths, hot and cold water in all suites. Modern conveniences. Fine large sample rooms for commercial travelers.

J. E. O'BRIEN, MANAGER.

HOTEL VAN NUYS

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

"Greater Los Angeles" says:

Although this elegant hotel has only been open for a few months, it has received a splendid patronage and is already known throughout the United States as one of the finest and most delightful hotels in the world, and thousands of tourists and other travelers are in ecstacies over its perfection of style, beauty and conveniences, and the manner of their treatment and the moderate rates charged as compared with those exacted by first-class hotels outside of this State.

Golden Eagle Hotel

Sacramento, Cal.

A Modern First-class Hotel. Rates $2.50 to $4.00 per day. Our guests are assured of courteous attention.

GRAY & TITUS, Proprietors.

SAN ANSELMO RESORT

P. Secondino & G. Ponzio, Proprietors.

½ mile from San Anselmo Station on the Fairfax Road.

Best place for hunting in Marin County. Fruit in abundance. Dinner at all hours. Pure milk. Rooms by day or week. Dancing pavilion. Conveyance meets every train. Rates $7.00 per week.

W. N. SWASEY. MERCHANT TAILOR

Best Workmanship, Latest Fashions, Perfect Fit.

Telephone South 769. 142 EDDY STREET.

ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH AND COLLEGE.

San Fernando, bet. First and Market Sts.

SAN JOSE.

It is intended for day scholars only. Though it is a Catholic Institution, students of any denomination will be admitted.

Tuition for the Commercial Course is $4.00 per month. Write for circulars to

REV. D. J. MAHONY, S. J., President.

SEVENTEEN RULES FOR A WIFE.

A quaint and interesting character was that of Isabel Lady Barton. The posthumous "Romance" of her life is a mine of human interest. In her "Seventeen Rules for a Wife" she outlined a certain code of action for a woman whose life was to be linked with that of a man who, until forty years of age, had traversed the world from Mecca to Salt Lake City. The first rule is about friendship and companionship; the second about the care of him while ailing; the third about making the home snug, comfortable, and inviting to close friends and to people that interest him as well as herself. The fourth rule is for self-improvement and education; the fifth about joining him on journeys at perhaps an hour's notice, and ready to rough it with him; the sixth regarding liberality in affection and care in personal appearance; and the seventh concerning the promotion of her husband's interests, professional, social, and personal. The ten remaining rules of advice contain some philosophy worthy of attention and consideration, and are given in full as follows:

"Never divulge your domestic affairs to your female friends.

"Hide his faults from every one, and back him up through every difficulty and trouble.

"Never permit any one to speak disrespectfully of him before you; and, if any one does, no matter how difficult, leave the room. Never permit any one to tell you anything about him, especially of his conduct with regard to other women. Never hurt his feelings by a rude remark or jest. Never answer when he finds fault, and never reproach him when he is in the wrong, especially when he tells you of it, nor take advantage of it when you are angry; and always keep his heart up when he has made a failure.

"Keep all disagreements for your own room, and never let others find them out.

"Never ask him not to do anything—for instance, with regard to visiting other women or any one you particularly dislike; trust him, and tell him everything except another person's secret.

"Do not bother him with religious talk, be religious yourself and give good example, take life seriously and earnestly, pray for and procure prayers for him, and do all you can for him without his knowing it, and let all your life be something that will win mercy from God for him. You might try to say a little prayer with him every night before lying down to sleep, and gently draw him to be good to the poor and more gentle and forbearing to others.

"Cultivate your own good health, spirits, and nerves, ... to enable you to carry out your mission.

"Never open his letters, nor appear inquisitive about anything he does not volunteer to tell you.

"Never interfere between him and his family; encourage their being with him, and forward everything he wishes to do for them, and treat them in every respect (as far as they will let you) as if they were your own.

"Keep everything going, and let nothing ever be at a standstill. . . . ."

Please do not think, ladies, that because we publish the above we do not know that rules should be laid down for the husband. This is only the "pro;" the "con" we will give you later on. The foregoing, too, in our opinion, is subject to criticism, and we do not hesitate to say that the third on the list (No. 10) strikes us as altogether contrary to the impulse of human nature. Take it to yourselves. Supposing some busybody was audacious enough to state in your presence that your husband was a notorious flirt, a roue, an idler, or a reprobate; do you think you could listen to it calmly, arise gracefully from your chair and withdraw without so much as even remonstrating or requiring the proof of the accusation? That would do all well enough if the statements made were merely of a gossippy nature, but a "disrespectful" remark is elastic, and may mean any of the above named frailties. Where are you going to draw the line? Rule No. 12 might be wisely modified if it wound up with—"unless it concerns himself or yourself personally."

And so we might go on, suggest, and criticize, but our readers will judge for themselves. We can spare just a column for "Seventeen Rules for a Husband," and we cordially invite any of our readers to frame a code of ethics and morals so that we can all follow them—if they suit us—and we shall probably get just as near to Nirvana as the small boy does to dignity and propriety.

THAT REMINDS ME.

Copyrighted by Wm. V. Bryan.

Be content with your lot, especially if it's a lot of money.

Codger—Will you give me a few coppers for a bed, sir?

Isaac Moss—Cerdenly, my frendt. Vere is der bed?

Gentleman—Been fishing, have you? Caught anything?

Truants from School—No, sir; we haven't been home yet.

First Fisherman—What luck?

Second Fisherman—None at all; can't get the cork out.

Johnnie (to young Jones)—I heard Clara tell mother that she was disappointed because you didn't call last Sunday night.

Young Jones (in a tremulous whisper)—I say, Johnnie, did your sister say how disappointed she was?

Johnnie—I'm trying to think (thoughtfully). Yes, she said she was agreeably disappointed.

John W. Carmany, No. 25 Kearny Street, leading shirtmaker and men's furnisher. Spring styles now ready.

Experienced Traveler (at railway refreshment rooms)—When did that man at the other table give his order?

Waiter—'Bout ten minutes ago, sir.

Experienced Traveler—What did he order?

Waiter—Beefsteak and onions, sir.

Experienced Traveler—How much did he tip you?

Waiter—Sixpence, sir.

Experienced Traveler—Well, here's a shilling. Cook another steak for him and bring me his.

Waiter—Yes, sir.

Many people do not realize that in order to get the full benefits of a country outing it is really necessary and much more enjoyable to visit a resort that is some distance from large cities. Klamath Hot Springs at Beswick, Siskiyou County, is one of the most attractive of this character, being 2700 feet above sea level. It is open all the year, the scenery is beautiful, and the trout and salmon fishing unequaled, to say nothing of the various kinds of sport in the hunting line.

Klamath is celebrated also for its hot steam, sulphur, and mud baths, which are noted for their cure of neuralgia and rheumatic complaints. The climate is perfect, and, most important of all, the rates are reasonable.

"What do you call that there thing you ride up here on?" asked the agricultural gentleman with the pitchfork of the youth who had stopped to get a drink of water at the village pump.

"That? Why, it's a bicycle."

"Seems to me," said the old man, "that I'd rather have a wheelbarrer. A wheelbarrer's somethin' you can sit down in and rest when you get tired of pushin' the thing."

"What's your name?" said the new school teacher, addressing the first boy on the bench.

"Jule Simpson," replied the lad.

"Not Jule—Julius," said the teacher. And addressing the next one, "What's your name?"

"Billious Simpson, I suppose, sir." And the new teacher had to rap for order.

Returning now from summer resorts, and coming from the hot interior districts, people find the cool atmosphere of San Francisco a pleasant change. But 'tis not so easy as might be imagined to find a roominghouse without some objectionable feature. No one, either lady or gentleman, need hesitate for a moment, however, about locating at "Hotel Ramona," 130 Ellis Street, of which Mrs. Kate S. Hart is manager. The management giving instant assurance of the high character of the house.

Besides which it is most centrally and conveniently located, right on the edge of the business section and within a short walk of all places of amusement, yet sufficiently removed from the hubbub to be free from street noises. There are one hundred and fifty fine rooms, including some beautiful suites, and the rates are very reasonable. Try "The Ramona."

A HOME DINNER

is rare when you're traveling, and sometimes when you're not. You can get them at all prices—such as they are—but there is no place in San Francisco that can serve you the genuine article in the same style, taste and elegance for the modest sum of $1.00 as

"SWAIN'S"

We serve a la carte also. 213 SUTTER STREET, NEAR KEARNY.

THE NATICK HOUSE. Cor. Main and First Sts. LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Most centrally located. Cable cars pass the house for all parts of the city. Floors carpeted with the best body brussels and velvet. Electric bells and heated by steam. The only house in the city running a FREE 'BUS both ways and independent of the Transfer Co. Watch for the Natick House 'bus. Rates, $1.25, $1.50 and $2.00 per day. HART BROS., Proprietors.

London, Chatham, & Dover Railway.

A. THORNE, Formerly at H. B. Claflin & Co's, New York. American Representative in England, London, Chatham and Dover Railway, Victoria Station, London, S. W.

The London, Chatham, and Dover Company's Trains run through the prettiest parts of Kent, and passengers have the privilege of stopping over at Rochester to visit the Cathedral and Castle, and at Canterbury to view the Cathedral (containing the tomb of the martyr, Thomas à Becket), and other places of interest.

Telegrams: Caldover, London.

PURE CIDER

is a rarity. There are many imitations. Some is labeled; some is not, and you don't know where it is made.

MONROE'S

is made in the Del River Valley, the greatest apple producing district in California. It

IS ABSOLUTELY PURE,

sparkling and delicious.

JOHN BUTLER, Gen. Agent, 7 SUTTER STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

AMONG THE RESORTS.

Notwithstanding the season is well along, Gilroy Hot Springs seems to be keeping up to the top in point of patronage. It is well known, and, together with the well-equipped stage service from Gilroy to the Springs, under the proprietorship of Mayock & Hooper, the trip is robbed of the ordinary tediousness of many of the interior resorts.

Pleasure seekers into Lake County have been very much pleased this season with the new management at the Magnolia Hotel, Calistoga. Mr. Van Loon, the proprietor, who not long since assumed control, serves a splendid lunch. Many people also find Calistoga a pleasant place to remain for a while, and no better accommodations can be found than at the Magnolia.

Soda Bay Resort, on the borders of Clear Lake, has been having an exceptionally good trade this year. Mr. Heath has left no stone unturned to popularize it, and the result of this season's business would indicate that he has been more than successful. It is unquestionably the most delightful spot on the borders of the Lake.

The Arlington Hotel at Santa Barbara is still continuing its numerous improvements for the comfort of its fall guests and for those who will patronize the City by the Sea during the winter months. Mr. Dunn, the proprieter, is untiring in his energy and efforts to please, and from all accounts his guests thoroughly appreciate it. Now is the time to go to Santa Barbara for delightful bathing, to say nothing of the beautiful drives to be indulged in in the vicinity of the little town.

When you are passing through Denver don't fail to stop at the Windsor Hotel. It has a splendid reputation, and enjoys (which some hotels have not) one of the most active and untiring managers in the hotel business, namely, Mr. J. A. Wiggin. He gives his personal attention to all its details, and the result is universal satisfaction.

There is still a goodly crowd at pretty little Laurel Dell, on the banks of Laurel Dell Lake, in Lake County. Mr. Wambold tells us that he has had an exceptionally good season, and from all we hear we believe that he deserves it. Fishing, boating, bathing, beautiful drives and walks are among the attractions, and we have yet to hear of any one who regrets a visit to this beautiful little spot.

Sanhedrin Resort, in Lake County, at an elevation of 4000 feet, has had an excellent patronage. It is different from all the other resorts in the county because of its elevation, quaint surroundings, and thoroughly home-like appearance in service. Here may be had splendid fishing and hunting, and next season it will no doubt see its visitors more than doubled.

Too much cannot be said of Klamath Hot Springs, in Siskiyou County. While it may take a little longer to reach there than it does some other resorts in the State, yet you are amply repaid on arrival. It is beautifully secluded in one of the mountains of Shasta County, and enjoys a reputation of being one of the finest fishing grounds in the State, to say nothing of the delightful character of the waters and the desirability and comfort of the hotel and its service. We would recommend any one desiring to take a quiet outing and an enjoyable one to consider Klamath Hot Springs. Full information concerning them can be obtained either at the office of THE TRAVELER or by addressing Edson Bros., proprietors of the Springs.

Seigler Springs, at Lake County, are now enjoying the height of the season. Their splendid plunge baths are a never-ending delight to the guests, and its picturesque surroundings are always pleasing to the eye. Mr. John Spaulding, the proprietor, who is ably assisted by his good wife, is assiduous in his attentions to his patrons, and no one recognizes this fact more than the latter. There is no reason why these Springs should not enjoy a liberal patronage far into the season.

One of the most untiring workers among the Spring resorts is Miss Joey Anderson, who will be recognized as the proprietor of Anderson Springs, in Lake County. These Springs are but a short distance from Calistoga, and the trip is both easy and pleasant. Now that a fully equipped livery adjoins the grounds, another attractive feature has been added to this beautiful place. Those interested should also bear in mind that the season at Lake County is virtually an "all the year round" one, the months of August and September being particularly delightful.

Harbin Springs, on the hill-side, has been having a fine trade this year. Mr. Hays, the proprietor, has made every effort to make his guests feel comfortable and satisfied, and we have yet to hear a single complaint against this resort. A number of improvements are contemplated for next year, and in fact Mr. Hays is always looking for something to improve the already delightful resort that is under his efficient management.

In speaking of Lake Tahoe (the gem of the Sierras) it should be remembered that there is a most beautiful resort not far from McKinney's, on the border of the Lake, by the name of Rubicon Springs. It is now under the effective management of Mr. Archie Allen, who has taken a five years' lease of it, and from the manner in which he has opened it there is every indication to believe that he will make a most profitable success. Those desiring information about this pretty resort can obtain it by calling on or writing to "The Traveler's Bureau."

In the high Sierras, at that incomparable resort, Deer Park Inn, we recently received a pleasant letter. From it we learn that every one has been delighted with the place, its surroundings, and its service, and it also enjoys the reputation of having gathered together one of the prettiest bouquets of female beauty that has been seen at any of the resorts. Among them may be mentioned Miss Marjorie Ide, daughter of Judge Henry C. Ide; Miss Donaldson of Philadelphia, Miss Stone of San Francisco, Miss Mabel Bacon, daughter of the late Jacob Bacon of San Francisco, and Miss Kelsey Paterson, daughter of the Hon. Van R. Paterson of San Francisco. Deer Park also has enjoyed the patronage of Mr. J. L. Phelps, editor of the Stockton *Independent*; Mr. and Mrs. Pierce, and Miss Amy M. McKee of Oakland; Mr. Sam B. McKee of Oakland, Hon. Q. Beckman and wife of Sacramento, and A. S. Hart, Jr., of San Francisco. Evidently Deer Park has secured a good portion of the very best people.

"Is it true that your father has made an assignment?" asked the agitated lover of his fiancee.

"All his vast fortune is swept away," she sighed, "but you are left, Algy."

"Great Scot! Yes, I *am* left!"

A recent traveler to the Orient tells us most enthusiastically of the splendid service given by the steamers of the Occidental and Oriental Steamship Company plying between San Francisco and China via Honolulu and Japan. He says, from experience, that it cannot be excelled by the great Atlantic liners, though they may have larger steamers, and in some respects a few trifling modern innovations, but as for the attention, the geniality of their officers, and the excellence of the cuisine, the Occidental and Oriental steamers will take a back seat to none.

Mrs. Isaacs—Vake up, Isaac, a burglar is trying to get in.

Mr. Isaacs—Vell, vait till he opens der vindow, undt den I shoot.

Mrs. Isaacs—Vy don't you shoot now?

Mr. Isaacs—Vat! Undt break a bane of glass!

We have just published for Mr. E. F. Burns, manager of the Hotel El Paso de Robles, Cal., an attractive eight-page pamphlet descriptive of that famous resort. It is just off the press, is rather unique in its appearance, and those desiring a copy can secure it, without charge, by addressing Mr. Burns as above.

Notwithstanding the unexpected cut in the well-known "Columbia" bicycles a short time since, it is interesting to note that most of the high grade wheels have not followed suit. Notably so is that of the manufacturers of the "Sterling" bicycle, for whom A. C. Nichols & Co. at San Francisco are the Pacific Coast agents. A further interesting feature is that the cut of the "Columbia" bicycle seems to have made no difference in the sales of the "Sterling," showing that the people recognize its intrinsic merits and are willing to pay the price for the assurance of a strictly first-class commodity. We hope that this action on the part of the "Sterling" people will be maintained, for we cannot conceive how a bicycle so beautifully made can be sold for less money than is now asked for it.

"The Traveler's Bureau," at No. 20 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, has on file pamphlets, cards, and all other information about rates and routes, concerning the hotels and resorts published in "The Traveler." We admit none to our columns that are not first-class and reliable. There is no charge for this service. Call upon or write to us.

SUMMIT SODA SPRINGS

Is a delightful resort in the Sierra Nevada Mountains thirteen miles from Summit Station, on C. P. R. R., and will be open June 1st. Fine scenery, excellent hunting and fishing, and refreshing MINERAL SPRINGS. Altitude, 6009 feet. Rates, $2.50 per day; $10.00, $12.00 and $14.00 per week.
For further particulars address
GOULDEN & JACOBS, Proprietors,
Donner Postoffice. PLACER COUNTY, CAL.

LOS GATOS HOTEL.

OPPOSITE DEPOT.
Headquarters for Commercial Travelers. Best accommodations and Polite Attention. Excellent service. First-class table. Beautiful drives. Delightful climate.
C. W. GERTRIDGE, Proprietor.
LOS GATOS, CAL.

POPE HOUSE AND COTTAGE.

The Pope House is favorably located in the most beautiful residence portion of town. The genial warmth of the atmosphere, and freedom from the cold, damp winds of the beach, furnish the luxuries of a rural home. Tennis, croquet, billiards and music room. Electric cars to beach and baths.
Rates, $2 to $2.50 per day; $10 to $15 per week.
For further information, address
MRS. ANNA POPE, SANTA CRUZ, CAL.

PACIFIC OCEAN HOUSE

The Leading Hotel.
SANTA CRUZ, CAL.
E. B. PIXLEY, Proprietor.
Remodeled. Refurnished. New Management. Strictly First-Class.
Free Sample Rooms. Free 'Bus to and from all trains

SANHEDRIN HEIGHTS SUMMER RESORT.

LAKE COUNTY, CAL.
Over 4000 feet elevation among the pines. Fine scenery, pure air, delicious water, shooting, fishing, etc. Home cooking and comforts. There is no more delightful and healthful resort in Lake County. Further information and descriptive pamphlet can be obtained by writing L. B. FRASIER, Manager, at the above address or at the office of THE TRAVELER, 20 Montgomery St., S. F.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

PRICE TEN CENTS. *SEPTEMBER, 1897.* SAN FRANCISCO AND LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A. W. Ericson photo

LOGGING IN HUMBOLDT COUNTY, CAL.

Hotel Del Monte

NO ONE picture or group of pictures can do more than serve as a suggestion of the great attractions of Del Monte. There is such a wide variety, and everything is on such a broad scale, that from no one standpoint can the story be told; and while we have attempted in the above cut to illustrate interesting bits of the grounds, hotel, etc., there are scores and scores of other scenes of equal interest and attractiveness. It is yet to be placed on record that any stranger has visited this resort and been other than agreeably disappointed. Everything is up to (and beyond) the brag. The grounds and flowers are a revelation, the eighteen-mile drive around the ocean shore and back through the sweet-smelling pine forests is a marvel, and the hotel itself is as near perfection in all its appointments as it is possible to reach. It is little less than criminal for strangers visiting California to miss seeing Del Monte.

VOLUME X. SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER, 1897. NUMBER 3.

THE TRAVELER.

ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

WM. V. BRYAN, Editor and Proprietor.
General Office, 20 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

FREDERIC MAYER, 7, RUE BALLU, PARIS, FRANCE, GENERAL EUROPEAN AGENT.

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THE TRAVELER'S BUREAU,

nducted in connection with THE TRAVELER, will furnish, *without charge*, reliable information out any hotel, summer or winter resort, railway or steamship line, country lands, guides, etc. il upon or write to us at any time.

Special Notice. No employee or representative of THE TRAVELER is empowered to request nsportation or contract any debts on account of this journal. The publisher invariably furhes letters over his own signature where any favor or concession may be desired, so that se granting them without such letters do so at their own risk.

HE meeting of the National Association of Letter Carriers' is almost upon us, and the local Finance Committee are bending every energy in soliciting donations to make the affair a success. It is not yet too e to contribute to this worthy cause, and if any of our readers feel so sposed, any remittance sent to the editor of THE TRAVELER will be atefully acknowledged by the postal boys. Now is the time to establish n Francisco's fame as a great convention center. Merchants ould exploit the State's marvelous resources by contribuns at committee headquarters of wines, fruit, and flowers, hich will be distributed among the delegates.

ROM time to time we have seen published in the daily newspapers statements showing the record of fast runs made by railway trains. For a great many years the npire State Express of the N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. has held e world's record for running the fastest regular passenger in. Latterly, the palm has been claimed by the Calenian Railroad at Scotland, which is running a regular ssenger train on a schedule of about 60 miles an hour, ng considerably higher than the scheduled speed of the w York Central train. This in turn, however, has recently en greatly exceeded by the Atlantic City Railroad, which s inaugurated a summer schedule between Philadelphia and lantic City, including a one-hour train. This train leaves mden at 3:48 P. M., and is timed to reach Atlantic ty, 55½ miles distant, at 4:40 P. M. On the same day s time-table went into effect, the first train started 2½ nutes late and reached Atlantic City 1½ minutes ahead time, the 55½ miles being run off in 48 minutes, or at the e of 69.35 miles per hour. The train sheet shows that the miles between Egg Harbor and Brigantine Junction were vered at a speed of 82.26 miles per hour. When it is borne mind that the train weighed 320,000 pounds, and that much the distance was run against head winds and in a heavy nder storm, the feat becomes nothing less than phenomil. The train consisted of one combination car, three ndard passenger cars, and a Pullman vestibuled palace . It was hauled by a Baldwin locomotive with seven t drivers, the total weight of the engine and tender being 227,000 pounds. e total weight of the engine and train was therefore about 273 tons. will be observed that the locomotive weighed about two-thirds the ight of the train, and the distance is short compared with that covered by the Empire State Express. On the other hand, the Atlantic City train was longer by one more car than the New York Central train, and its booked speed is about eleven miles per hour faster.

FROM the standpoint of the uninitiated the months of September and October in California are far from being appreciated as to either our so-termed summer resorts or our winter hotels in the southern part of the State. As the farmer styles it, these months are virtually between "hay and grass." But comparatively few realize that this period embraces perhaps the most delightful of the entire twelve months in the State in either section of the country, north or south.

In Central and Northern California the warm season attendant upon the middle months of the year is delightfully temperate, and in Southern California is just encroaching upon the Indian summer, so that it is really difficult to decide, so far as climatic conditions are concerned, which section is most salubrious.

WITHIN the past few months we have occasionally read accounts of the progress made in various kinds of electric vehicles, and there is no doubt that the motor carriage has come to stay. The latest invention in this direction is that of the electric stage coach, and one is at the present writing in operation at Greenwich, Connecticut. It runs over a distance of about a quarter of a mile on an ordinary road without tracks of any kind, and is propelled by power taken from wires which are supported by poles along the side of the road. By a novel arrangement a flexible cable attached to the carriage is conducted along the circuit wire in such a manner that two vehicles can pass each other, and each may turn completely around or go from one side of the street or the other at the will of the driver.

"EBERY NIGGAH HAD A LADY BUT ME." *Louis Lawson photo.*

The electric stage coach may also start and stop when it pleases, calling for passengers at their doors on either side of the road, and making its way against head winds, the only restriction being the direction of the roadway and the poles and wires that fringe it. It is said that a heavy carriage can cover the quarter of a mile in forty-five seconds, which would indicate a speed of twenty miles per hour—not half bad for a cumbersome stage coach. These experiments have been so successful that a permanent line of considerable length will soon be established.

SOME WESTERN STAGE DRIVERS.

LILLIAN FERGUSON.

"LEFT foot first." Instinctively I put forth my right. "Left, I say. Now the other—up—and there you are!" And in truth there I am. An excellent compromise on airship accommodations is this rocking cradle by the roadside. The driver swings to his seat beside me, gives a signal that is neither chirp nor command nor anything else intelligible as to speech, but which the leaders understand, for, with ears like exclamation points, they pull at the harness. According to tradition, when a stage starts, the driver cracks his whip. As a matter of plain fact, the whip usually stands idly in its socket, the driver takes up the reins, and the procession moves with no grand-stand flourishes whatever.

Staring not being considered bad form in the country, I turn to see what my companion of the reins looks like. He is hale and ruddy, with a skin that a woman might be proud of, and such coloring in it as never was passed over a drug store counter. His hair and beard are quite white, his eyes blue and clear, with a shrewdly quizzical expression in them when he answers my first question, which is, of course, a query as to how long he has been in the business.

"Thirty years."

Thirty years. Why, some of us wore bibs thirty years ago. What stirring experiences he must have had in those three decades! Part of the time in the wilds of Nevada, too. I move a shade nearer and prepare to thrill at the recital of blood-curdling adventures.

"Of course," I remark, confidingly, "you have been held up by masked highwaymen, have looked down the barrels of loaded shotguns, and killed off at least several desperate criminals in the effort to save a treasure box?"

The blue eyes gaze with Washingtonian simplicity into mine. Their owner cannot lie, even to oblige the ladies. He tells me that he never had an accident and never met a highwayman in his life. My thrill fails to arrive. Thirty years without a gun being pointed at one's head! One might as well have been digging clams for a living.

Presently I learn that this kindly and veracious man is Mr. Keyser, who owns the stage line that is carrying us from Hopland to Highland. He answers my questions with much patience, is good enough to talk to me about some of the passengers he has had charge of in days gone by, and vouches for the truth of the famous Horace Greeley story, for he knew Hank Monk well, they having driven for years over the same road, from Carson City to Lake Tahoe. I learn that Hank ("short" for Henry) was what is called by the fraternity a lucky driver: that although he was continually tipping people out, setting the stage on end, or tumbling it down a bank, and always started out so saturated with whisky that he often had to be helped to his seat, he never killed anybody. Which I think is rather a hard nut for the temperance people to crack.

"He was fond of practical jokes," says my friend of the blue eyes, "and always on the lookout for a victim. And a profaner man would be hard to find. He was short and stout, with a very nasal voice and a 'dry' humor about his manner. Once, in driving an old gentleman and his niece recklessly over a rough road, the stage turned a somersault with the young lady inside. Her escort picked himself up, rather dazed, from a clump of bushes and called out to Hank, who was trying to steady himself on his own pins, 'Where's my niece?' Hank was befuddled and misunderstood him. '—— —— your valise!' he replied; 'you ought to be thankful your neck ain't broke.'

"Another time he entertained a number of lady passengers on the way to Tahoe with sensational accounts of the Mormon successor to Brigham Young. As they approached Tahoe one of them enquired if they would be likely to see the wicked personage in question. 'Why, there he is now!' exclaimed Hank, pointing with his whip toward the hotel, where the elderly proprietor of the house, a Mr. Cobb, was talking with a group of lady guests on the veranda. 'There he is, and his wives with him.' Of course, the passengers were horrified, and met every polite advance of the supposed wives with disdain. It afterward led to an exciting scene on the lake, when the passengers who were fooled by Hank accused the other ladies of belonging to the Mormon leader.

"One of the guests at Tahoe was impatient for the arrival of her trunk, which Hank kept forgetting to bring. Finally she demanded that it be forthcoming on the next trip. 'Madam,' said Hank, gravely, 'I'll bring it, sure—if I have to cut it in two to make room for it.'

"At the hotel Hank's employer, one winter night, put his top boots, thick with mud, outside the door to be cleaned by the boy. Hank got them and sat up pretty near half the night putting a French-mirror polish on one of them. Next morning his employer had to put them on, half-and-half, and go down town that way, not having time to get the mate cleaned. Those boots did look ridiculous.

"He was fond of relating the Greeley incident. When they started, with the great editor the only passenger, on his way to lecture at a distant town, they addressed each other very formally as Mr. Monk and Mr. Greeley. The pull up the grade was a long one, and the lecturer got uneasy at the time consumed, but Hank let the horses crawl all the slower for that. When they reached the summit of the mountain he started the team down the grade at a terrible rate, the stage with its light freight jumping after the horses, its passenger bouncing about like a ball inside. Presently the Greeley head, chin whiskers and all shot up through the roof of the stage and shouted to the driver to slow up. Hank looked back coolly. 'Keep your seat, Horace,' said he—'I'll get you there in time.'

"Hank happened to be sober the night the Grant party was to be driven through Carson. The city was one blaze of fireworks, which made the horses nervous and Hank, too, so he asked me to take charge of the distinguished guests, which I did, transferring the party to my own stage.

SCENE OF A BLACK BART HOLD-UP.

"Yes, I've carried some noted people, among them Governor Alger and family and the Hayes party. Mrs. Hayes wanted to see the timber flumes, one of the sights between Carson and Tahoe, then in operation for their benefit. It was a very warm day, and Mrs. Hayes sat beside me, asking me many questions about the flumes and the country in general. I advised her to go inside; for when the timber came down the river it was apt to throw the water all over her. She laughed and declared she wished it would. And it did, the logs sending the water twenty feet, drenching her to the skin, which she considered great fun."

I am sorry when the ride is over. A truthful stage driver may be a most entertaining one after all, though he has never squinted down shining gun barrels and captured robbers red-handed.

Somebody admonished me not to leave Lake County without meeting Jim Miller. I regret to say that fate kept Jim and myself apart during my holiday. I am told he is "a character"; that he has the most extraordinary watch in California, big as a cabbage, with a chain on it like a section of the Atlantic cable, a present for bravery on the box; that when he gets out of patience with the leaders he just hauls out that watch and chain and whacks them over the ears with the timepiece, after which bit of byplay he winds it up and stows it away in his pocket.

Here in town there are several ex-stage drivers pursuing other breadwinning avocations. One is a barber, which seems a far cry, but why should not a man take congenially to hair-razing when he has been accustomed to hair-raising episodes—curveting around precipices, dodging highwaymen, and the like. One of these former drivers is no less a person than the big, brave, kind-hearted sergeant of police who is stationed at the headquarters on California Street near Kearny, and who is known in the department as James H. Helms. Sergeant Helms, once called Hank by his associates in staging, has as clean and creditable a record in stage-driving as he has upon the force since he first wore a uniform. Both vocations require what he possesses—a cool head and quick perception. For a dozen years, during the booming days of mining in this State, he carried enough treasure to found a national bank, but never lost a dollar of the money entrusted to him. He says that the

prettiest road he ever drove over is the one between Marysville and Grass Valley—forty miles of beautiful country, passing Yuba Dam, Timbuctoo, and other points. It was on the road between Laporte (formerly called Rabbit Creek) and Marysville that Sergeant Helms had a memorable encounter with Black Bart, who perpetrated bold robberies and atrocious "poetry" for a long while, until traced and caught in this city by a laundry mark on a linen cuff.

"It was on a return trip to Marysville in '82. The ride is a long, hard one of sixty-five miles. Suddenly a figure jumped into the road, disguised by a linen duster, slouch hat, and mask made from a starched shirtfront, with holes for the eyes. Seated by me, on the lookout, was George Hackett, now dead, messenger for Wells, Fargo, and one of the bravest fellows that ever lived. Before Bart had a chance to cover us with his gun, Hackett fired, not stopping to take aim. Bart ran in front of the leaders, new horses nervously trying to climb the bank to get away from the strange-looking object, and Hackett fired again, this time giving him a scalp wound. Bart saw it was a losing game, so he leaped into the brush and got away, but in doing so lost his mask and hat. These, bloodstained, with a spyglass and can of corned beef, hidden behind a log, we found, and turned over to the company as evidence. We did not attempt to run him down. I had eighteen thousand dollars in the treasure-box and didn't care to take chances on being relieved of it while Hackett was on Bart's trail.

"We drove on to Woodville where our six horses were changed for four fresh ones. The road there branches off to Oroville and Marysville, and it was on our way to the latter that we encountered another stage robber the same afternoon. I saw a gun leveled at us and the shoulders of a man behind a tree. 'There's another of them,' said I. 'All right,' answered Hackett, 'drive ahead,' and taking aim he fired, tearing the bark from the tree and probably hitting his man, for he made off into the brush.

"When Black Bart was captured I was sent for to identify him. He was the most polite man I ever talked with in his peculiar line of business, and laughingly informed me that after our meeting on the road he had sat next me at one of the city theaters one evening, and was strongly tempted to 'renew' our acquaintance. He also told me that, many months before, he had been a passenger on my stage, and asked if I recalled the fact that a man had requested me to stop at a lunch station long enough for him to have a chicken broiled. 'I was that man,' he said. 'What were you doing up there?' I enquired. He laughed. 'Oh, just seeing how the land lay, and picking out a good place to hold you up later.'

"Two miles from Nevada City, on the Marysville road, the Cummings murder occurred, but mine was not the stage held up. Matt Daley was the driver, his passengers being six men inside and a lady on the box. Among them was a mining man, Cummings by name, who had made eight or ten thousand dollars, which lay in a satchel under the lady's feet. Two masked men appeared, one covering the driver with his gun, the other the passengers, who, excepting the lady, were ordered to line up on the road while the stage was searched. When the robber came to the bag under the lady's feet he paused and said, 'Is this your satchel, madam?' Had she said yes instead of no a terrible tragedy might have been averted, but she was too badly frightened to have presence of mind, and answered no. As the fellow laid hold of the bag, Cummings sprang forward. 'Drop that,' he said, 'it's all the money I've got in the world, and you can't have it.' The robber who had the passengers guarded turned and broke Cummings' neck with a blow from his gun, while the other passengers stood by, too cowardly to interfere. Both men were finally caught. One escaped from State's prison and one was hanged."

Jerry Culverhouse, a Shasta driver, has a record for bravery. Once, in order to save the treasure box, he ran over one robber and was shot by another, losing an eye. The company presented him with a watch. I think Jerry is entitled to all the satisfaction he will ever get from looking at that watch with his other eye.

George Hackett, the messenger, always carried his gun pointing downward, between his knees. While riding with Sergeant Helms one day, it was accidentally discharged, shooting his foot to pieces. A similar accident also mutilated his hand. It was peculiar that throughout his hazardous career the only injuries Hackett received were inflicted by himself.

Johnny Reynolds, route agent for Wells, Fargo in Shasta, has a good record as a driver, and Nevada once had a woman stage driver who masqueraded as a man for years before being discovered.

SAND GLACIERS.

C. F. HOLDER.

Those who remember San Francisco in 1849, or later, before the city had been built up, will bear in mind the fact that the locality was a vast sand-dune, rising here and there in miniature hills and mountains—a dreary but picturesque feature of the landscape. In all probability, in these early days there were few who gazed at the sand-dunes with any appreciation of their beauty or the real meaning of the phenomena of enormous masses of sand, several miles in length, moving in from beach to bay; but here was a sand glacier, if one can so term it, flowing in from the sea to the bay, as it had been moving for centuries under the tireless action of the wind. The foundation of San Francisco is the bed of a sand river that began ages ago to move from the shore, passing over what is now the Park, scurrying along in little rivulets, creeping up over hills, running down into and filling up little valleys; ever moving on, carving strange shapes, only to change with the next breath of wind. In this way the sand manufactured at the ocean came in and formed a great glacier that filled closely its sinuous length into the undulations of the land and moved on, not bodily like a glacier, but by countless rivulets upon the surface, ever adding to the sand river that long ago crossed the peninsula and entered the bay.

The very apparent desolation of the dunes has a charm, but they are rarely desolate. In the East, especially, where the great sand-dunes of the Atlantic Coast lie blazing in the sun, the booming breakers just beyond, a most interesting congregation of life will be found. There are birds which affect the sand-dunes; and down on the Florida coast, where the beach is low, the pure gray surface is often covered with footprints on the sands—delicate traces of sand pipers; the broad, webbed foot of a gull or tern; the sharp, incisive markings of the crow; while everywhere, crossing and recrossing, are the tracks of countless crabs, which make the dunes their home.

The sand glaciers, as I have called them, of Southern California are very interesting. The Island of San Nicolas has almost succumbed to them, the great rivers reaching up into the canyons, filling them up in a marvelous manner, and covering the rocks with a shroud of sand. On the west coast of San Clemente Island are some of the most interesting sand-dunes in the western country. From our landing, looking south, I saw an undulating dune extending for some miles like the waves of the sea, and cut into little ridges, so that one could lie behind a sand billow and listen to the roar of wind and wave without feeling the former. Three miles down the coast we came to a strange dune, which was separated from the sea by a ridge of rock, showing that the ancient sand beach, which had been the source of supply, had been elevated, putting a stop ages ago to the increase. The surface of the dune was as hard as frozen snow and strewn with countless numbers of empty snail shells, and reaching up from the dune, filling a canyon, was a perfect sand glacier. The canyon had been almost completely filled with sand, and near its entrance was a singular phenomenon—a pit one hundred and fifty feet deep and four hundred feet across, its sides as level and smooth as though they had been carved by hand. The resemblance to a glacier here was perfect, one canyon being filled with the white sand that wound its way upward from the beach, appearing to the casual visitor as though it were glacial ice flowing down. On the west coast of this island the wind is strong and powerful, and the sand, ever shifting and changing, is slowly creeping up over the land.

"THE COVE," HIGHLAND SPRINGS. W. V. R. Photo.

At the south bank of the St. Johns River I once found a very active dune, on which a little company of pilots had built the semblance of a town. Every morning the sand was swept from the yards; and one mound was pointed out in which was a house that had been completely covered. The owner had been lost at sea, and in less than a year the roaming, shifting sand had swept over his cabin and effaced every evidence of it.

THE NEW SPRING AT HIGHLANDS.

THEO. PELTON.

TO THOSE interested in mineral springs, and particularly those who have been fortunate enough to have relegated themselves for a time to the delightful treat at Highland Springs in Lake County, it will be interesting to learn of the discovery of a new mineral spring, which was located not long since in a little canyon about one and one-quarter miles from the hotel.

No complete analysis has yet been made of this bubbling wonder, but its effects have already been sufficiently tested to prove that it is delightful, efficacious, and mild in its action. It is what might be termed a bi-sulphurate of magnesia, and, while it has the flavor of the ordinary sulphur spring, its constituents are so well blended that it might be said to be the "best quality" of the so-termed sulphur springs.

The taste of the sulphur, while pronounced, is mild and palatable, and, perhaps, the most remarkable quality shown in the water is that it can be taken with impunity in almost illimitable quantities, according to the capacity of the imbiber. It produces a most wonderful tonic effect, principally upon the liver and kidneys, and the results from its use are brought about without discomfort. It is clear, cool, and refreshing, and is destined to be one of the most popular springs among the many now listed at Highlands.

Mr. Craig, the manager, proposes, shortly, to build a trail from the hotel on a direct line with the spring, which will cut off about a half mile from the present route. It will make a beautiful walk when finished, and no doubt will be well trodden.

In this connection it might be well to add that Highlands is still enjoying a brisk prosperity, and even at the present time there are close on to two hundred guests domiciled at this attractive resort.

There is one feature about Highlands which is lacking in many other summer resorts, and that is that the young men are plentiful. It is a source of frequent complaint and regret on the part of the ladies that so few men have been found at the various springs, and this makes the exception at Highlands so striking a feature.

The deer season is well along, and hunting parties for the majestic animal are of almost daily occurrence, to say nothing of the regular sport and fun of coon hunting on moonlight nights.

"PARTNERS." *Rinkin photo.*

It is interesting to note the associations of a varied character that are formed during a short sojourn at the springs, not the least of which is shown in the accompanying photograph, which will, no doubt, be recognized by those who know him, as the photograph of our Attorney-General Fitzgerald and his protege, Master Carleton Bryan. Their acquaintanceship became so intimate that they mutually agreed to term themselves "partners," although the junior member was unfortunate enough to so far lose his self-control on the departure of the General that he stepped over the bounds of the "silent" tear.

Comparatively few people realize that some of our so-called summer resorts are quite as delightful during the fall and winter months as in June. Particularly is this true of Highland Springs. The climate here is perfection. The temperature is never severe, and the nights are invariably cool. The new hotel at Highlands has sprung into popular favor with a bound, and is assuredly as complete a resort as can be found anywhere.

A CARSON POKER INCIDENT.

SAM DAVIS.

Ever since civilization began to make any progress in Nevada, Carson has been considered the stamping-ground of the poker expert. While the superior dexterity of the Virginia faro-dealer is never questioned, the artistic accomplishments of the Carsonite at a little or big game of draw is often alluded to with pride and delight by residents of that metropolis.

Yet there was an occasion when Virginia City wrested the laurels of victory from Carson in a style worthy of record.

Some of the boys had been down to a picnic, and while there fell into the hands of the poker Philistines. Their absence was not noticed in Virginia City, however, until about eight o'clock in the evening, when Orndorff & Magee, of the Delta, received the following dispatch:

Send down $500 by telegraph.—BILLY.

Then it was known that Billy Robinson and some of the boys were down at Carson, holding the fort for reinforcements. The Delta boys, with characteristic promptness, sent the required sum and waited anxiously for the next hour, when they received the following:

Send $1000 more and Joe Dixon.—BILLY.

Dixon was soon found in his palatial sporting headquarters, next the Washoe Club rooms, going for the exchequer of a number of prominent citizens. The situation was at once explained. Joe rose from his seat, sent up to Mooney's for a team, and took a fat sack of coin from the safe. Jack Magee joined him in a few minutes, and Joe drove across to the Western Union.

"A friend of mine passes Reno on the eastern-bound train. He's a lightning-striker, and if I can stop him with a dispatch the game is ours." Joe spoke with great deliberation, and sent the following:

To Charles Huntley, on board eastern-bound train at Reno—Get off, and come to Carson by rapid conveyance. Meet me at Ormsby House before three o'clock. Business. DIXON.

"He'll be there," said Joe, "if the wires don't go back on us."

In another instant the two men were flying over the Divide, en route for Carson.

It was a little before midnight when the horses, drenched with foam, reached the city. There was no time to lose. At twenty minutes past twelve they found Billy Robinson and his gang in the hands of a crowd whom the newcomers recognized at a glance as the very flower of the pasteboard chivalry of Carson.

Joe is an open-up sort of a man, and walking up to the table remarked: "I s'pose a man with coin can take a hand here?" and he laid down his bag.

Nothing suited the Carson chaps better. Joe and Jack took the places of the Virginia men who had been fighting, Robinson stood back a little from the game, and telegraphed important results.

Meanwhile the Delta Saloon in Virginia City was the scene of an anxious gathering, and the bulletins from the seat of war were posted up. They were as follows:

CARSON, one o'clock. Jack has just taken a pot of $360.—B.

Here all hands imbibed. Presently another came:

1.20—Joe bluffed them out of $700. Set up the wine.—B.

The wine was set up. At two o'clock came the intelligence which dropped like a bombshell into the place:

We've just lost a pot of $1500. Send down more coin.—JOE.

The answer went back at once:

We endorse your paper for $10,000.

ORNDORFF & MAGEE,
GRANT ISRIAL,
DICK BROWN.

At a little after three o'clock Huntley stalked in. Joe and he had not met for years, and during the time had known each other only by correspondence; yet there was no gleam of recognition as Huntley slid like a phantom into the game. He showed the requisite amount of coin, and the Carsonites laughed inwardly because they had another victim. He looked like a divinity student. When he dealt, his thin hands played like lightning over the pack; his shuffle was the work of a magician, and the cards seemed alive.

After the deal the bets began to pile up very much as if every man had a big idea of the value of his hand. They went twice around, and everybody stood in with the raise.

A Carson man remarked quietly: "I see it two thousand better."

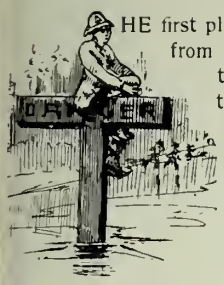
It was a stranger's turn next. He said, "I raise it five thousand," and laid down the checks. Then the Carson men, after a brief consultation, dispersed, leaving the table and looking for the door. Virginia had won.

"What did you have?" asked Joe.

"Don't know," said Mr. Huntley. "To tell you the truth I haven't yet looked at my hand. If a man looks at his hand, sometimes he gets confused and loses his nerve. I believe largely in the straight bluff."

UP THE RIVER YUKON.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.



THE first place at which you will touch, if you proceed directly from San Francisco to Northern Alaska, is Oonalaska, in the Aleutian Islands, about twelve days distant from the Golden Gate. A narrow channel, with green hills on either side, leads into the harbor, where you may sometimes find a good deal of shipping—revenue cutters, whalers, and vessels belonging to the Alaska Commercial Company. Oonalaska is quite a pretty spot; the settlement is built upon a long, narrow peninsula, a creek runs down into the harbor, and the beach is covered with white pebbles. In June and July you may find the weather warm and pleasant; indeed, the thermometer rarely falls to zero, though the summer is backward, owing to the prevalence of foggy and cloudy weather. On the way from Oonalaska to St. Michaels you may, if you are lucky, catch sight of the much-talked-of Pribylof, or Seal, Islands, but the chances are that they will be so thickly enveloped in fog as to be entirely invisible. About four days after leaving Oonalaska you reach St. Michaels, which is not, as is commonly supposed, at the mouth of the River Yukon, but on an island of the same name about seventy miles to the north of it. In the spring and summer there is often a large gathering here of natives, traders, and employees of the Alaska Commercial Company. At St. Michaels passengers and cargo are transshipped from the ocean steamer to a light-draught river boat, in which you steam down the coast to the Kusilvak mouth of the Yukon—a majestic stream, to be compared only to the Mississippi among American rivers. In its lower part it is very wide, but the shores are flat and low, and the country through which it flows is uninteresting; it winds through sloughs and has a very muddy current. After passing the Ikogmut Mission the first place of importance is Anvik, and the next Nulato. Above Nulato the river-banks become higher, and the stream narrower and much more rapid. The higher you ascend the bolder the scenery grows, and you spend your waking hours in watching an ever moving panorama. On the hillsides is grass as high as a man; wild roses, buttercups, and daisies abound; blueberries, raspberries, white and black currants may be gathered in profusion. Yet, despite all this, less than a foot below its surface the ground is frozen solid. Some distance above Nuklukayet you come to the Lower Ramparts, where the stream rushes between high banks with such velocity that the steamer has great difficulty in making headway at all. Up to Nuklukayet the boat may average three miles an hour, but above that point she is likely to go much slower. At Fort Yukon the Porcupine River flows into the Yukon, which turns off in a southeasterly direction. The fort was formerly a trading-post of the Hudson Bay Company, but nothing now remains of it except a few heaps of stones. Both above and below the confluence of the two rivers the Yukon is crowded with islands, being in some places so wide that one bank cannot be seen from the other. Above Fort Yukon, and to the south of it, is Charlie's Village, Charlie being the chief of the Upper Yukon and lord of five hundred miles of river. But, for all that, he is ready to accept the smallest gift, such as a bit of jewelry, a cast-off garment, or a chew of tobacco. At a distance of 260 miles from Fort Yukon we come to Fort Reliance, a trading-post situated just on the International Boundary Line. A little to the east and south of Fort Reliance are Dawson City and a stream bearing the magic name of Klondyke. Above the fort are the Upper Ramparts of the Yukon, where the river rushes between high, frowning, rocky walls with an almost irresistible force. The Upper Ramparts are the most serious danger encountered by those who enter the Klondyke district over the Chilcoot Pass and across the chain of lakes. At the northern end of the Upper Ramparts the Stewart River, and at Fort Selkirk the Pelly River, empty their waters into the Yukon. The total length of the Yukon from the Kusilvak mouth to its source cannot be less than two thousand miles, and is navigable by river steamers for fifteen hundred miles.

AN ALASKAN ICEBERG.

A PICTURESQUE MEXICAN CELEBRATION.

J. M. SCANLAND.

The fifteenth day of September is the Mexican Fourth of July. In the rural districts of California it is celebrated in a more picturesquely Mexican style than in the towns. It was on this day in 1810 that Mexico declared her independence of Spain, and achieved it after fighting eleven years. In the various Mexican settlements of Los Angeles, San Diego, and other coast counties the day is celebrated in primitive style.

The largest ranch house in the settlement is usually selected for the event, because of its convenience, especially for dancing, for most Mexican ranch houses are small adobe huts with little or no accommodations. Word has been sent out weeks ahead that the celebration will take place at the Rancho Flores, or Solari, and everybody comes. On the afternoon before, they begin to arrive from the *mesas*, canyons, and transverse canyons, in old-fashioned caretos, ox-wagons, and on horseback, three or four deep.

By noon next day the neighborhood has arrived—about two hundred, men, women, and children, entire families coming, for it is a general holiday, and the house may as well be closed. The men amuse themselves with horse-racing, an impromptu cock-fight or two, and a quiet game of monte, perhaps. The senoras busy themselves in preparing dinner, which lasts all afternoon, and then there are coffee and cakes to be prepared for the evening. Those of the senoritas who are not listening to the sighs of the young senors are making themselves useful in setting things in readiness for the *fandango*.

Under the direction of the host a tall sapling has been cut down for a flagpole and erected in the yard in front of the house. Then a platform is built for the orator of the day, or rather of the evening; also for the band and a few "distinguished guests." An old rusty cannon, lashed to a log, is brought out for duty. It is of the old-fashioned make, and was about as dangerous to those in the rear as those in front when in use during the frequent revolutions in California. In those days it was the custom of the retreating army to bury their cannon, and a number were also buried when the American army of conquest came. In after years these cannon were resurrected from their graves, and now do duty at various Mexican ranch houses on their day of National Independence.

At about dark the American and Mexican flags are run up and the cannon is touched off, every one seeking cover except the gunner, who takes the desperate chances. In a few minutes the string band ascends the platform and plays a Mexican national air.

Everybody justly applauds, and the host, dressed in Mexican costume, welcomes his guests, compliments their patriotism, and thanks them for thus honoring himself—eating him out of house and home. He then introduces the orator of the evening, who is literally covered with red sash and rosettes of various hues. The cannon is again turned loose. The orator reads the Declaration of Independence, a remarkably short document, not occupying twenty minutes in the reading. He reads in a clear, well-modulated voice, with proper emphasis, and then delivers an "oration" of about fifteen minutes' length, giving the reasons for the Declaration and paying a high eulogy to the patriots of the Revolution. Cheering follows, and, if the cannon has not burst, it is again fired. Dancing now begins, and continues until daylight, for there are not enough sleeping accommodations for all. The senoritas are dressed in Mexican costume of the olden style, and display excellent taste in the combination of colors. The dresses are of red, yellow, or orange-colored silk, or white over red, relieved by sashes extending from right shoulder over the bust to left side, where it is "gathered" by ribbons of various colors.

The old custom of breaking *casqueronis* is still observed. The *casqueroni* is an eggshell filled with vari-colored bits of paper and cologne, and when broken over the coal-black hair of a senorita gives a pretty effect. This is considered a compliment, equal to words of admiration, and is quite an assistance to bashful lovers. At a celebration, however, allowance is made, and during the height of the *fandango* the smashing becomes more general; the battle of the *casqueronis* rages all along the line; the black hair of the revellers looks as if powdered and the floor as if it had been the scene of a snowstorm.

FLY-CASTING.

ELAINE HOLLIS.

NO PEOPLE have greater need of out-door exercise than Americans, whose hurried lives retard healthy development of body and mind. A love for angling and pursuit of the pastime renews the energies, bringing both health and happiness to the fly-fisher, who is nothing if not enthusiastic concerning the advantages of the sport which to him is one of singularly pleasurable abandon and charm. Enticing the wary game-fish from their sequestered haunts, he forgets the wear and tear of business life in an occupation which rests him, yet keeps alive his interest and attention. With creel at his side, and bearing the pliant and obedient rod, he searches the banks for a favorable location, depending upon his intuitive knowledge of such places to guide him thence, and upon what skill he may possess in the matter of casting, to fill the empty creel. In spots where overhanging branches nearly sweep the water he must bring all his ingenuity into play, lest he entangle his line and frighten away the larger fish from their shady retreat. So intricate, indeed, are the situations he encounters, that it is not strange the angler should regard ordinary fishing as far removed from fly-fishing as is the painting of landscapes from the house-painter's work.

Drawing out as much length of line as he thinks he can cast, the angler lets it go far out behind him with a backward motion of the rod, and before it settles brings it toward him with a forward movement of the wrist and forearm, casting his flies to the spot aimed for on the water. Upon his individual judgment must he rely in the measuring of distances with the eye, and the amount of strength required to carry the flies to their destination.

To California in general and San Francisco in particular belongs the honor of claiming the world's champion in fly-casting, Walter D. Mansfield, whose splendid record, made a fortnight ago at Garfield Park, Chicago, in the angling tournament for the world's championship, is still the main topic of conversation among anglers the country over. Mr. Mansfield established a new world's record by 9 feet in long-distance fly-casting, winning first prize for 111½ feet, against the world's record of 102½ feet, which had stood for 7 years. It was confidently believed by local anglers that Mr. Mansfield would bring back the championship medal, his cast of 108½ feet having been a local triumph of the present season. At Chicago he also won first prize in dry fly-casting for accuracy and delicacy—86⅛ per cent. His method is best described as a free-arm movement, assisted by a muscular spring of the entire body, which is thrown well back, the arm at an angle of about 40 degrees from the horizontal in the back cast; he then brings the arm and body forward until the arm is almost horizontal, and the upper portion of the body nearly so in his forward cast, the line unfolding until the fly flutters softly to the water. Mr. Mansfield is a gentleman of scholarly acquirements, and a lawyer who has achieved marked success in contests before the bar, where he is content to win cases instead of medals. He is at present assistant attorney of our Board of Trade.

WORLD'S CHAMPION FLY CASTER W. D. MANSFIELD.

The interesting tournament held at the World's Fair, attended by several of our most enthusiastic rod experts, had its aftermath during the Midwinter Fair, when a tournament, attractive for its uniqueness on this Coast, took place May 4, 1894, at Stow Lake in Golden Gate Park, a picturesque expanse of water at the base of Huntington Falls. The lake was then stocked with thousands of rainbow trout, the work of the State Fish Commission, but the speckled prizes whose presence lent realism to the occasion, were entirely safe, one of the rules having provided for the breaking below the barbs of all hooks used. Several hundred spectators were present. Five events, with twenty entries, were witnessed, the first being fly-casting for distance: second, distance and accuracy combined; third, distance, accuracy and delicacy combined; fourth, salmon-casting, double handed; fifth, lure-casting. Five beautiful first-prize gold medals were awarded relatively to R. R. Flint, Henry E. Skinner, A. M. Cumming, J. S. Benn, and A. D. Ayers. Colonel G. C. Edwards scored the best general average in the first four events.

An organized association of anglers being decided upon by devotees of the rod at a meeting held a few days afterward, the San Francisco Fly-Casting Club came into existence with thirty-one names enrolled, and officers as follows: G. C. Edwards, President; E. T. Allen, Vice-President; S. Golcher, Secretary; A. G. Wieland, W. J. Golcher, and John F. Siebe, Executive Committee. For the first two years of its existence the club was not a success, owing to a lack of interest, but at a meeting held in the Olympic Gun Club rooms in March of last year, the organization took a new lease of life, and has since literally "gone on its way rejoicing," with the following officers guiding its destiny: W. D. Mansfield, President; C. G. Young, Vice-President; A. T. Vogelsang, Secretary; W. F. Bogart, Treasurer: G. C. Edwards, M. C. Allen, John Hunt, Achille Roos, and F. H. Reed, Executive Committee. Among the members are notable local representatives of business and professional life. They are:

MR. H. E. SKINNER—FORWARD CAST.

D. W. Alden, Merton C. Allen, E. T. Allen, Stanley T. Allyn, Harry Babcock, John P. Babcock, Willis E. Bacheller, Wakefield Baker, A. C. Bassett, H. Battu, J. S. Benn, W. F. Bogart, W. B. Bradford, John Butler, A. S. Carman, A. L. Coombs, W. A. Cooper, A. Russell Crowell, A. M. Cumming, Captain George Cumming, Fred Dassonville, F. E. Daveikosen, Hon. S. C. Denson, A. A. Dewing, F. P. Deering, John H. Dickinson, J. W. Dorsey, G. C. Edwards, Charles P. Eells, Hon. H. F. Emeric, George W. Emmons, Hon. O. P. Evans, A. B. Finch, H. C. Golcher, W. J. Golcher, F. M. Haight, Alexander Hamilton, J. M. Hanford, Jr., Charles W. Hibbard, Hon. John Hunt, Charles Huyck, R. Isenbruck, Morgan Jellett, G. H. Kellogg, Charles Klein, H. M. Landsberger, R. H. Liddle, A. E. Lovett, Dr. E. N. Lowry, Rev. Robert Mackenzie, J. H. Mangels, Walter D. Mansfield, W. H. Metson, Rev. C. L. Miel, W. A. L. Miller, E. A. Mocker, J. J. Mone, C. F. Montealegre, F. G. Montealegre, Hon. W. C. Murdoch, H. F. Muller, Bartholomew Noyes, C. M. Osborn, Charles Page, F. E. Peterson, Carter P. Pomeroy, George A. Rankin, F. U. Reed, Achille Roos, F. G. Sanborn, E. Saunders, Oscar T. Sewall, John F. Siebe, Henry E. Skinner, Hon. Charles W. Slack, S. E. Slade, H. H. Smith, Horace Smythe, Frank M. Stone, E. R. Swain, F. W. Tallant, A. C. Stubbs, Jas. S. Turner, Alex. T. Vogelsang, George Walker, James Alva Watt, Chas. S. Wheeler, W. F. Whittier, Albert G. Wieland, Hon. A. P. Williams, O. Wiseman, C. G. Young.

The scope of the club is by no means as limited as its rods and lines, or confined merely to amusement. It reaches out to protect the fish in California waters, to assist in enforcing fish laws, to prevent the destruction of fish by the use of giant powder or any other means of emptying fishing waters; and to promote social intercourse among its members. But a few names are now lacking to complete the one hundred which is the membership limit.

The series of contests held annually show continued improvement among the members. Each contest consists of three events: Distance, distance and accuracy, accuracy and delicacy. The strictest of rules govern the club.

In the medal series of 1897 there are 30 contests, 24 of which have taken place, won as follows: Event 1, distance, Mansfield, 12 contests: Lowry, 9; Bacheller, 2; Lovett, 1. Event 2, distance and accuracy, Mansfield, 14 contests; Lovett, 3; Edwards, 1; Skinner, 1; Smyth, 1; Young, 1; Babcock, 1; Muller, 1; Lowry, 1. Event 3, delicacy and accuracy, Bacheller, 7 contests; Lowry, 5; Mansfield, 4; Lovett, 3; Young, 2; Crowell, 1; Smyth, 1; Skinner, 1.

ABOUT THE STAGE.

THE DEVOTEE.

MRS. LESLIE CARTER is unquestionably the sensation of the summer season. Accustomed to disappointment after seeing loudly "boomed" actresses, I determined to expect nothing extraordinary from this lady whose unique stage training has been the theme of so many newspaper paragraphs, and there was, therefore, added to my spontaneous delight in her performance, the pleasurable sensation of having discovered her for myself. In this case I do not grudge for the playwright the precedence accorded the actress. "The Heart of Maryland," with its swinging trapeze climax, might draw the crowd, but it is Mrs. Carter who draws the elect. We have seen no such powerful acting as hers for many a day; she lifts the conventional heroine of a frank and furious melodrama on to the plane of tragedy, humanizing the part far beyond what it warrants. The first two acts afford her her best opportunities, because they are the most rational: her outburst of grief when they tell her of her brother's death is thrilling in its realism, and even through the wild third act, from her sensational entrance to the famous belfry ascent, the intensity of her passion forbids the laughter which the situations naturally excite. The scenic settings and effects are what one might expect from a stage manager's play, and gain their share of applause from that large section of the audience which considers that the drama should minister finally to the ocular and oral senses. I trust that before long we shall have the opportunity of seeing Mrs. Carter in a genuine tragedy part, and then we may finally judge and place her.

After having seen Miss Isabel Irving pass through a long series of misfits it was a pleasure to witness her charming performance of Dorothy in "Rosemary," a part which she is so eminently suited to portray. Many opinions have been expressed concerning Mr. Drew's role of Sir Jasper Thorndyke. For my own part, though I admit the truth and pathos of the contingency, I find that the sight of an elderly man suffering tortures of unsuccessful love for a damsel of childish years is not without its absurdity; the subject is a risky one for sympathetic treatment on the stage.

After "The Heart of Maryland's" four weeks' engagement comes W. H. Crane with his Martha Morton. Three years ago, when I saw him last, he was playing one of Martha Morton's earlier works, and giving her better than she gave him.——

It is satisfactory to know that the Frawleys return for three more weeks after "The Twelve Temptations" vacate the Columbia. They have presented some interesting plays during the month, notably "The Case of Rebellious Susan" and "The Idler." If the public clamors for "The Charity Ball," I suppose it has to have it, but I wish it wouldn't. The performance of "Rebellious Susan" was, with a few exceptions, excellent, but that of "The Idler" was disappointing; there was an all-round want of assurance about it, a want of intensity and grip. I have only the original London production to compare it with, and of course it would be unfair to draw too close comparisons, for I hold that one ought to regulate one's demands in accordance with the prices of admission, and since it cost considerably less to see Mr. Frank Worthing, Mr. Carlyle, and Miss Blanche Bates in the principal parts than it did to see Mr. George Alexander, Mr. Herbert Waring, and Miss Marion Terry, it would be unreasonable to expect the same excellence. Mr. Worthing suffers little in comparison with the best in his own line, and Mark Cross, being decidedly in his line, receives from him a good portrayal, but Mr. Carlyle is altogether too perfunctory. Miss Bates always impresses me as a clever amateur. In her laudable attempt to be always natural and avoid anything like staginess she uses methods which are insufficient to impress her audiences; her emotions do not carry beyond the footlights. It is not that she does too little; economy of gesture is one of the secrets of power. It is that she does not do the telling things. She does not rise to the demands of her more exacting parts, but is invariably that very pleasant person, Miss Blanche Bates. In such parts as she has in "Christopher Jr." or "The Two Escutcheons," we are content to have her so, but when playing Lady Harding or Lady Susan Harabin it is not enough. Her performance of Susan was far more interesting than that which Miss Isabel Irving gave us two years ago, but neither actress seems to have realized what a full, human part this is, and what an excellent acting part as well. I deplore the departure of Miss Eleanor Moretti, though it was inevitable that so accomplished an actress should be needed for more important roles than those for which she was cast before and after the production of "Pudd'nhead Wilson"; roles which she invariably played much better than their authors could reasonably expect any actress would. Miss Moretti has received much commendation for her clothes, but, though I am sensible of the beauty and originality of these, I would rather praise her art. Even her she-devil parts she played with a certain amount of plausibility, though never a human chord was to be wrung from them, and she seized the comic possibilities of Mrs. Glibb with a true hand, but it was as Roxy that she got and used her one chance of distinction.——

ISABEL IRVING. *Thors photo.*

ELEANOR MORETTI.

The Tivoli is at present giving the best performances for the price that it has ever been my lot to witness, or any one else's, I imagine. In fact, I fail to see how, despite the crowded houses, the management recoups itself for its outlay, unless the advertisements on the curtain bring emolument commensurate with their hideousness, but that is fortunately its own affair, not mine; I would rather enjoy and criticise than con balance sheets. The most important feature of the present grand opera season is the production of the better known Wagner music dramas for the first time on the Tivoli stage. The performance of "Lohengrin" was far more than creditable: under the musical direction of Mr. Hinrichs and the stage direction of Mr. Lask it could not have been improved upon with the resources at command. Tuneful "Il Trovatore" seems thin, indeed, after "Lohengrin"; it is as a purling brook to the great sea, but we would not have it banished on that account; we can still love the brook although we have seen the sea, and just as we do not cease to enjoy Sheridan after having known Ibsen, so we can listen with pleasure to Verdi after having heard Wagner; indeed, one has certain moods not great enough to approach the masters in, which are best satisfied by Sheridan and Verdi. Miss Effie Stewart is a newcomer and a graduate from the Carl Rosa Opera Company, as were Mr. Rhys Thomas, Signor Abramoff, and Mr. Denis O'Sullivan; she possesses a beautiful soprano voice, clear and even; the apology offered for her hoarseness before she appeared as Leonora was not perceptibly necessary, though an apology for her acting would not have been out of place; however, experience has taught us to be lenient toward the acting of opera singers, and on that account we appreciate the more the spirited performances of Mrs. Hinrichs, who gave such a fine rendering of Ortrud.——

At the Alcazar large audiences have been laughing at the farces they love. "The Firstborn" is to return here for two weeks before going East, and is likely to draw as well as before, for the town was not nearly tired of it when it was taken off. Mr. Powers is fortunate to have this chance of reinstating himself in public favor after the "Turk Meets Greek" fiasco. Gillette's successful farce, "Too much Johnson," will be seen this month.

A TRIP TO THE ORIENT.

A TOURIST.

THE day was bright with California sunshine, and by noon a crowd began to gather, exchanging greetings with those who were about to depart on the Occidental and Oriental Steamship "Coptic," then moored at the wharf awaiting the hour of departure. Wagons heavily laden with baggage, carriages filled with tourists and their friends, the movements of many stevedores transferring numberless packages of personal effects to the clerk in charge, all combined to make a memorable scene of animation on that April day of '97. Soon a large, lumbering wagon, flanked by a second smaller one, halted in front of the gangway with the great United States mails, at the same moment the gong on board pealing forth its warning—"All ashore." The last embrace being given, the last good-by spoken, the stream of humanity filed slowly down the gangplank; the lines were cast off, the big liner began to move astern, the outer end of the wharf was cleared, and soon her bow was pointed down the channel, the engines were throbbing ahead, and the voyage to the far east was begun.

Passing through the shipping we are soon abreast of Alcatraz, steering direct for the Golden Gate. A fresh breeze is blowing, the Presidio, Fort and Lime Points are in turn left behind, and we begin to feel the swell as it rolls in from the ocean. We hug the north shore, and when Point Bonita is abeam our course is changed, bringing the ship into the trough of the sea. The bar is breaking, which compels us to take the north channel, the heavy rolling sending so many passengers below that but few of us are left on deck to watch the curling breakers as their white caps tumble in beautiful and magnificent proportions, sending their spray high into the air with a roar truly expressive of the force and power of the mighty waters. Onward the steamer ploughs her way: at times her lee rail under water, drenching the lower deck, and keeping all on that deck within their respective houses. Another hour and we discharge the pilot, and shape our course for Honolulu. Toward nightfall both wind and sea have moderated, and by noon of next day the ship is comparatively steady, the passengers one by one make their appearance at our well-provided table, and the formality of becoming acquainted begins, facilitated by the readiness of our accommodating captain, assisted by his efficient staff of officers, who provide comforts and amusements for all. The service is excellent, the table could not be surpassed, and with the cheerful, congenial party on board it is not surprising that we predict an exceptionally delightful voyage. There are a bride and groom touring the world, an expectant bride going to meet her *fiance*, a bright and charming lady with a young and lovely companion, a group of lively college graduates, a number of jovial tea merchants, and several ladies and gentlemen of leisure, also a number of Japanese gentlemen, and last, though not least, a party of missionaries, whose kind and courteous manners win the friendship of all. We soon commence to feel at home, and take part in the games and frolics so ingeniously planned, a few of which it will not be amiss to mention here, as it will show how easy it is to brush away the dullness of a sea voyage.

KAMEHAMEHA MUSEUM, HONOLULU.

First, there is the punch bag, always on deck for use by passing voyagers: quoits, cricket, bowling—played with three pins instead of ten—the bag race, the one-legged race, the soda-and-cracker race, the three-rows-of-potatoes race, the obstacle race, tug-of-war, married and single men; for the ladies the thread-and-needle race, the letter-writing twenty-word race, tablespoon-and-egg race—all being indulged in by as happy a party of tourists as ever crossed the Pacific. There is also a commodious swimming tank, complete as could be desired, made by lashing four large spars together, resting them on the top of the deck-houses, then fastening a canvas forming a square tank about ten by twenty feet, into which water from the sea is pumped to a depth of about three and one-half feet, affording fine sea bathing and an invigorating plunge into clear water from ocean depths.

Thus pass the days as our fine, steady, commodious steamer is reeling off nearly fifteen knots each hour of the twenty-four. Early in the morning of the sixth day the Island of Molokai is in sight, and at eleven o'clock we are off the Port of Honolulu, receive the pilot, proceed at once into the harbor, and make fast alongside the wharf. Immediately taking a carriage we are whirled through the streets of this lovely, tropical city and to the various points of interest; first, to the Pali, an historical spot made famous by the defeat of the native chiefs by King Kamehameha I., when he conquered the island. The Pali is a precipitous cliff, some four hundred feet high, overlooking a beautiful panorama of green vegetation, rugged rocks, and the ceaselessly rolling surf. It is said that the great King drove the native warriors before him until they reached this cliff, where they were compelled to leap over the precipice or were massacred. Along the line of the road leaving the city we see many beautiful homes in spacious grounds covered with tropical foliage artistically arranged, and, dotting the roadside, the home of the native—a little cottage and a small patch of land cultivated with rice, bananas, poi, or other products. Men and women astride on horseback are going to town, children with books are coming from school, bright, happy, the picture of health, full of life and frolic. Many of them might be called handsome, and all are of intelligent appearance.

Returning, we drive to the Punchbowl, a prominent hill overlooking the city, from which we have a fine view of the harbor, ocean, Honolulu, and surroundings. Then to the palace, now the government house, also to Waikiki, the road to which passes through a delightfully pleasant part of the city. On both sides are cozy, comfortable homes with attractive grounds, and cocoanut, banana, and palm trees in profusion. We drive to the beautiful grounds on which are situated the buildings for preparatory schools for native children and the fine Kamehameha Museum. This building is a handsome stone structure, and contains within its walls much that is very interesting to the visitor. There are utensils for eating and for war, such as bowls, spears, and clubs made from the hardest wood, fashioned in appropriate shapes. The bowls are particularly noticeable because of their exact circular form, as true as if turned in a lathe, and yet the crudest tools were used by these ingenious natives, they being nothing more than sharpened stones. There are also many cloths, gown materials, and other articles of fine texture woven from the bark of trees, but the most wonderful of all the articles in this museum is the coronation robe of King Kamehameha I. This robe is made of yellow feathers taken from a bird now extinct, each bird furnishing only four feathers, two on each wing. It required one hundred years to complete it, and it was originally worn at the coronation of Kamehameha I.; since then by all his successors when ascending the throne. Many articles illustrating the lives of cannibals of the South Seas are here preserved. There are girdles of human teeth, which were taken from the mouths of the victims. One string of one hundred and forty teeth is pointed out as having been taken from white men whose bodies had been eaten by these savages. The identity of the men was determined by the cavities and filling in the teeth. From this instructive place we are driven to our steamer, and, swinging away from the wharf as the Hawaiian band is pouring forth sweet music, we steam out of the harbor and shape our course for Yokohama.

Before our departure we have added several more to our pleasant company, also receiving on board two hundred Japanese emigrants, returned home by the government of Hawaii.

The weather continues pleasant, and all are participating more or less in the various games, swimming, reading, or writing, and considerable interest is taken in the wrestling matches of the Japanese. From among

the steerage passengers fifteen Japanese are chosen on each side. Strong, muscular, well-built fellows enter the ring, two at a time, displaying wonderful skill and staying qualities. On Sunday divine service is held, and the remainder of the day passed in reading, writing, chatting, and walking. At night all hands retire early, and the following morning, when summoned by the gong to arise, coming on deck we are told that the day is Tuesday, April 13th, and in some way Monday has dropped out of our reckoning. In our sleep we have jumped over a full day, leaving Monday on the other side of the 180 degrees of longitude, which we crossed during the night, and which we expect will be returned to us when, later on, we retrace our course homeward. In the evening we have a concert of vocal and instrumental music and a few comic declamations, and the following evening an exhibition of stereopticon views of Japanese scenery, accompanied by an interesting lecture. Early in the morning of the 19th every one is on deck to catch the first glimpse of the Land of the Rising Sun, and at eight A. M. we enter the beautiful Bay of Yeddo, passing on the way a multitude of junks steering in every direction. At 11:30 we enter the harbor of Yokohama, and are moored to the buoy, having covered a distance of 5496 miles. We board the steam launch for the shore, and are soon landed on what is here called the hatoba (wharf), for the first time enter the convenient little jinrikisha and speed along the Bund to the Grand Hotel, where we register, after which our little yellow man is again called, and we start for a ride to Mississippi Bay, passing on the way the race track and other beautiful and interesting points along the beach, with hosts of fishermen and women mending their nets and junks. Returning to the hotel late in the afternoon for dinner, the next morning we are again on the move behind our ricksha man, whirling through the streets to the public garden with its profusion of lovely cherry blossoms, through the native quarters, crossing and recrossing the bridges spanning the canal, up the Bluff and through the winding roadways, and obtaining from the top of the celebrated one hundred steps a fine view of city and harbor; then to the many silk and curio stores, taking in all the sights possible within the time allotted. We have been constantly on the move, and when the hour of ten in the evening has arrived we are again on board our steamer, reluctantly going below to get a much-needed rest.

(To be continued.)

A SAN FRANCISCO TYPE OF SPANISH BEAUTY. *Thors photo.*

THE LITERARY OVERFLOW.

DOROTHY QUILL.

Midsummer magazines, heavily padded as to advertising matter, with material of more or less interest and readableness sandwiched therein, have made their annual appearance, beguiling the purchaser who is always sniffing about the book stalls for bargains, into parting with his coin. They are fat and deceptive, these "special" editions, and as disappointing in their way as the "annual bargain clearance sale" is to the average shopper. The sale consists largely of the mammoth-lettered signs that announce it. The midsummer number is principally "ads," with the usual amount of literature thrown in. Wherefore a midsummer number, anyway? Is it become a tradition that the subscriber insists shall be kept alive for his mental gratification? Is the subscriber so fearful of not getting the worth of his money that he must needs be pacified by a few dozen pages extra of magazine when the year is six months old?

Apropos of magazines, it would be well if the makers of them ceased sending out uncut leaves for us to mutilate in our haste while reviewing, and swear over or scold about, according to sex, when hacking at the folded pages. Life is too short for this sort of surgery. The reviewer of to-day is a busy person to whom time is a commodity of much importance, and who has none of it to waste in slashing paper right and left, or in endeavoring to get at an article bias-eyed when that article is presented on the magazine half-shell. Nothing should be done by hand in this progressive age which can be equally well done by machinery, thus giving us that much extra opportunity to employ advantageously. Exercise that benefits neither body nor brain is energy wasted. The uncut-leaved magazine should reform without delay.

"Of making many books there is no end;"
So sang a poet once upon a time;
More truth than poetry there is, my friend,
Within that simple rhyme.
But this one point by it at least is made—
It stimulates the ink and paper trade.

Nowadays a writer does not gain fame—he attains a vogue. This mysterious state of things once acquired—mysterious because no one knows why or how it comes to pass—his "success" is no longer a matter of concern to himself, though it is usually an affair of considerable puzzlement to the thinking world. To attain a vogue is to reap pecuniary reward for stuff of mediocre worth, the author of which may be, and most likely is, a literary freak. Once the vogue standard is reached, however, any old thing that he turns out of his inkwell "goes" with a mad rush. Is it a novel? Then straightway it falls from one edition into another. Is it a new book of verse? It sells hotly while the volumes put forth by our genuine poets gather dust on the market's shelves. An instance in point is Stephen Crane, to-day one of the most egregiously over-rated litterateurs in the American workshop. "The Third Violet" is the latest story plucked from his mental garden, and it is just about as typical of the real fragrance of American literature as are the gaudy imitation bunches of the exquisite violet exhibited in a milliner's window.

But then, he has a vogue, this Stephen Crane;
Which means he's not encumbered with much brain.

DID SHAKESPEARE GOLF?

Following the fact that new golf links have been opened at Stratford-on-Avon, the burning question arises: Had the great bard thereof any knowledge of the game? The *Home Journal* of New York enumerates these weighty reasons in favor of the theory that he had:

"We find in 'Much Ado About Nothing' an unmistakable allusion to a characteristic Saint Andrews' gesture in the words, 'I know you by the wagging of your head.' While in 'Titus Andronicus' we encounter the pertinent query, 'What subtle hole is this?' In 'Richard III' again we meet the line, 'Put in their hands the bruising irons of wrath,' and in 'Henry VI' (Part I) the statement, 'I'll call for clubs.' Falstaff's ruling passion was evidently golf, for we know that on his deathbed he 'babbled of green fields.' There was certainly a course on Prospero's island, else why the question, 'Why hath thy queen summoned me hither to this shortguess'd green?' There are, we believe, some commentators who prefer the reading, 'To tee or not to tee, that is the question.' But, apart from this disputed passage, we find in 'Hamlet' a reference to the fault of 'striking too short.' This ingenious compilation of quotations from the 'myriad-minded' man ought surely to settle the controversy."

A gentleman was being driven home after a dinner, when his carriage was smashed up in a collision. The coachman turned out to be tipsy, and was dismissed. He begged hard to be forgiven. "I had certainly drunk too much, sir," said he, "but I was not very drunk, and gentlemen, you know, sometimes get drunk." "Well," replied his master, "I don't say you were very drunk for a gentleman, but you were d——d drunk for a coachman. So git."

This, That and the Other

LILLIAN FERGUSON.

An affecting little poem has just appeared in a New York weekly, entitled "When Dad Has Worn His Trousers Out." It is gratifying to note that Gotham still insists upon keeping up to a high poetical standard which the wild and sheepskin West may gradually work up to if it has time enough allotted to it, and the enthusiasm of its versifying litterateurs does not give out. I myself was tempted to essay a fitting companion piece to the interesting domestic vision conjured up by the New York whittler of metre at the poetical woodpile, but my first attempt not only looked but sounded as though it had been carved out with a buzz saw, and I abandoned the job in tearful discouragement. I still have the first couplet, upon completion of which the inspiration left me. I submit it herewith for some one more gifted than I to finish:

I would I could forget the day
When mommer's bloomers swift gave way——

Her face is wistful in its look. I know
That something in her life the girl has missed.
Perhaps (I more than half suspect 'tis so)
She never has been kissed.

Another blow for the bloomer. A girl fell into a well recently, and in her dizzy descent her skirts, acting in the useful capacity of parachutes, expanded picturesquely and wafted her with feather-like grace into the depths of the earth, landing her badly scared but in bodily safety. This is in itself a sermon, and a most eloquent one, against bloomers. While it is true that persons of sex feminine do not, as a rule, while passing through this mundane existence, topple over into old wells more than forty or fifty times at the utmost, still it is advisable to go prepared for easy transportation while doing the well-diving act, taking a header down a precipice, or any old thing in that line which is accomplished by means of the eternal law of gravitation. Hang up your bloomers in the hall-closet, girls. Skirts are less comfortable to carry, I admit, but they make lovely parachutes when put to the life-saving test.

An exchange naively asks: "Is there any sweeter sight than an infant waking from sleep?" That depends. Personally I think that a baby is the dearest thing on earth, but there are moments when it is easy to believe that there may be sights sweeter than the awakening referred to by the enthusiastic exchange. When under the distressing influence of colic a baby does not appear to the most desirable advantage, and if the waking process be induced by uneasiness in its tiny diaphragm at dead of night, sound as well as sight might be sweeter. That is why I say it all depends. For whether a baby be wailing merely to obtain lung exercise, whether it be crying for the Castoria which is Pitcher's, whether it be lamenting from genuine physical anguish or infantile perversity, one longs for the squall to blow over, and prays that peace may enter in as a dove upon the nocturnal scene. Yes, it all depends.

POSTMORTEM PLEASANTRIES.

The people who fain would be shrouded in state
Within a magnificent tomb,
Must really have money enough to cremate,
To purchase luxurious gloom.
But those who prefer to inhabit an urn,
And who shrink from financial display,
Require, not money, but bodies to burn
In a quiet and posthumous way.

From Naples comes a most astonishing story concerning one Mrs. Maddelina Granatta, a lady of fifty-seven years, who lives, so runneth the fable, a dozen miles from that city, and who is the mother of sixty-two children, all but three being boys. She is now a widow. This startling number of progeny includes eleven sets of triplets and of twins galore. Her astounding maternal record, it is stated, has aroused among her countrymen the question of a pension. I protest that a heavy fine should have been imposed upon the Granattas for threatening Italy with over-population. The good lady most certainly should not be pensioned.

"What was your special crime up there?"
Was questioned of the millionaire
When he had landed, a new-comer,
Within the realm of torrid summer
Where through eternity each soul
Must pay its board by heaving coal.
"Did you neglect, in gaining pelf,
To love your neighbor as yourself?
And how do you suppose you'll stand
The weather in this red-hot land?"

The rich man sadly shook his head:
"Friend Satan, guess again," he said;
"I loved them all too well, I fear,
In point of fact, that's why I'm here.
I led so many double lives,
Acquired so many contract wives,
And was so roasted by the press,
I died to end my sore distress.
Your climate suits me very well:
To me 'tis but a milder hell."

An Eastern newspaper is authority for the statement that Abdul Hamid, Sultan of Turkey, possesses one of the rarest collections of jewels extant, and that he owns the most valuable parasol in the world, the shade being wrought with precious stones upon the silk, the staff a magnificent length of coral. And he won't let one of his wives use it, which is very tyrannical and horrid of him.

A SLEEPING BEAUTY.

Never was there a summer season so happily devoid of ornate millinery as the one just passing. Emancipated from the tyranny of flowers, ribbons, and feathers atop of her brain, woman has shared with man the comforting delight of straw unadorned. A blessing undisguised has been the sailor hat of '97. True, it has covered all sorts, sizes, and colors of faces, irrespective of age or feature; but what of that? Is not physical comfort the main thing, after all, and does it not bring in its wake rejuvenated feelings, improved tempers, and other beneficial results? Therefore may the ubiquitous and convenient sailor be revived next year, even though the milliners make an organized fight against its tremendous popularity. There is a very great deal to be said in favor of this simple form of headgear. It is inexpensive, costing but a fraction of what one has to spend on the ordinary up-to-date chapeau. It is useful, for even though a sportive breeze wrest it from hat-pin confinement and send it rolling like a runaway wheel down the mountain side, it will be found a few miles, more or less, hence, none the worse for its wild spin. It is profitable, for it may do duty as a fan the summer long, and when no more of value as part of one's wardrobe, may be utilized as a waste-basket, if one favors such painful economy, or can be donated to the nearest orphan asylum. There is a tougher degree of endurance in a "four-bit" sailor than in anything else one can go a-shopping for. Should you drop it into the lake, all you have to do is to fish it forth again and dry it on the nearest tree. No insult offered to a sailor hat seems worth its resentment. 'Tis a thing of utility and a joy forever. Adieu dear circle of straw. Unwillingly do I lay thee on the shelf. May we be reunited next year!

She tarried in our midst for weeks
With her accustomed whirl;
The papers all have teemed with her—
The giddy "summer girl."
But though she's frivolous and vain,
I don't see how she can
Be any more devoid of brain
Than is the summer man.

I protest against the name of Hungry Hollow as a cognomen for a California town, and more particularly does it jar upon one's sensibilities now that the advance wave of prosperity that we've heard so much about is said to have arrived. Pray get yourself baptized over again, H. Hollow. You worry me. I shall sleep better o' nights when you're erased from the map of this golden and glorious State.

Wails a despondent poetess by the name of May Smith:

"The bright weeks wear away. I do not mean
To pass them listlessly, nor do I know
How the slow days glide by. They come and go
And bring to me small change."

I have noticed the very same characteristics about those weeks, my dear May—they seem to have such a habit of coming and going. Doubtless they contracted the peculiarity long before you or I or any rhymester were ever thought of, and will keep on transacting business at the same old stand when both of us are seeking our reward in heaven. It's no use trying to reform the weeks and days, dear girl. They will give us the overlook for our pains, sure as fate. But you ought not to complain, it seems to me, for you admit that they bring to you small change. Lucky May! Any poetess ought to be perfectly happy under such prosperous circumstances. It is in a mad endeavor to persuade the days to bring a satisfactory amount of small change my way that I wear out so many pens and sacrifice so much of Carter's Koal Black. It's small change that we're all after, May; no matter how small, we love its infinitesimal, infrequent appearance just the same. Cheer up, friend, you're better off than you think you are. And may the days—365 of 'em yearly, not counting leap year—continue to treat you with the favoritism the rest of us most always fail to woo through the uncertain ink-bottle medium.

I wish that the furriers of this luxury-loving city would cease sending me circulars that exploit the beauty, length, breadth, thickness, and other attractions of their furry wares. Hope long since died within my breast as to the possession of a garment that once, in its original state of usefulness, playfully disported itself in Arctic waters and counted itself safe because a great and learned man down at Palo Alto was its friend. I expect to go to my future home without having experienced the delight of hanging a sealskin up which should be the envy of every other woman in the room when I displayed its silken lining. And in that future home shall I still go unsealskinned; for if it be above, it would not look well with diaphanous drapery; and if below, it would be altogether too warm for comfort. No, I shall never own the rapturously sweet thing, because I cannot reconcile the wearing of so costly a garment with the occupation of pen scratching. When one thinks of the number of words one would have to write for even a sleeve of the garment, one is discouraged. Hard work and high-priced goods are not congenial companions.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

PRICE TEN CENTS. OCTOBER, 1897. SAN FRANCISCO AND LOS ANGELES, CAL.

THE TRAVELER. S.F.

Hill photo., Pasadena.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, WINTER AND SUMMER.

Hotel Del Monte

NO ONE picture or group of pictures can do more than serve as a suggestion of the great attractions of Del Monte. There is such a wide variety, and everything is on such a broad scale, that from no one standpoint can the story be told; and while we have attempted in the above cut to illustrate interesting bits of the grounds, hotel, etc., there are scores and scores of other scenes of equal interest and attractiveness. It is yet to be placed on record that any stranger has visited this resort and been other than agreeably disappointed. Everything is up to (and beyond) the brag. The grounds and flowers are a revelation, the eighteen-mile drive around the ocean shore and back through the sweet-smelling pine forests is a marvel, and the hotel itself is as near perfection in all its appointments as it is possible to reach. It is little less than criminal for strangers visiting California to miss seeing Del Monte.

THE TRAVELER.

VOLUME X. SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER, 1897. NUMBER 4.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

WM. V. BRYAN, Editor and Proprietor.
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FREDERIC MAYER, 7, RUE BALLU, PARIS, FRANCE, GENERAL EUROPEAN AGENT.

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JUST at the present time society at large seems to be in an unusual state of disquietude, uncertainty, and disgust at the most remarkable torpidity and unsatisfactory results in the workings of our judicial machinery throughout this country. And there is every reason why it should be. Perhaps we have never before observed, at any one period, so many cases of public interest that are dragging their slow length along under the burden of our judiciary chain, with an occasional reinforcement of public opinion, but every advance is met by additional obstructions, enough to dishearten the boldest, strongest, and most confident, and to rob them of every hope or confidence in their unequal struggle for the goal of justice.

"Government by injunction" has assumed a new role in human destiny, and has come to play a most important part in the relations between capital and labor. Our habeas corpus act is suffering an abuse and an unwarranted interpretation; our privileges in appeals are almost illimitable, and through the technicalities of our lawyers, permitted by the bench, the opportunities for delays and the ultimate defeat of justice are becoming more common than its victories. Crime is gradually losing its terrors, beyond mere confinement, and, as statistics prove, is on the increase. To-day the temple of justice stands quivering on its pedestal, one hand outstretched in benedictive pose, the other with its aching palm bears the inscription: "Dead falls the cause, if once the hand be mute; but let that speak, the client gets the suit." Corruption, bribery, political intrigue with all its venemous accessories, the prostitution of the King's English and inordinate ambition form the tottering supports of all great nations. Let us replace them at once, or remove the barnacles, and preserve for our own country, at least, a substantial foundation of confidence, prosperity, and strength without which many a greater commonwealth has been submerged whose record reposes only in the archives of the historian.

THE advent of the yellow fever in the Gulf States just at the most delightful season of the year has been most unfortunate, and a severe blow to transportation companies and general business. The disease first showed itself at a pretty little resort in Mississippi, whence it spread rapidly to contiguous towns, traveling west to the Crescent City and north to Vicksburg. Hardly had the disease announced itself when every city and hamlet in the Southern States adopted strict quarantine regulations, and in many instances their severity was unwarranted and beyond all justice and common sense. Press dispatches state that the panic assumed such an absurd stage at Jackson, Miss., that the Governor of the State was refused admittance after an absence of a few days. The most rigorous measures for the inspection of railway trains from Southern points are in vogue at all points, and it is not infrequent that passenger and freight trains are not even permitted to stop at many of the towns, while in some instances rails are torn up and bridges burned to the complete annihilation of railway traffic. And yet the disease itself is said to be without its usual virulency or fatalities. On this account, as well as the approaching cooler weather, it is to be hoped that it will shortly subside, and business restored to its normal condition.

A CURIOUS judgment was pronounced the other day by a judge in a court of law at Volisso, in the Island of Scio. An action for damages was brought by two persons against the local railway company for losses sustained by a collision. It appeared that a man had lost an arm and a young woman had lost her husband. The judge—a Greek—assessed the damages thus: He gave 6000 piastres to the man for the loss of his arm, and 2000 to the woman for the loss of her husband. At this there were loud murmurs, whereupon the judge gave his reasons in these terms: "My dear people, my verdict must remain, for you will see it is a just one. Poor Nikola has lost his arm, and nothing on earth can restore that priceless limb. But you (turning to the woman), you are still young and pretty. You have now some money; you will easily find another husband, who possibly may be as good—perhaps better—than your dead lord. That is my verdict, my people. And so it must go forth." So saying, the judge left the hall. The people cheered him, and congratulated themselves on having such a judge.

IT IS certainly a gratifying testimonial to American enterprise and skill to know that negotiations are under way for the purchase in England of 100,000 tons of steel rails for use on English railways. It is but comparatively recent that the United States manufacturers have come so prominently to the front in the manufacture of rails, and it is all the more striking when we remember that for many years we ourselves were obliged to go across the water to equip our own enterprises of this character. The reason for it is that Americans are unexcelled in the making of machine tools, and the accuracy of their products is correspondingly unequalled. Foreign machinists are more punctual in the fulfilment of their contracts, for which reason many orders have been lost to the United States, but merit, exactness, and durability will tell in the long run, and satisfactory work requires time to produce these requirements. It is just now beginning to be appreciated, and we may therefore look forward to a very strong foreign market if we don't get the big head in the mean time and spoil the reputation we have achieved after years of effort.

"PLAYING HOOKY." *Eleanor Frauenholz photo.*

A TRIP TO THE ORIENT.

THE TOURIST.

IN THE September issue of THE TRAVELER appeared the first of a series of descriptive articles relating to the Orient and points of interest en route. The voyage from San Francisco to Yokohama was graphically detailed, and the attractions of Honolulu illustrated by pen portraiture and half-tone. In the accompanying article the reader and tourist obtain their first impressions of the Empire and are carried from Yokohama through the famous Inland Sea, to Nagasaki on the Southern Peninsula.]

At dawn next morning the "Coptic" is again under steam. Passing from the harbor of Yokohama, down the bay, out into the ocean, we shape our course for Kobe, the weather continuing pleasant, with occasional clouds. The fleet of junks has not diminished, and the maneuvers of these oddly shaped vessels attract our attention. We wonder how such frail craft can withstand the boisterous weather sometimes encountered in this vicinity. The sun peeps out, then the heavy vapor which has enveloped the higher land is soon dispelled, exposing to view Japan's beautiful and venerated mountain, Fusiyama, clad in a clear white robe fully half way down to the base, with the glittering sunlight playing on its snow-capped sides, bringing into relief its grandeur of proportion and beauty of form. We are enchanted, and gaze, almost with the rapture of a native, at the stateliness and symmetry of the sacred pile.

In the meantime our good ship is speeding along, passing islands and headlands that are well marked by first-class lighthouses for the guidance of mariners. Toward nightfall the breeze freshens, by midnight a strong wind is blowing, and occasionally the sea plays pranks by scattering its spray well over our bow. Steadily onward we go, seemingly unmindful of the resistance of wind and wave, and at six A. M., on the twenty-second of April, ahead of schedule time, we let go anchor in the harbor of Kobe. This is a busy, bustling seaport, where we count about forty large steamships and many sail vessels loading or unloading cargo. In every direction steam tugs are moving, with one or more lighters in tow taking freight to or from the various vessels lying at anchor. As soon as we come to anchor, our vessel is surrounded by crowds of sampans, many of which are handled by women and girls, who are as dexterous in sculling and avoiding collision or other dangers as are the men of mature age. For the time our interest in the skilful management of these sampans becomes quite keen, and while we wait for breakfast, watch the friendly rivalry among them as to which shall be first to obtain the patronage of the passengers. After the morning meal, we board the steam launch for the shore, and as we step to the Bund, the little yellow man is present with his diminutive carriage ever ready, for a consideration, to cater to our wants. We engage rickshas and speed away to see the sights. Passing through the European quarter, we are impressed with the neatness and style of the buildings and the width and cleanliness

INLAND SEA, JAPAN.

of the streets. Soon we are in the native quarter, the thoroughfares varying in width, some narrow, others of fairly broad proportions, and generally smooth and comparatively clean, all filled with bustling humanity. Little stores on both sides appear to be well patronized. The multitudes of children that throng the roadway are particularly noticeable, and as we pass they salute us with the usual childish yell. Our ricksha men keep up a brisk trot, avoiding collisions with the skill even of the sampan man or woman, and in a little while we are in a district where the houses are scattered and the people fewer in numbers. The road commences to rise and our progress is consequently slow, which enables us to view at leisure some of the beautiful points in the range of mountains forming the background to the landscape as it is seen on entering the harbor of Kobe. Up among lovely trees and shrubbery, winding around the hills, passing groups of cheerful men and women in odd apparel, wending their way to the more thickly settled portion of the town; and then our road becomes so steep that we alight and continue our journey on foot. The surroundings become more attractive as we proceed, until we are led in front of the gorge over which tumbles the Nunobiki waterfall, a bridge leading from the side of the ravine, in the center of which is the typical tea house for the accommodation

WATERFALL, KOBE.

of visitors, to rest and view the clear water in its leap over the rugged rocks. After sipping a little tea, served in a tiny cup by as tiny a black-eyed girl, and noting the bright green of the trees, the narrowness of the rift in the mountain side, and the volume of water in its descent, we take our departure, retracing our steps down the road, at the foot of which we again enter our rickshas and are rapidly wheeled away toward the city, taking in a different section from the morning ride, stopping occasionally at some odd-looking curio store to make a purchase and inspect the queer-looking articles exposed for sale. We continue in our easy little vehicle through the smooth streets, sometimes over bridges spanning canals whose sides are carefully walled up with stone blocks, to the railway station, the square or recreation ground, the Bazaar and Museum of Art. The latter is a beautiful curio store in the European settlement, where we linger until the waning sun gives warning that it is time to return to our steamer, so we start for the waterfront, settle with our ricksha men, and take passage in a sampan managed by a young woman, who places us safely alongside the "Coptic" in time for our evening meal, which is relished with the zest of a gourmand. We have passed an enjoyable day, and are in condition to sleep soundly until morning.

After the cargo has been discharged the next day we weigh anchor and proceed slowly through the shipping until clear of all obstructions, then at full speed are on our way to Nagasaki. Favored with a bright, sunny morning, our good ship makes excellent time over the smooth water, and in less than an hour we are abreast of the Island of Awaji, entering the narrow Strait of Akashi, the eastern entrance to the beautiful and world-renowned Inland Sea. The strait is short as well as narrow, and we are but a short time passing through and out into a broader expanse of water, on whose surface the gentle breeze scarcely causes a ripple. Myriads of vessels of many sizes and shapes, the European built schooner, Japanese junk, fisherman's boat, and sampan—most of them loaded and with full and spreading sail, heading for Kobe or some of the many towns in the vicinity. In passing they give us cheerful greeting as our noble ship cleaves the water at almost railway speed. The day is warm. We remain on deck, and with glass in hand view the charming sights abounding in this incomparable sheet of water, never tiring of the varying and interesting scenes on every hand, the interest becoming more intense, the delight more pronounced.

The lunch hour being over, our attention is called to the distant land ahead, and we are told that we are approaching the most beautiful portion of the Inland Sea. Thanks to our speedy craft our eager waiting is soon rewarded, the large Island of Shodoshima is at hand, and in passing we note the villages cozily nestled in some favored nooks. Small patches of green are scattered over the hillside—with the ever industrious fisherman in the foreground. Leaving the larger island behind, we encounter what seems to be a perfect labyrinth of islands of various shapes and sizes, nearly all of which are inhabited, and whose people have displayed wonderful skill and energy in wresting from these barren surfaces enough of food to make a partial supply for their wants. This is an hour of supreme pleasure, during which we pass a peculiarly shaped island whose surface has the appearance of volcanic formation, and as we move ahead and note the changeable shape, we look with surprise at the little, irregular terraces of green reaching high up the sloping sides, and the hamlets so safely located from danger from the elements while easy of approach for the hardy fisherman. The channel is now becoming crooked, narrow, and tortuous, the current swift, and the vigilance of the pilot is taxed to its utmost, not only to keep the ship in the channel, but also to steer clear of the multitude of sailing craft ever present in these waters. The fishing industry is the principal source of food supply, but it is evidently of insufficient quantity, as is indicated by the toilsome efforts of these industrious people, who coax from these little parcels of soil, situated often on steep declivities, every spear of green that careful nursing may bring to the surface.

To the right and to the left our massive steamer swings. Without diminished speed she passes through these crooked reaches, obeying her helm with the precision of a pilot-boat. Ahead of us we see what appears to be a solid wall through which there is no outlet. Nearer and nearer we approach this formidable barrier, and as the distance becomes what seems to us an uncomfortably short one, we instinctively look toward the bridge, where stands the weather-beaten form of the Pilot, beside him the ever watchful Captain, both intently gazing on the land ahead, but with cool, unruffled mein, until the looked-for moment when the order, "Hard aport!" in clear, distinct tones is given to the man at the helm. The shore is very close, the opening not yet in sight, but the graceful "Coptic" is responding beautifully. Around swings her ponderous bow, and before we have time to collect our excited thoughts she is pointing direct for a straight and open channel, with land close aboard on either hand, but sufficient room for our gallant ship to pass in safety. Thus we steam by the many islands with picturesque and changeable outlines, and as our vessel speeds along through those curved and twisted channels, shifting the scene so frequently, we know not which of all these beautiful pictures to admire the most. Here on the steep hillside one can trace the extent of the productive soil by these emerald spots, regularly terraced one above the other and in many instances only a few feet in dimensions, like steps of stairs reaching almost to the very top—diminutive farms tended with tireless care, and the skill that centuries of experience has produced, yielding to the anxious farmer every blade of green so necessary to his daily wants. As we move our glass from top to base the fact is apparent not one inch of ground on those scanty slopes has been overlooked, and when our attention is directed to the many threadlike streaks of vegetation, we exclaim, "Even the fissures in the rocks are cultivated!" Now we see the gorgeous sunlight reflected from the queerly shaped pinnacle on the right, again, a deep shadow from a ragged bluff, and then the methodical terraces of verdure struggling from out those barren sides and basking in the warmth that gives them life. So grand is the panorama, so lovely, so charming, that we reverently bow before nature's great handiwork. These beautiful islands on the silvery bosom of the sea are an awe-inspiring reminder of the great forces that were at work when these numberless pinnacles were forced above the surface of this sheet of water. An object lesson is the patient, ingenious and cheerful perseverance of the people, whose resources are so limited, and yet whose efforts to maintain themselves are so successful.

The sun has set, the narrow and intricate channels are left behind, and we are steaming in broad and roomy waters, continuing our course until well into the night, when the anchor is dropped awaiting daylight, at which time we are again under way and pass through the Straits of Shimonoseki, an historical place that will be mentioned on our return from China. Out upon the ocean we pass many more islands, but of less interest, and with the weather changing to mist, and making our speed somewhat accelerated, at four P. M. on the twenty-fourth we enter the beautiful land-locked harbor of Nagasaki.

As the hour is late we defer going on shore until the morning; in the meantime we are interested in viewing from the deck the large number of vessels so safely anchored in this, what seems to be a completely sheltered haven. There are five large Russian, and one each of English, German, and American warships, all busy going through the various drills and routine duties on shipboard, steam launches are flitting here and there, many with lighters in tow to or from the cargo vessels, which give to this snug little port an air of bustle and activity equal to many of larger pretensions.

(*To be continued.*)

A MEXICAN RUNAWAY.

BOURDON WILSON.

"Speaking of runaways," said the old railroader to the drummers, as soon as a lull in the conversation gave him the chance, "did I ever tell you of an experience in that line I had when I was down in Mexico?

"You didn't know I had ever been to Mexico? Yes, I was down there, but I didn't stay long. It was in one of the early 'eighties.' I found myself out of a job in the States and concluded to try my luck in Cactus Land. The road I went to had just been completed to the City of Mexico, and I was given a job running baggage between Calera and Silao.

"From Calera to Zacatecas, where the road crosses the Sierra Madre, is rough country. It's all set up edgeways, and the road is a series of reverse curves and mule shoes—as crooked a road and as heavy a grade as you'll find anywhere.

"In those days the peon Mexicans didn't like railroads, and were continually ditching trains or interfering with their running in some way—putting rocks on the track, loosening a rail, or shooting at trainmen. A favorite trick was cutting off the air just behind the tender so the brakes would not work anywhere except on the engine. It was funny—sometimes it was—to see an engineer sail into a station expecting to make a fly stop, apply his air and go flying by, calling for hand brakes. It was not so funny if the track ahead of him happened to be obstructed in any way.

"Of course, that sort of thing is done with since President Diaz has had so many train-wreckers shot, but it was hot stuff in my time.

"On one of my trips—the last one I took in Mexico, by the way—we pulled out of Zacatecas with me up to my neck in baggage, checking it up, getting ready to turn it over to the other crew at Calera. I was so busy I didn't notice we were running unusually fast, until, as we rounded a short curve, a big Mexican saddle detached itself from the top of a pile of baggage at the front end of the car, and came sailing and sliding, like a big, awkward bird, to the rear end. Then came a big, fat, red leather grip, which burst as it struck the floor, filling the car with a flying mixture of wearing apparel, playing cards, Bibles, poker chips, empty flasks, and such other stuff as you drummers carry in your grips. I had just succeeded in dodging a large zinc trunk which seemed trying to waltz with me, when an agonized shriek, short, sharp, and piercing, came from the engine. At the same moment the front door of my car flew open, and Roberts, the express messenger, appeared, as though blown in by the gust of wind that tore into the car.

"'My God,' he shouted, 'we're running away! Help me set some brakes.'

"Out of the rear door we went, just as another shriek came from the engine. Outside the air was full of flying sand and pebbles that made things look hazy. The flanges were sending forth a continuous scream as we ripped around those reverse curves, and the car was plunging like a bucking mustang. I expected the train to leave the rails at any moment, and go rolling down the side of the mountain.

"With a screech the brake-wheel spun around taking up slack; the next moment the rod bent beneath our combined strength, and a cloud of smoke and sparks flew from under the car.

"To the brake-wheel of the second-class coach was but a step, as we measured it, and in a moment its wheels were locked by the brake-shoes.

"'Look at the d——d cowards,' shouted Roberts, as we raced through the second-class coach, pointing, as he spoke, to the Mexican brakemen, who, as well as the passengers, were on their knees praying with all their might.

"'*Santa Maria, Madre de Dios,*' came to our ears as we dashed out of the rear door.

"'Santa Set-Brakes would do 'em a d——d sight more good,' exclaimed Roberts, whose profanity increased as the danger became more apparent. '——— any railroad that'll hire such d——n chumps,' he added, as we spun the brake-wheel of the first-class car.

"Our efforts had checked the frightful speed of the train but little, for the heavy Pullman car at the rear kept pounding it along, and the engineer was still calling for brakes as we sprinted through the first-class car. About the middle of the car we sprang over the prostrate form of the conductor, who, as we afterwards learned, had been thrown down by a lurch of the car and stunned by his head striking the floor.

"Reaching the Pullman, we soon had its wheels sliding. Gradually the train slowed down and came to a standstill, and the engineer and fireman, white and as limp as rags, climbed out of the cab.

"We found, upon examination, that the air had been cut off behind the tender while the train was standing at Zacatecas; and when the engineer found the brakes wouldn't work he tried to hold the train with the engine, but both cylinder heads blew out and he became helpless.

"When we reached Calera I called for my time and quit the country. I don't mind brakemen having prayer-meetings if they want 'em, provided they have 'em at the proper time. But I don't want a call for brakes mistaken for a summons to prayer-meeting on any train I happen to be on."

HUNTING THE 'POSSUM AND THE 'COON.

R. W. CROCKETT.

THESE animals are generally hunted at the same time, and happy is the hunter who can capture several of either or both, in half-a-night's ramble. Those who anticipate a feast of "'possum and 'tater," will prefer to catch the grayish little animal with a hairless tail and a receding forehead; while the other class, who seek the excitement of a fight in the dark or by firelight, will wish to tree some vicious, chicken-fed 'coon, dark brown and striped with yellow.

Of course every one knows that a 'possum will not fight a dog, but will, as soon as seized, grow sullen and feign death, "playing 'possum," as it is called. Likewise it is known that a 'possum can easily vanquish a 'coon, though the same 'coon may have whipped the dog which the 'possum dared not fight. This must not be held to prove the 'possum's cowardice; we must remember with Uncle Remus that the dog tickles the 'possum, while the 'coon does not. Indeed, it would be far safer for the 'coon had that strange thing called instinct taught him also to pretend death instead of recklessly fighting.

There are three things necessary for a successful 'possum hunt: a 'possum dog, a suitable night, and a hunting ground. Hunters are of course presupposed, but, as the sport is so pleasant and often so exciting, they are never difficult to find; and indeed, they are not always necessary, as a well-trained dog will often find the "varmints" without any hunter. First, and most important, the 'possum dog. Like a poet, he is born, not made. Like a poet again, much practise is needed to achieve perfection, and often a little well-tempered criticism administered by means of a beech limb will teach him to leave off chasing hares, field mice, and flying squirrels. A good 'possum dog is a being of decided character—he must not be constantly changing his mind whenever some fresh scent crosses the trail. Likewise, he must have the element of veracity—for who would follow a dog that would bark up the wrong tree? Another important characteristic is perseverance. He must not tree and then leave his station before the hunters arrive. Many acts of this kind would cause him to lose his reputation and perhaps his life. Last, but of no mean importance, your perfect 'possum dog must be an orator. His voice must resound far and wide through the lonely forest, as he calls back to you to follow on the trail. His yelp changes to a prolonged, resonant, reverberating howl as he brings the game to bay. They say that a born 'possum dog always has a mole under his chin, on which grow three or more hairs—whiskers, perhaps.

TWIN LAKES, CALIFORNIA.

The night must be still, or at least not windy, for otherwise the scent may be blown away too soon. It should also be damp, for then the scent is more easily retained. A dark night is better than a bright one, for a 'possum is like those whose deeds are evil and he is also said to be afraid of his shadow. Game may be taken on cold nights, but warm ones are better.

In dense thickets, grape-vines, and persimmon trees, along branches or creeks we will find 'possums; in the heavy timber, 'coons. Not often does a 'possum climb a large tree, and when he does from some necessity take one, he will generally stop on the first limbs. The reverse is the 'coon's program, the tallest trees and as near to the top as possible. Above all things, let us select an extensive wood with much undergrowth, for here we may find both kinds of game. Let us select some watercourse, for a 'coon may be along the shallow places, fishing about in the mud for minnows or frogs. We shall go first to that heavy grape thicket down in the valley, then skirt around the edges of those cornfields near the thin woods and at last strike for the heavy timber in the creek bottom.

It makes a dog a keener hunter to starve him a little before we go, just as it makes a man fight better in war time. It is also better to chain him fast or lock him in the kennel during the day preceding the hunt. Then he will appreciate his liberty and make good use of it. But you yourselves are not ready to start yet. Look at your clothes and those new shoes. Put on some rough, cast-off clothing and your worst pair of shoes.

And so our little company prepared for the first hunt of the season. Frost had fallen and nearly all the trees were bare. I had taken care to have along a neighbor noted for his ability in climbing. He bore the name of Jeems. Old Ruler, my 'possum dog, famous for miles around, was brought from his kennel and we started for the grape thicket. The dog has preceded us and will hunt it over without our entrance. Presently the full rich voice of Ruler breaks upon the air. He is trailing and his master splits the night with a whoop and halloo that is given to cheer the dog in his work. It is a hot trail and Ruler yelps at every step.

"He's treed," says Jeems. And then, as we catch sight of a dark object on a grape-vine some thirty feet in the air, there are mingled shouts of joy.

"Jeems," said I, "can't you go up that tree and shake him from the vine?"

And Jeems ascended, slowly but surely. At last he gave a prodigious shake and the 'possum came tumbling down. Before he could run a step, Ruler seized him and gave him a shake. Immediately the 'possum sulked and relaxed himself as if dead. I caught him by the tail and made Ruler desist. The sack was quickly produced. Then Jeems prepared a light pole, some eight feet long, from a green sapling. One end of this was split and Sir 'Possum's tail was inserted in the crack and pulled down between the two parts of the pole until it was tight and fast. Then Jeems put the pole on his shoulder, the 'possum dangling down behind. But it was not long before the 'possum had "come to" and climbed to a perch on top of the pole. Thus he was carried during the rest of the hunt.

While we were passing through the thin woods, Ruler again made himself heard. This time it was a very large 'possum in a small tree—too large to be conveniently carried on a pole and so he was put in the bag. His weight must have been nearly twenty pounds.

It was not long before Ruler was again in evidence. This time, after a long trail, he treed up a small oak-tree. We "mooned" the 'coon in the top of the tree; that is, we placed ourselves in such a position that, so far as we were concerned, the moon was in eclipse with the 'coon. Then Roman candles were called into requisition. No sooner had the fiery balls begun to fly around the animal than he straightway began to run restlessly about and at last jumped headlong from the tree. Ruler was ready and they soon clinched in a terrific fight. It was a very large 'coon and it was a long time before Ruler could do much with him. But the hunters had all surrounded the combatants and escape was impossible. At last the 'coon succeeded in having a short armistice declared and immediately turned to flee. As luck would have it, he ran directly toward Jeems, who was carrying the pole that held our first catch. Jeems saw him coming and dexterously threw the pole on top of the 'coon's neck and pinioned him to the ground.

"Hold off the dog; let's catch him alive," said Jeems.

Ruler was caught and the 'coon was soon slipped into the bag. Then the bag was given to one of the larger boys, who was anxious to carry it. By the firelight I gave Jeems a nod and a wink to keep quiet.

We started toward home, but we had not gone twenty steps before the boy that held the sack called for help. We heard the two "varmints" in the sack, our big 'possum and the 'coon, engaged in another fight. There was such a growling and snapping and squalling and jumping in the bag that the boy who had the sack vowed he couldn't hold it a minute longer. This afforded us more fun for a few moments. Then, after the fight had begun to grow vicious, we shook the animals apart, and tied a string between them.

At last, well satisfied with our night's hunt, we called in Ruler and left the woods for home.

HOW TO CHANGE ONE'S FACE.

LILLIAN FERGUSON.

"REALLY, it is a simple matter," said Harry Corson Clarke, apparently addressing his very good-looking and youthful image in the mirror, but in reality replying to my question as to how he manages to change his face. For Mr. Clarke thinks it no trick at all to so disguise himself by a few flourishes of the hand that his best friend would need an introduction to him. Of course this sort of facial metamorphosis is accomplished by means of make-up and the skill used in its application. And it is because of his skill that Mr. Clarke to-day is undoubtedly the best portrayer of old-men characters in the United States. He is certainly the most talented "eccentric" in his line that San Francisco has seen.

"First comes white vaseline or cold cream for a groundwork," continued Mr. Clarke, obligingly gratifying my curiosity concerning the mixture which he was deftly applying to his features, a half hour before the curtain was to rise on "Men and Women." "Then this flesh-colored grease paint, which is a trifle darker in shade than that customarily used, to give the skin an appearance of age. No, we never use white; it imparts a ghastly, unnatural hue, but amateurs invariably smear themselves with it, and that is why they frequently look from the front of the house as though they had stood on their heads in a flour-barrel previous to the performance. Next I apply this stick of slate-colored grease paint around the eyes, to produce the sunken effect that one sees in old people. Wrinkles? This is how they are made," and with several sleight-of-hand movements Mr. Clarke in half a minute had counterfeited as many furrows in his face as Father Time could have traced in half a century. The instrument that makes wrinkles while you wait is an innocent-looking section of maroon stickiness, and Mr. Clarke proceeded to soften the ravages its lines represented by shading them with slate-color and touching them lightly with whitish paint.

"Gray or white eyebrows are effected by rubbing white paint into them," explained Mr. Clarke, and forthwith the greasy stick descended upon the left Clarke eyebrow by way of illustration. When its mate was similarly treated, and I had peered into the mirror to see the reflected result, I began to feel as though I might be a little girl in a play, with Prince Charming being transformed before my very eyes into an imitation of Methusaleh, or some other nice, elderly gentleman. It did not surprise me when Mr. Clarke told me that the people who see him on the stage frequently refuse to accept his identity when his name is made known to them.

HARRY CORSON CLARKE. *Marceau photo.*

"Which reminds me," he remarked, "of a lady in Salt Lake who took a fancy to my impersonations—all of them being in the old man line—and came night after night to the theater, where, from a box, she was a most enthusiastic spectator. Near the close of the company's engagement she expressed a wish to meet me personally. Of course I presented myself in everyday attire and face *au natural*. I shall never forget the expressions of mingled astonishment and disappointment on that lady's countenance when I was introduced.

"'Surely," she exclaimed, 'this is not the dear old man I have been admiring all this time? You, a mere boy! And I had really fallen in love with you.'

Marceau photo.

AS NATHAN GREEN IN "ECHOES."

"So I lost her forever," added Mr. Clarke, laughing at the recollection of her vehement disdain for his lack of years and dearth of snowy hairs. "She took no notice of me after making the discovery that I was not as grandfatherly as I looked. Speaking of silvery hairs, though, you have the best wig-maker in the country, M. Duval, right in San Francisco. He is a wonder—just look at this beauty, now," and the wearer of countless wigs invited me to examine an ingeniously imitated cranium covering, adorned with fine, handsome hair that once grew to a glistening whiteness on somebody's head, and was sold for I doubt not a pretty sum to monsieur the maker, before it covered the other gray matter beneath it in its present owner's head. Mr. Clarke's wig collection is the most extensive one in the United States, with the exception of Billy Thompson's.

"How do I hide the line where forehead ends and wig begins? I blend them with two shades of flesh paint applied to the real and the imitation forehead—so. This that I have on is a combination wig, the hair of which can be adjusted to different characters, and is the most expensive one I possess. Now for the second layer of make-up—the finishing touches"; and Mr. Clarke dexterously frescoed himself here and there, glancing critically into the glass meanwhile, every turn of the wrist being made with the quickness and precision that come from long practise in the art of changing one's face.

Marceau photo.

AS BUXTON SCOTT IN "YOUNG MRS. WINTHROP."

"These wrinkles must be slightly deepened with the dark red, then lined with white to give the required appearance of fullness to the skin on either side, also delicately touched with slate to simulate the shadows caused by such alternate fullness and depression. Flesh-colored powder dusted over the face after it is made up softens it to a life-like hue. Dry rouge between the eyebrows brings them into prominence, and applied to the cheekbones heightens them."

"But how do you assume the different expressions that you sustain in so many dozens of characters?" I asked. "Do you make faces at yourself in the glass until you catch the desired one? And how in the world do you contrive to keep your teeth in total eclipse for an evening, as, for instance, while playing Nathan Green in 'Echoes?'"

It is only a woman who can ask six or eight questions at once, and only a man who has the patience to answer them in consecutive order.

"I never know what I am going to do with a new role until I walk before the footlights the opening night. I never 'make faces' at myself in the glass"—here Mr. Clarke regarded me with polite reproach at the suggestion of such an undignified method. "As for hiding the teeth it is easily managed this way," and forthwith the even row of ivories went under a curtain of upper lip, while what was apparently a toothless octogenarian mumbled a sentence or two in perfect imitation of old age's cracked, shrill tones. "When I created the role of Nathan Green, in Denver, one of the critics commented on the convenience of false teeth, declaring that all Mr. Clarke had to do was to remove his when the part required it."

Marceau photo.

AS JUDGE KNOX IN "THE CHARITY BALL."

My compliments to that Colorado critic whose eyesight so basely deceived him, for be it known right here that Mr. Clarke's teeth, like the originality of his genius, are his by the grace of Nature.

"No, I can't explain how I assume the expression that, to my conception, a character should have. It comes to me, as it were, when I go on to act the part. The majority of people on the stage are what is called rehearsal actors or actresses. That is, each gesture, and in fact nearly all of their stage business is rehearsed beforehand. I repeat my lines merely, and when the curtain goes up throw myself into the part with such interest that for the time being I live it."

Marceau photo.

AS ADONIS EVERGREEN, IN "MY AWFUL DAD."

"How is make-up best removed?"

"By cold cream in the dressing-room, hot water and castile soap afterward at the hotel. The only make-up I use for the hands is an outlining of the veins with slate paint if the person is supposed to be very old."

Through the wings came a murmur of music from the orchestra. There was a frou-frou of silken skirts as a star twinkled by to wait for her cue. "First act!" echoed a warning voice down the corridor. Prince Charming had vanished by degrees from my vision. In his place stood Colonel Zachary T. Kip, one of Mr. Clarke's innumerable and venerable aliases, and, like the disillusioned Lady of the Lake, I bade him good-by.

OUR THEATERS.

WHEN it was announced that William H. Crane was coming hence to play a several weeks' engagement at the Baldwin, the theatrical weather prophets who linger about in the foyers 'twixt acts, and utter wise things concerning what seldom, by a curious coincidence, happens; these weathervanes, I say, veered around to the opinion that Crane's advent would be a cold, cold frost. For, once upon a time, seven long years ago, when the ambitious William brought his star piece hither—"The Senator"—behold, we fell flatly at the feet of a feminine member of his company, and giving him a few salaams that we thought ought to pacify him, continued to adore one of his satellites instead of himself. True, we liked Crane, and thought his Hannibal Rivers immensely good; but Georgie Drew Barrymore's widow role captured our hearts, as widows in real life are doing the world over, and society, petting her delightedly, quite forgot to give the star the hero worship to which he was accustomed. Whereupon the star twinkled angrily, and then fell to ripping San Francisco up the vertebræ, declaring that the town was "jay." Since then other stars and lesser theatrical lights have echoed Crane's accusation, and have received the marble heart for their indiscretion. So it was not surprising that the prophets bespoke icicles for the actor upon his return.

But the wise-acres of the foyer frequently cannot see an inch before their noses. Crane came, saw, conquered prejudice. Instead of encountering a Chilcoot Pass at the Baldwin's doors, he has found the climate in that region salubrious in its warmth. For he made his peace with San Francisco by a splendid bit of acting near the close of the opening night play, "A Fool of Fortune," and has been playing to most excellent houses ever since. Miss Martha Morton, author of the production, gave it two rather weak acts and a third very strong one: and for that third one, pathetic, realistic, dramatically intense, she may be forgiven much. Mr. Crane has imported a number of talented people, among whom Annie Irish, Walter Hale, Percy Brooke, Boyd Putnam, Kate Lester, Percy Haswell, and Frances Stevens are deservedly popular with the audiences. Walter Hale's part in the first week's production, that of a Frenchman, contained a line remarkably inconsistent with it—"Damn my ancestors!" Fancy a Frenchman in real life anathematizing his house in such tersely expressive American fashion. No wonder that it was the means of making more than one matinee girl swallow a caramel whole from sheer excitement.

The Columbia harbored "The Twelve Temptations" for a fortnight, and being compelled by an untoward fate to sit throughout two performances by the crazy-quilt company permitted to present the show, I had a double dose. Twenty-four Temptations—to commit suicide before the evenings were over. Which reminds me that an Orpheum wit defined Twelve Temptations as "eleven glasses of beer and a woman." But though I did not approve of Mr. Yale's taste in the matter of shows, and though the memory of the Twelve is as a nightmare with me yet, I do not blame Messrs. Friedlander, Gottlob & Co. at all. They cannot cater to your preferences and mine every night in the year. There are those who thought the piece quite the best the Columbia had brought to these benighted shores, and they swarmed in orchestra and dress circle, filled the galleries, and I dare say would have camped in the aisles had there been a scarcity of seats and no fire ordinance to prevent. No, I blame the management not at all. They are not running a theater for their health, thank you, and the Temptations paid.

ANNIE IRISH, AT THE BALDWIN. *Thors photo.*

Reverting to the Frawleys, they are doing capital work at the Columbia in attractive plays; and as blessings invariably brighten when about to take their flight, the public is fairly falling over itself in a mad endeavor to reserve seats for the remaining nights of the engagement. The Frawley Company in general, and several of its members in particular, are very dear to the San Francisco heart. They were never so strong a combination as now, and recently a charming addition was made to their personnel in Miss Eleanor Robson, a lovely young girl who has stepped from the twilight of convent life to the calcium glare of the stage. A graceful exit and entrance has it been, for this child, with the beauty of womanhood blossoming upon her, fresh and sweet as a morning-glory, possesses a native talent that makes her as much at home upon the stage as in the four walls of her former convent abode. My blessings upon thee, dear saint of the footlight world, and may thy bright eyes know never a shadow of sorrow. Mr. Francis Carlisle, whose brief season with the Frawleys closes when that popular company goes a-traveling, has had several good offers, 'tis said, from the East. I hope he will accept one of them, for I think Mr. Carlisle better adapted to succeed there than here. He is a fine-looking man. Nature gave him the face and figure that women are wont to adore across the footlights, but alack and alas, she forgot to supplement these blessings with the greatest gifts of all—magnetism and talent. I place magnetism first because without it even talent goes to the wall. True, Mr. Carlisle has been sincere in his efforts to establish himself with the local public; but success—which means the warming of the public heart to actor or actress—does not depend upon the mummer's sincerity, or the letter-perfection of his lines. He must have the indefinable quality called magnetism.

ELEANOR ROBSON, AT THE COLUMBIA. *Marceau photo.*

To the Columbia in the near future are coming Digby Bell and Laura Joyce with the "Hoosier Doctor," a domestic drama over which the Windy City critics have raved in choicest Chicagoese.

Widely heralded as a comedy is "My Friend from India," announced for next Monday night at the Baldwin as a two-weeks' attraction. Frederick Bond and May Vokes head the cast. "My Friend" is imported by the Smythe and Rice Comedy Company.

I go to the Orpheum every week for I know no better antidote for the cares that infest the day than the jolly vaudeville program that I find there. The little red Hungarians are a perpetual pleasure to myself and to a good many thousand pairs of ears and eyes besides mine. "The First Born" has been transplanted to New York, but the Alcazar is still filling its seats nightly with an excellent class of amusement seekers, and is likely to be a lively competitor with other houses for public favor. At the Tivoli, grand opera has been well sung and well patronized, Faust leading in point of general excellence. Elvia Crox has acquitted herself with especial credit. The season of light opera under Edwin Stevens' management is certain to be a highly successful one at the Tivoli.

THE BOHEMIAN.

CHINESE CHARMS AND FORTUNE-TELLERS.

HENRY SOUTHFIELD.

SUPERSTITION is as prevalent in Chinatown as its indescribable odors, and stronger even than the latter, for it is filtered down through countless Mongolian ages, and is therefore part and parcel of the Chinese character. So hemmed about and controlled by traditional influences are these people that the merest trifle may be to them portentous; the smallest incident fraught with fateful significance.

The visitor who threads Chinatown's alleyed ways, and studies the life found in this Asiatic spot upon the municipal escutcheon, sees much that mystifies him. Nor can he easily learn the meaning of signs, symbols, and customs, for the coolie is ever ready with his "No sabe" in answer to questions; and Chinese gentlemen with the leisure, courtesy, and command of English language necessary to enlighten the inquisitor are not available on every block. But it was my good fortune recently to interview a Celestial of official rank who gave me more information in an hour than I had acquired in years of periodical pilgrimages to these interesting, if unsavory, haunts of heathendom.

There is always method in Chinese madness. In noting their preference for red as a color, one naturally infers that it is because the bright barbarity of the hue pleases them. Not so. They believe that red things exorcise evil spirits, and this is why the tiny, pigtailed children, darting about at play along the sidewalks, almost invariably have red silk braided in their miniature queues. Red ink is believed to be efficacious in the "shooing off" of evil spirits from the person using the book. Old coins are favorite charms, suspended by red string and worn upon the person or hung near a bed. Charms painted on pieces of board are often put up over the door or under the eaves of houses. When temples are erected, brass charms are cast and used in their construction.

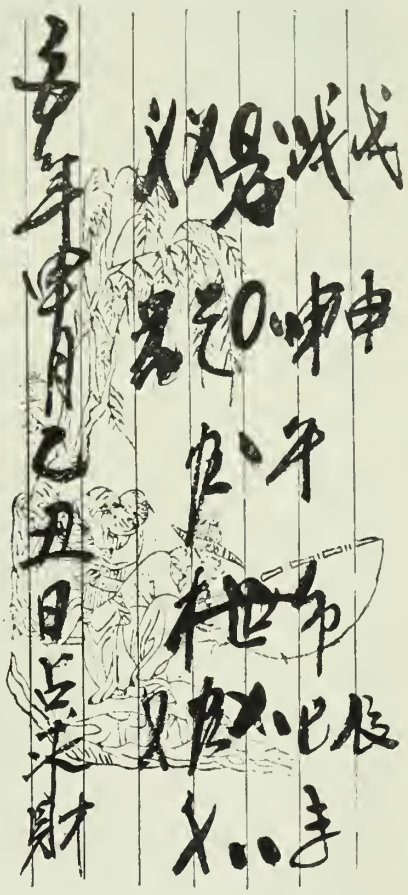
Roofs of houses have divers charms, such as the image of a cat or lion or other creature fearfully and wonderfully made. Slabs of stone are sometimes placed at the entrance of an alley in order to head off bad influences that are supposed to haunt it; and the concave mirrors for which the Chinese evince such admiration have naught to do with vanity. They are believed to focus and counteract evil conditions emanating from various points in adjacent dwellings, their arrangement being a matter of grave concern.

Yellow paper charms are quite common, ornamented with scroll-work, characters or pictures of idols. These are placed wherever it is presumed they can do the most good. Sometimes they are burnt and the ashes mixed with tea or other hot drinks as a specific against disease.

ONE OF CHINATOWN'S SEERS.

In China, the building of houses is accompanied by many devices for insuring them from disaster and the presence of malicious influences, for to these strangely superstitious people the unseen world is thronged with hobgoblins and fiends who go about seeking what they may destroy.

A priceless mascot in Mongolian eyes is a knife that has killed some one, its gory record supposedly scaring wicked spirits out of their wits. Old fishnets, cut up and worn as belts by children, are thought to be a great protection to life and limb. Swords, made of rods covered with one hundred coins, are hung up as fetiches. Yellow bits of paper, stamped with the head of a dog and a buffalo, are used with implicit belief by persons who hate each other and who thus strive to bring about the enemy's sickness or death. Only the ashes of these charms are permitted to touch the foe, and should he be made aware of the frightful plot, its power becomes void. In China, on the morning of the first day of the fifth Chinese month, each family nails up, on both sides of the front windows and doors, leaves of the sweet-flag plant, which, being long and tapering, resemble swords so closely that any evil spirits roaming around will see the deadly weapons and take to their heels accordingly. The study of Chinese superstitions leads the practical Caucasian into labyrinths of surprising myths too intricate and absurd to be remembered, but those here mentioned serve to show how firmly the race is grounded in idolatry and fanaticism.



A PAGE FROM THE FUTURE.

It naturally follows that fortune-telling is a flourishing trade among these almond-eyed pagans, though the methods in use are but six in number, the most common being by means of the eight horary characters representing the hour, day, month, and year of birth, the dealers in futures learning their craft from books, to which they constantly refer. Fortunes are told on the native heath by the aid of a bird and various slips of paper, the seer carrying a section of the small end of a cow's horn and a small bamboo stick, tied together and rattled to call attention to his approach and readiness for business. In a tiny cage he also carries a diminutive bird, and on the slips of paper which complete his paraphernalia are written poetical effusions, with sketches of gods, weird animals, or other objects of cabalistic import. Arranging these on a table or other surface, he places the bird-cage near, and upon opening the door the wise little occupant hops out and picks up a slip with its bill. This slip is then elucidated by the fortune-teller.

A tortoise shell and three pieces of cash, ancient as possible, are another combination for penetrating the mysterious veil of the future, they being placed, with candles and incense, before the picture of a ghoulish, bewhiskered old man, the deity of the occasion, whose aid is implored. After incantations and shaking of the coins in the shell, repeated several times, the relative positions of the coins as they are turned out are noted and compared with book rules. This practise seems to bear a sort of family resemblance to the enlightened American's favorite manipulations with dice at the great American bar.

A cheerful specialty is that of selecting "lucky" sites for the interment of the dead, that blessings may descend upon the posterity of the departed. With a compass and many wise nods of the head, the oracle explores the spot, examining its topography. This geomantic survey is a slow and expensive proceeding, and a luxury reserved for the class with "money to burn."

Selection of lucky days for business and matrimonial transactions is made by the fortune teller, who must be told the year when his customer was born, or the animal under which his nativity occurred; for every Chinaman is said to belong to one of the following twelve animals: dog, horse, boar, sheep, rat, monkey, cock, dragon, cow, rabbit, tiger, snake. The "five elements of nature" are constantly referred to—metal, water, wood, fire, and earth. In comparing the terms denoting one's age with the five elements there are two accepted formulas of calculation. One is: "Metal produces water, water produces wood, wood produces fire, fire produces earth, earth produces metal." The other: "Metal destroys wood, wood destroys earth, earth destroys water, water destroys fire, fire destroys metal."

Those who declare that all Chinamen look alike will perhaps be interested to know that fortune-telling is also done by physiognomy, the applicant being closely inspected and deductions drawn accordingly. A common form of fortune-telling in darkest Chinatown is by means of written characters dissected, the necromancer's stock-in-trade being a small box holding folded sheets of paper, on each of which is an intricate character. Two are chosen by the customer, their meaning being announced by the authority he has consulted. To doubt his utterances is to offer him unpardonable insult.

THE SENDING OF A TELEGRAM.

J. W. HEATH.

TO COMMON a factor for facilitating communication has the telegraph system become, and so convenient is its adaptation to modern usage, that it is doubtful if the average person ever pauses to consider the amount of scientific skill and marvelous mechanical devices employed in the sending of a telegram.

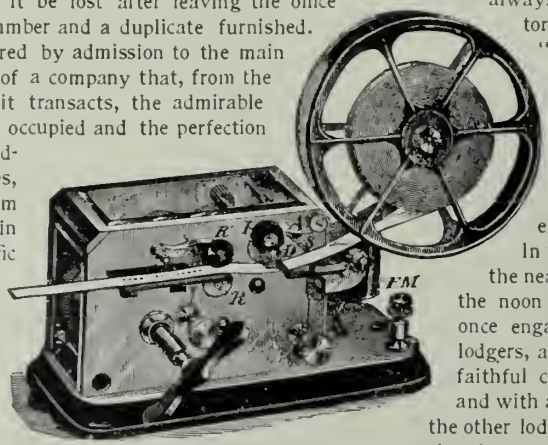
Before Morse, the great American inventor of electric telegraphy, gave his discovery to the world, the idea that a business man could sit in his private office and transmit a message therefrom to the other side of the continent by simply writing some words on paper and touching an appliance above his desk, would have seemed as incredible as the Arabain Nights' tale of Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp. The miracle, however, has passed into fact; the unbelievable has come true.

Reduced to a brief summary of the processes by which a message reaches its ultimate destination, it seems a simple enough routine. The intricacies are not visibly apparent; yet the agencies at work are marvelous in their conception, faultless in detail, and cannot fail to inspire the observer with infinite respect for the master minds—the genuises—of those who have invented and perfected the telegraph system. The machinery employed is adjusted and operated with a nicety and delicacy that command admiration.

In San Francisco, as in other cities, a large percentage of business men find that direct and immediate communication with a telegraph office is a most important, in fact an indispensable, matter. They become regular subscribers to, and patrons of, a telegraph company. The latter supplies each with a signal wire connecting with the main office, and a number. By a slight pull of the little lever attached to an automatic box in his office, the man of affairs has notified by signal rung in the company's office that he desires to send a message. Instantly an ink-recording Morse register ticks upon a paper slip in telegraphic code his number. The boy whose duty it is to note this, glances at a near-by list of patrons to compare the number, and reports same to a clerk who quickly dispatches a messenger to the subscriber's office. Returning with the message, the lad gives it to a receiving clerk, who notes its destination, counts the words and audits it with care and rapidity, then places it in a wire basket overhead, in which it speeds on its way to the operating-room, reaching the desk of a check clerk, who sends it to its appropriate wire, where it awaits its turn in the operator's hands. When the operator ticks its contents into the instrument before him, the message is flashing its meaning to another operator perhaps a mile, perhaps many hundreds of miles, distant, the entire time consumed between the writing of the message and its reception at the destination office occupying but a few moments.

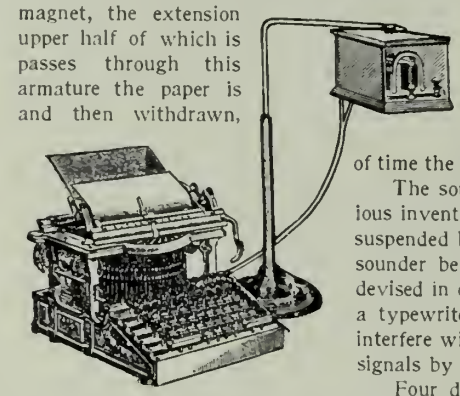
Let us, in imagination, arrive with the telegram and see what its subsequent routine is. Received from the sounder and printed upon a typewriter by a receiving operator, it is passed to a check clerk who takes a duplicate impression of it upon a roller, then sends it to the delivery department, where a clerk places it in an envelope, addresses it, and summons a messenger to deliver it. From the instant a message is received at the main office it is carefully watched, and so perfect is the system devised for its safety that should a copy of it be lost after leaving the office it can very easily be traced by number and a duplicate furnished.

The writer was recently favored by admission to the main office, operating and other rooms of a company that, from the tremendous amount of business it transacts, the admirable facilities at its command, the area occupied and the perfection of its management, may be considered a model, representing, as it does, all that the electric telegraph system of the present day is achieving in speed and correctness. The Pacific Postal Telegraph Cable is the one referred to. Two notable experts are at its head; men whose names have long been identified with those foremost in affairs of the telegraphic world—Mr. L. W. Storror, Superintendent, and Mr. Frank Medina, Electrician. Of particular satisfaction to San Franciscans should be the fact that in Mr. Storror they have an inventor known to fame wherever telegraphy itself is known, and who has by no means accomplished all that is expected of him in the line of invention. It was he who made the application of the typewriter to the sounder a practical thing, about a decade having elapsed since his success was proclaimed. The feat had been a vexed and important problem with inventors everywhere before it was solved by the San Francisco man, and the invention is now in use all over the United States. Mr. Storror's responsibilities are ably shared by Mr. Medina, who, though essentially a deeply read scholar, a philosopher, and a man of marked scientific attainments absorbed in his work, is both genial and popular.



INK RECORDING MORSE REGISTER.

Of the many machines and appliances that do their work neatly and with speedy precision, none is prettier than the ink-recording register, though its manner of operation is far easier for the ordinary observer to perceive than that of many others. On the outside of the register, which is covered by plate glass, are placed a disc and an ink-roller, the disc revolving by means of clock-work gearing inside the box. A spring holds the ink-roller against the disc, the spring being attached to an arm which supports the roller. In this way the edge of the disc is moistened with ink. Two rotating rollers pull the strip of paper along, one of them operated by gearing within the box. To a point under the disc is extended the armature lever of an electro-magnet, the extension carrying a guide in the upper half of which is a slot, and the paper slip passes through this guide. By operation of the armature the paper is alternately lifted to the disc and then withdrawn, impressed by a long or short mark according to the length of time the paper and disc are in contact.



BUNNELL SOUNDER RESONATOR.

The sounder resonator is an ingenious invention. It is a resonating box, suspended by an adjustable support, the sounder being placed within, and was devised in order that the noise made by a typewriter in operation should not interfere with the reception of telegraph signals by sound.

Four dynamos supply the requisite electricity in the Postal Company's office, two of the machines being in constant use. It requires four hundred volts to operate a quadruplex machine. The commutator of each dynamo makes one thousand revolutions per minute. A peculiarity of these dynamos is the number of brushes affixed to their commutators, each brush connecting independently with telegraph lines of varied lengths. Five hundred miles is a good length for a quadruplex wire. In the office of the Postal Company is a duplex wire direct to Chicago, an unusual length; also four quadruplex machines, two transmitting and two receiving, operated by four men. As is well known, the original Morse system was a single wire; that is, signals could be transmitted by but one station at a time, because the opening and closing of the circuit by any one of the keys operated all the instruments on the circuit. This developed into duplex telegraphy, or the sending of two messages over one wire simultaneously in opposite directions, from each end. Quadruplex telegraphy is a combination of two forms of duplex. The number of messages sent by the average operator per hour ranges from thirty-five to forty, but as many as sixty can be transmitted.

STOCKTON'S FOUR-FOOTED FIREMAN.

The Slough City is remarkable for other things than mosquitos, malaria and luscious fruit. It has Dandy, the only fireman in the country who is always dressed for duty, and who beats the fastest engine that ever tore up the street on its way to a conflagration, for Dandy is a "natural born" fire laddie, and runs ahead of the horses. He is a black-coated, gray-breasted Gordon setter, part Spaniel about four years old, and everybody in Stockton is his friend. His master, Mr. Richard de Treville, the *Mail* artist, is doubtful if Dandy's duplicate in affection and intelligence can be found anywhere. At the first sound of a fire alarm, day or night, the dog will dash for the scene of the blaze, barking his excitement and setting a pace that would distance a racehorse. In fact, if you but say "Fire!" to him he is ready to leap from the nearest window to locate it, barking wildly the while. He knows the noon bell from an alarm and is never deceived. Mr. de Treville once engaged apartments where the landlady was opposed to canine lodgers, and not wanting to turn Dandy out, he contrived to let his faithful companion share his quarters. At two A. M. an alarm pealed and with a hoarse response that did not wake the dead but that terrified the other lodgers, Dandy bounded down-stairs and leaped head first through the glass of the front door in his eagerness to report on duty. All this is absolutely authentic, but the statement made that Dandy once missed the number of the alarm and ran back to the engine-house to get it, the writer does not vouch for. It was told by a newspaperman and should therefore be taken with several grains of allowance. Dandy is credited with being the most accomplished dog in town, though this honor has been disputed by rival owners of canine intelligence. Were the question to be decided by ballot there would be no doubt of Dandy's supremacy as a town favorite

CONSERVATIVE VIEWS OF CURRENT EVENTS.

The recent decision of the Supreme Court in the case against the Oakland Street Railway Company has evoked much unjust newspaper criticism. It is only of late years that parents have been allowed damages for the death of their children. Courts granted judgment in such cases on the theory, solely, that the parents had been deprived of the unpaid services of their offspring. These cease at majority. Judge Van Fleet correctly stated the law, in his opinion. Everybody knows that, as a rule, children follow the vocation of the parent, and yet because the Judge so stated in his reasoning, much harsh language has been uttered. It is a good rule to examine even a Supreme Court decision before abusing it.

The Blythe case continues to furnish new points for lawyers and litigants. In the year 1997 a great-great-great-grandson of W. H. H. Hart will move the Court to set aside some technical ruling entered against the heirs of Florence Blythe-Hinckley and a lineal descendant of Mr. Holladay will rise to oppose with as much force as was recently displayed in the United States Circuit Court. Well, lawyers must live and clients must pay.

Already the candidates for Sheriff are laying plans. Rumor has it that McNabb will make another run and that County Clerk Curry will contest the Republican nomination with him, while Whelan expects a renomination because of Phelan's aid in return for what Whelan does for him. There is strong talk of a certain lawyer taking the Non-Partisan nomination and beating all the candidates, but we cannot Reed all the lines yet. All these men are good citizens and each one will make a good officer.

The attack on the Board of Education is the natural sequence of the ousting of the Board of Supervisors. It may be all right to change a whole city government by law suits, but I confess to a prejudice in favor of the good, old-fashioned way of selecting officers by the ballots of the voters. Dr. O'Donnell expects to have as big a monument to his memory as is erected to "Deacon" Fitch, and I guess he will deserve it very nearly as much.

It is possible for even a judge to err, hence Judge Cook may be mistaken in holding that Figel was entitled to bail. Suppose he is wrong, it was an error on the side of mercy, so let's say no more about it but await the trial soon to be had which will decide the young man's guilt or innocence.

There are too many great men in the Republican Party. They cannot all be Governor. Unless they are appeased in some manner, we will have more sore-heads in the Republican ranks after the State convention than developed in 1894 when Burns nominated Estee and his rivals beat him at the polls. In every well-regulated race card can be found a "consolation race" for beaten horses. Something of that kind must be arranged for the Republican Party before the battle of 1898 or it will lose again its gubernatorial candidate. An enterprising genius can immortalize himself by inventing a scheme that will either nominate every candidate or else give him a better office.

The nomination by Governor Budd of Mayor Phelan as his successor means a Kilkenny war among the California Democracy, and particularly those of San Francisco, from now until November, 1898. It shows a combination against "Jimmy" Maguire, as Budd affectionately calls him, that must make the Congressman's hair stand on end. If the Budd-Phelan-*Examiner*-Wallace-Spreckels Board of Supervisors is upheld by the Supreme Court, the Lord love all Democrats who do not follow the banner of *Senator* Budd and *Governor* Phelan, for their hold on the official flesh-pots will be very short in tenure. Already the rumblings of the storm are to be heard. The heavy footfall of Rainey and the pert step of Andy Clunie are marking time to the deeper thunder. The statesmen of the water front and the "push" of the City Hall are making ready for the fray and are drawing long breaths at the prospect of good times that looms before them, even as dollar wheat does before the farmer. Maguire and White (our Stephen) will not surrender without a struggle and a combat worthy of giants will soon be upon us.

Let us all give thanks at the conclusion of the Fair-Craven lawsuit. Neither side gained any honor as human beings or lawyers during the long-drawn out struggle. It was an unseemly washing of soiled linen provoked by Mrs. Craven and her lawyers, but carried to extremes in both camps. The average layman is talking of the jury being 8 to 4 for Mrs. Craven. Every lawyer knows that, legally speaking, there was no vote or verdict or division of the jury. The records simply show that the jury being unable to agree, were discharged. Hence all this talk about the Judge overriding two-thirds of the jury is nonsense. We presume that a long-suffering public will, in a few months, be compelled to wade through many thousand columns more of newspaper slush about the case. Well, well, we must have some kind of plague all the time.

Government by injunction has been condemned by many newspapers and speakers, but government by newspapers is probably worse. It is a curious and most interesting study that the record of some San Francisco newspapers and lawyers who have been foremost in denouncing government by injunction, and yet within a few days have sought to run our city by newspaper law and mass-meeting courts. Judge Wallace may or may not have decided the Supervisor case correctly, but it certainly does not help his logic any to have it fortified by violent editorials and enforced by inflammatory speeches at a public meeting openly called as a menace to the Supreme Court of the displeasure of certain newspapers and men if it dared to reverse Judge Wallace. Government by newspapers will do more harm than government by injunction.

MISS FELDMANN. *Thore photo.*

Well-known and popular in the social circles of San Francisco.

The Hollenbeck Hotel, Los Angeles, has gone through its usual yearly improvements, and now ranks at the top in every phase of modern improvements. Mr. F. A. Shepard, formerly connected with the Hotel Mateo, goes to the Hollenbeck on October 15th as an assistant to Mr. Bilicke the proprietor.

Dancing and excursions at Highland Springs seem more of a pastime at present than during the earlier season. The evenings are all that could be desired. "Music has power to charm even the savage" and those are the sentiments generally after listening to some of our talented guests.

Miss Schwartz of Alameda, Capt. Collier of "Comet fame" and Louis Newbauer of the celebrated Tivoli Orchestra very courteously favor us for entertainment.

Our "younger set" recently organized the "Tamale Club" and are constantly introducing new and varied amusements. The beautiful steam yacht "Ariel" is their favorite, and is now under charter by the Club.

Among the late arrivals are:

J. H. Anthony, C. Morgan, S. S. Varner, Thos. McMahon, Mrs. I. Irving, R. C. Williams, M. D., Alfred Tobin, A. B. McCreery, Mr. and Mrs. C. Cipolloni, San Francisco; J. L. Robinson, W. O. Edmonds, Upper Lake; J. H. Brown and wife, San Mateo; Geo. H. Wheaton, Oakland; N. Cocking, England; Paolo Bargagliotti, Switzerland; Miss L. Collier, "Kabana"; Geo. Cahill, Henry Boggs, David Williams, Judge Bond, G. W. H. Minstrell, Mrs. Judge Bond, Mrs. Gray, Wm. Boggs, W. H. Manlove, Lakeport; W. T. Brush, R. C. Ban, Cloverdale; Alb't. Allen, Woodland; J. Still Anderson, Lower Lake.

The following telegram has just been received in the office of the Santa Fe Route in this city:

"The first CALIFORNIA LIMITED eastbound will leave Los Angeles Tuesday, October 26th, going through to Chicago in 71 hours and 43 minutes. Immediate connection will be made at Barstow with sleeper leaving San Francisco, Monday night, October 25th. The train will leave eastbound Tuesdays and Fridays, connecting with trains leaving San Francisco Monday and Thursday afternoon. The train will consist of ten-section double drawing-room palace sleeper, buffet smoker and dining car through to Chicago; also palace sleeper through from California to St. Louis via Kansas City."

THE FINANCES OF FISHING.

DR.

During the fishing season when the average man yearns for the pleasures of angling, he buys a fishing rod	$ 8.00
To wade, knee-deep, down a brook, without high-top boots of rubber, is out of the question	4.00
He goes out in the garden in quest of the humble and harmless subterranean reptile, known as the angle-worm. In digging for the same, the hoe handle swats him one under the eye. Court-plaster	.10
He hires a team to use in his trip of two days to the neighboring hamlet	5.00
He buys oats	.75
He loses two days' time	2.50
Arrived at his destination, he puts up with the hospitable farmer, who gives him the freedom of the house, barn, and the remainder of the farm for	3.40
Bribes the farmer's boys to show him where the best "holes" are	.25
Steps on a slippery stone, falls, breaking his watch, entailing a bill for repairs, amounting to	1.30
Climbs over a barbed wire fence, lacerates various and sundry parts of his anatomy, calling for an investment in liniment.	.50
Follows the brook and its various branches, wanders 'cross-country, gets lost, and has to hire a native to drive back to headquarters with him	1.00
At close of second day drives home, horse shies out, dishes a wheel, which necessitates a triumphant entry into town with a rail strapped under the carriage. Sees a wheelwright	11.75
Unused to exposure and rough exercise of tramping through the woods and over mountains, he is laid up for a time, and hires a man to come in and look at his tongue and feel his pulse	2.00
Pays for medicine prescribed	1.15
Total amount expended	$41.70

CR.

Incidentally captures seven small trout, valued, on the basis of 50c. a pound, at	$0.23
By 8 trout bites	0.00
By 97 mosquito bites	0.00
By bang-up good time	41.47
Total receipts	$41.70

A SAMOAN WAR CANOE.

W. ROSE-SOLEY.

THE good old days of native boat-building are over in Samoa, as in most of the other islands of the Pacific. The arrival of the European artisan and the importation of cheap pine lumber have pushed aside the slow and cumbrous work of the native craftsman, and the Samoans are smitten with the craze for big boats. That is to say, big boats after the European pattern, for their own canoes are now quite obsolete, and only to be met with in rare and out of-the-way places. Imagine, if you can, a whale boat a hundred feet long, seating some forty or fifty oarsmen, and with only ten feet beam. She is hastily nailed together out of inch planks, and as a general rule, after a few trips across the stormy strait between the islands, ends by breaking in two when lifted on the top of some unusually high wave.

Under these circumstances genuine specimens of Samoan boat building of any size worth mentioning are comparatively rare. The small fishing canoes are common enough, it is true; every village owns dozens of them. But then they are simply hollowed-out logs, with a primitive outrigger, large enough to hold one, or at most, two persons. They are a cranky, leaky craft, easily capsized, and are only used for fishing inside the lagoon, where a spill is of no consequence. In places where there is no protecting reef, and consequently no smooth lagoon for fishing in, a larger canoe, termed a *paopao*, is used. These boats will carry half a dozen people and are seaworthy enough to venture far away from the coast in search of bonito.

But it is only when we come to the larger size of native vessels that we find a real display of ingenuity. The process of hollowing a fishing canoe out of a log is comparatively simple; any Samoan can make one. Still a log has its limitations; trees suitable for the purpose will not grow beyond a certain size, and the problem of building a larger vessel has been solved by the natives in a most ingenious fashion. The *taumualuas*, or large canoes, are in shape something like a European boat, only with sharper lines. There is no outrigger, and instead of oars there are paddles, the rowers facing the bow. There are only a few of these boats in existence, one of which I saw on Manono being some fifty feet long. The peculiar feature about them is that they are literally tied together; not a nail nor a single piece of iron being used in their construction. The hard wood planks out of which they are made are cut to every shape and size and pieced together like mosaic work. On the inside edge of each piece is a rim or ledge through which the sinnett lashing which fastens the whole together is passed. The work is done with marvelous neatness. Each piece fits so exactly to its neighbor, that, on the outside, the seams or joints can scarcely be observed. It is strong, too, for if proper care is taken, and the sinnett, made from cocoanut fiber, renewed when necessary, one of these boats will stand many years' service.

The *taumualua* marked the height of the Samoan's peaceful ambition. It was only for war purposes that he desired anything bigger. Here, however,

his ambition o'erleapt itself. The Samoan, despite the name which has been given to his islands, is not a good navigator. Nor is he much of a fighter, and consequently his attempts at naval warfare are mainly characterized by the ludicrous. And the greatest of his failures in this direction is the gigantic *alia*, or war canoe, of which an illustration is given, and which is to be seen ignominiously rotting on the coast of Savaii. She is the largest vessel of purely native workmanship yet built in Samoa, and, indeed, she is so large that her prows project from out the shed across the public footpath which runs along the coast, as if the vessel were unable to find cover for her hugh bulk under the thatched roof. She is a wonderful specimen of marine architecture, unique in size and unwieldiness. For two years the entire town devoted itself with single-handed energy to the construction of this craft. The strong young men scoured the bush in search of the *torea* tree, which they cut down and hewed into shape with infinite labor. The old men and the weakly, sitting in the houses, plaited endless coils of sinnett for the fastenings, whilst the women and girls gossiped over the huge mats, which, sewn together, were to form her great lateen sail. When these things were all collected, two clumsy boats of canoes, each eighty feet long, were constructed. The planks were sewn together with sinnett, in the manner already explained, and then the two hulls were joined catamaran fashion by strong thwartship beams. A roughly laid deck forms a great fighting platform, with a curious kind of hut or cabin in the center for the high chief in command. In shape it is like a lean-to, open on one side, and completely closed on the other with mats. A tall mast, rigged with the mat sail, completes the equipment of this singular man-of-war.

Undoubtedly a craft of this weight and size would be dangerous to the enemy if only a crew could be found to manage her, but so far this has not been accomplished, and the career of the *alia* does not encourage further efforts of the kind. Through the united exertion of some three hundred men she was launched and a trial voyage attempted. But the crew proved totally unable to control such a huge vessel, in shape little better than a raft, and finally the great mat sail, stimulated by the trade wind, took charge. The result of it all was that the big war canoe, the pride of the village and the talk of the whole coast, was but narrowly saved from total destruction, and since that day she has reposed ignominiously but peacefully by the roadside.

JUVENILE LITERATURE, PAST AND PRESENT.

BERTHA F. HERRICK.

Perhaps in no way is the advance of intellectual culture more forcibly marked than in our juvenile literature. It is a great step from the crude horn-book of our ancestors to the children's brilliant periodicals of the present. In the "good old times" the mental nourishment that the literary larder offered to growing minds was first the New England Primer, with its quaintly worded couplets and still quainter wood cuts; and later such interesting matter as Doddridge's "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," Baxter's "Saint's Rest," Fox's "Book of Martyrs," Bacon's "Essays," and Locke on "The Understanding." We pause in admiration before the youthful intellects that could survive this heavy diet.

Morbidness is happily going out of fashion. Nowadays "the good" do not always "die young." Rather are they inclined to grow up to be noble men and women. The modern heroine no longer sits in the house with her sampler or goes for prosy walks with a grim, hawk-eyed governess. By her brother's side she climbs the pleasant paths of knowledge to the mountain top. An embarrassment of literary riches now confronts parents and educators, and the present danger lies in the over-stimulation of bright, ambitious boys and girls. Authors of world-wide reputation contribute to our juvenile periodicals illustrated gems of art, science, and fiction, over which "children of larger growth" linger with pleasure and profit.

From "Reading without Tears" and the adventures of "Sanford and Merton" we have arrived at an age of historical romances, tales of travel and exploration in foreign lands, descriptions of country sports and fireside amusements, and books of wholesome fun. The wonderland of natural history in all its branches is also open to youthful investigators, and the child is rare indeed who fails to evince a lively interest in even the smallest creature that runs, crawls, or flies. The bird on the nest, the bear in the forest solitudes, the butterfly flitting in the sun, the whale spouting in the ocean breakers, and the humble mollusk on the seashore, all exert on childish minds a powerful influence which is as lasting as it is irresistible. There are some books, such as "Mother Goose," "The Arabian Nights," and "Robinson Crusoe," which, in a certain sense, have become classics, and are enshrined affectionately in the memory; while fathers of families may occasionally be found poring over the "Ragged Dick" series or Oliver Optic's books for boys.

There is a class of detective or "cowboy" literature, a taste for which is sometimes indulged in secretly by children of good families, though it is mainly patronized by street boys. "The Yellow Mask," by the author of "The Red, Red Shirt," "Dare-Devil Dick, the Terror of the Plains," "The Poisoned Doughnut, or the Baker's Revenge," are tales whose titles suggest their contents. It is safe to say that no child of spirit will read anything "stupid;" and the moral, if any, should be inferred rather than forced. Action and stirring events are indispensable to success in books for children, and writers along these lines would also do well to remember that the budding mind is apt to translate literally, often putting most curious constructions on high-flown figures of speech.

The best is none too good to offer to those who will make our future history; for, if "childhood is the sowing-time," surely the seed should be worth the harvesting.

A BALLOON STORY.

ELAINE HOLLIS.

THAT bad luck or the mysterious agency designated as a "hoodoo" is responsible for the unfortunate career of some balloons, who can say? Balloon people themselves adhere firmly to the latter theory, sharing with the show fraternity in general an unshaken belief in superstitious signs.

It may have been a coincidence that one day at the Chutes, Elbert R. de Tamble, Secretary of the Haight-street grounds, should have declined to superintend the inflating of the balloon advertised to ascend, because, as he said, he believed that it had a hoodoo upon it; and that a few minutes later "The Chutes" went up on fire with Aeronaut Emil Markeburg hanging to the parachute. Press Agent Phil Hastings—and here is another incident that may have been chance but which savors of prophecy—was standing near when Mr. de Tamble spoke, and said: "I believe that inanimate as well as animate things are either mascoted or hoodooed. Ascension after ascension may be made by some without the slightest trouble, but this balloon has met with an accident every time with one exception. I wonder what is going to happen to-day?"

What did happen was the balloon conflagration referred to, and hoodoo or not, the mishaps to "The Chutes" are a sample of what has beset the destinies of other smoke-holding bags.

The balloon was constructed by the Viola family of aeronauts. It was to carry away on its initial ascent Leila Adair, the eldest of the family named, but when the time came to cut away, the knife would not work and down came the hot-air bag, parachute, and balloonist, all in a heap on a willow-tree on Webster Street; the fair aeronaut, however, escaping injury. It was next sent up across the bay with Essie Viola on the trapeze, and there the young woman was dashed against a tree. It then essayed a night ascension from Haight Street with Miss Essie again on the trapeze. It shot up against the side of a three-story building in the Western Addition and seriously bruised the young woman before she was rescued, but she pluckily made another and successful trial of the cranky airship.

On the next occasion, when the balloon was released, the man in charge of the furnace neglected to cover the cylinder, and Miss Essie had to be held back to prevent her from being dragged through flames that were leaping six feet in the air. After the balloon landed in the vicinity of the Mission it was captured by a mob of boys and young men, who had a neat fist fight over it, each side of contestants claiming the right to hold it for the reward usually paid for a balloon's recovery. After that Miss Essie made another ascent, meeting with an accident that confined her to her home for three weeks. The cut-away knife failed to work until the balloon had come down within a hundred feet of a house. Then the rope suddenly parted, precipitating the girl to the roof.

Leila Adair then attempted an ascent, but there was more misfortune. The crowd got so close to the balloon when it left the ground that the young woman was crowded out of the path on which she had to make a run holding on to the trapeze cords, and lost her hold on the cords. In trying to recover them the swinging trapeze bar struck her with such violence on the shoulder blade that she fainted. The balloon went serenely on its way, as though satisfied with its work, and landed in Mission Bay, where it was rescued by some boatmen. Then there was additional trouble. The boatmen wanted an exorbitant price, claiming that as it had been saved from the waters of the bay they were entitled to salvage. It required three days' negotiations to reach an amicable settlement. Then the property was turned over to a young man, who placed it in a wagon to convey it to the grounds. Ignorant of the existence of a boulevard ordinance, he drove rapidly out Golden Gate Avenue, and was arrested by an officer, who escorted him and the balloon to the City Hall.

A bystander who heard Mr. deTamble relate the history of "The Chutes" to the writer, supplemented it by asking if the balloon was rubbed down with a silver dollar before it went up the first time.

"Guess not," was the reply.

"Well, then, that accounts for it. The next new balloon you get, you rub it with a silver coin and it's 16 to 1 it never will have an accident."

Bridges, like the human freight that passes over them, have their characteristics and their peculiarities. An authority upon the bridge subject says that there are few, if any, bridges in the world over which troops are permitted to march in regular step. A suspension bridge is always traversed with caution, the soldiers proceeding at irregular steps. The reason of this is that it has been found dangerous to impart a steady vibration to the structure, the result being so heavy a strain at each repetition that even the strongest piece of architecture is imperiled thereby.

JOURNALISTIC BOUQUETS.

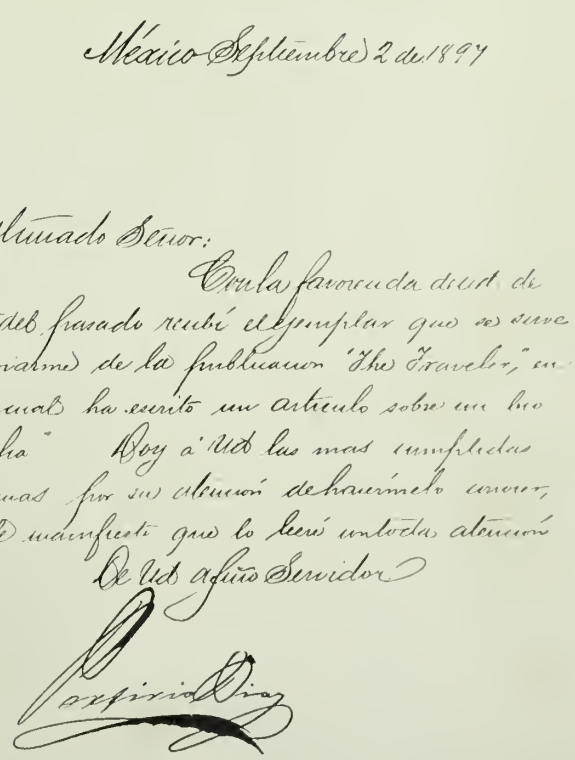
The following comment upon THE TRAVELER, reprinted from the Boston *Daily Globe*, is one of the most acceptable of the many "bouquets" passed this way by appreciative contemporaries. Especially do we value praise from this quarter, the *Globe* being one of the great representative newspapers of the country, with a reputation for high literary and journalistic excellence in all departments of its make-up.

One of the finest specimens of art typography on the continent, and one that will compare favorably with any in the world, is San Francisco's well-edited TRAVELER, an illustrated family monthly of royal quarto size. The tenth volume began with the July number, which is replete with photographic and artistic charms. The illustrated articles on "The California Soldiers' Home," "British Beauties," and "The Lariat and its Use," are among its most interesting features. It is William V. Bryan (notice the V.!) who is responsible for the make-up and issuance of a magazine that is a decided credit to the art in an era well filled with such excellences.

And here is what a Southern neighbor kindly says of us:

THE TRAVELER is conceded to be the neatest magazine of the Pacific Coast from a typographical point of view, and the late number is full of most interesting matter relative to the country in which we live.

In view of the recent attempt at assassination of President Diaz of the Mexican Republic, and the somewhat unusual courtesy of the acknowledgment of small matters from great men, we have thought that the following letter to one of our contributors would prove an interesting reproduction. It comes direct from the President's sanctum sanctorum, bears his own signature, and is a gracious response to an illustrated article appearing in a recent issue of THE TRAVELER. The translation of the letter follows the facsimile.



México Septiembre 2 de 1897

P. D.

Estimado Señor:

En la favorecida de Ud. de 25 del pasado recibí el ejemplar que se sirve enviarme de la publicación "The Traveler," en la cual ha escrito un artículo sobre mi biografía. Doy á Ud. las mas cumplidas gracias por su atención de haberme enviado, y le manifiesto que lo leeré con toda atención.

De Ud. afmo. Servidor

Porfirio Diaz

Private Office of the President
of the Mexican Republic. MEXICO, September 2, 1897.

Dear Sir:—With your favor of the twenty-fifth of last month I received the copy which you had the kindness to send me of the publication THE TRAVELER, in which you had written an article on my biography. I give you the most grateful thanks for your attention in making this known to me, and I assure you that I shall read it with all attention.

Your obedient servant,
PORFIRIO DIAZ.

Preacher—Attendance falling off somewhat, isn't it, sexton? *Sexton*—Yes, sir; they are all going over to Pastor Downs' church. *Preacher*—There's evidently got to be something done. *Sexton*—Suppose I spread a report about your having kissed a leading member of the flock. *Preacher*—Er—some purely fictitious story would er—do just as well, I think.

This, That and the Other

LILLIAN FERGUSON.

California marble is to be used in the construction of a ducal palace abroad. I delight in knowing that our native product is to be put to such purpose, so long as another native product in the way of a daughter of this Golden West is not imported with it. I would suggest that every marriageable foreigner of title be presented with a fine specimen of California marble—in the form of a heart.

THE BUYING OF LITERARY FAME.

Far more frequently than I desire to receive them, there come to me from various points of the compass in these United States, offers from book and magazine publishers to assist me in a dizzy climb up the ladder of fame. Now these b. and m. publishers haven't the ghost of a personal, kindly interest in me or my welfare—bless you, no. For every rung of the ladder up which they fain would hoist this humble mortal frame of me, they modestly request various sums ranging from five to twenty-five dollars, according to the amount of fame parceled out at the time of hoisting. As for instance: an Eastern publishing house—they are great shearers of Western lambs, those enterprising Eastern chaps—sends me a tempting (?) suggestion per circular typewritten letter, prefaced by some palpable fabrications about my high literary standing in the East, that I permit the use, in a forthcoming most important edition de luxe, of my photograph, together with a biographical sketch of myself—for which the merely nominal sum of twenty-five dollars will be charged (payment solicited immediately) to defray expenses of same. In return for this sum I am to receive a copy of the volume, the half-tone of my tortured phiz, and the glorious distinction of being sandwiched between the covers of a book that nobody will ever read excepting the owners of the other tortured phizzes that bear mine company—and glory no doubt loves company as fondly as does misery.

Now I do not in the least blame the people who promulgate these schemes, so long as other people are foolish enough to bite at the bait, which is nothing more or less than a grand-stand play to their vanity. Publishers of books and magazines must live, by fair means or foul, and it is a perfectly legitimate thing for them to profit by the weaknesses of their fellow creatures. In fact, I think it is rather bright of them to sell fame at so much per inch, when there are so many people with money to burn—I mean money to buy.

From my own prejudiced point of view, these transactions, whether they involve the expenditure of twenty-five dollars or five, are nothing but the advertising, at stipulated rates, of one's personality, and precisely on a par with any other kind of advertising. Therefore will I none of it; for fame that is bought is a worthless thing, and a very poor investment for one's money.

When a writer has worked hard enough at the point of a pen to gain a recognized place among his coworkers, and is, without his knowledge, made the subject of a paragraph praising his efforts to do credit to his profession and himself, it is very gratifying to him to catch the bouquet thrown his way. It is an unsought tribute, therefore one to be appreciated. But how about the bouquet that has a bill for a holder? How about the write-up that is bought and paid for? It strikes me that it is about as fragrant as those imitations of nature—paper flowers.

Wherefore this straining after fame, anyway? What difference can it possibly make to me whether the good people of Milpitas and Sausalito are or are not aware of the fact that I write?

What care they if, summer and winter,
I wrestle with globules of ink
That threaten the brain of the printer
And drive the proofreader to drink?

So please, O magazine and book publishers, with your eyes focused for a greedy moment my way, make me no more offers. I want not your half-tone of the face that I am condemned to wear owing to circumstances over which I have no control, nor do I yearn for a copy of your book, — for I positively have not time to dust it, much less read it. Nor am I longing for fame, because that is something which genius alone merits, and my place is with the rank and file. As for the five and the twenty-five and all intermediate sums, I shall need them one of these days for knitting needles, spectacles, catnip tea, and other necessities of serene old age, when you, your schemes, yea, your books themselves are cobwebbed o'er upon the shelf of time.

DIVIDED.

So near together lie their paths, so near!
And yet they dare not pause for one brief space
To meet and greet each other face to face,
Lest in that swift, sweet interchange appear
Their paradise denied; a higher sphere
Than this dull level of the commonplace
Where toil and duty hold in firm embrace
Life's all, from hour to hour, from year to year.
Too brave for tears, too loyal for regret,
By ties of honor bound they live their days,
While love, unanswered, calls from heart to heart.
So near their pathways lie, so near! And yet
The gulf could scarce be wider were their ways
Ten thousand weary, sunless leagues apart.

Boyce & Habenicht photo.

"WHO SAID I WAS A FLIRT?"

FROM MY WINDOW.

Gaunt spires, like ghostly fingers pointing, meet
The fog's gray mantle as it settles down
And wraps in chilling folds the busy town.
Below, the hurried tread of many feet
Along the hard, worn surface of the street;
Above, the sky's impenetrable frown.
Ah, who would guess that ways like these, dust-brown,
My longing gaze can change to meadows sweet,
While for one fleeting, magic moment come
The scent of clover and the lark's clear call?
Slow drifts the fog adown the noisy mart. . .
Yet still I lean to hear the wild bees' hum,
The music of the rippling waterfall;
And summer's peace abides within my heart.

Indiana trainmen have been forbidden to wave their handkerchiefs at, and otherwise flirt with, women. Thus does the iron heel of monopoly grind into the hide of its hirelings. Even here in San Francisco there is a sign on every cable dummy warning us that we must not talk to the gripman. And yet they say this is the age of woman!

A RHYME TO ALASKA.

O dark and dreary land devoid of scandal,
Where hungry man would rather eat than flirt:
Where like as not an inch of tallow candle
Is all one ever gets for one's dessert;
O land of snowed-up gold and azure noses,
I'd rather be, this fair October day,
A deadbroke scribbler in our realm of roses
Than any frozen miner up your way.

Fresno, torrid city to the south of us, has sustained a journalistic loss which is San Francisco's gain, Mr. A. J. Waterhouse having been lured from the *Republican* office, which his brains adorned editorially for several years, to similar responsibilities in the *Examiner* office. He will continue to adorn at the new stand as modestly and brilliantly as at the old, for Mr. Waterhouse is a wonderfully prolific writer whose work sustains an even excellence notwithstanding the volume of it. And as for personal unobtrusiveness, one might go searching the highways and byways of journalism, every nook and corner of them where brains abide, and find no more simple-mannered, unpretending man than he anywhere. I doubt if a writer in all the length and breadth of the Pacific Slope has so many friends. I am pleased that Mr. Waterhouse has come into the newspaper fold. I congratulate the *Examiner*, commiserate the *Republican*, and welcome the talented wife and bonny bairns of this writer whose wit has cheered thousands of readers, and whose songs have gone straight to the hearts of thousands more.

Caloric Fresno, however, is not altogether unbeloved of the gods, for I hear that Mrs. L. Claire Davis will remain on the *Expositor's* editorial staff, although the Stockton *Mail's* readers refuse to believe that the "*Mail's* Girl" has really said good-by, not *au revoir*. Stockton, you must know, recently elected by a very large-sized majority of votes this bright, brave, good little woman and pen toiler to its School Board. Mrs. Davis didn't find it hard work in the least to get an office which men pull wires and spend money to gain. She just consented to let her name go on the candidate list, and the *Mail* and the voters did the rest. I don't blame her for wanting to elude Stockton climate but it seemeth to me that Fresno as an alternative is like a leap from the frying pan into the fire. I am no prophet but I predict that San Francisco will eventually enroll Mrs. Davis on the newspaper list. She is the right kind of people and therefore ought to be with us.

In a few days the Frawley Company will have gone a-touring, therefore I who have tears to shed will weep them now, for, all unknowingly, certain of the members thereof have made my lot as a theater-goer less hard at times to bear. Adieu, Blanche Bates; I shall miss you, your dimpling face and your talent that, like wine, improves with the seasons. Adieu, Frank Worthing; your refinement will long console me for the grossness that I am fated to see in some others; you are an artist and a gentleman and there are too few of you. Harry Corson Clarke, most excellent actor, without you what's the band—of Frawleys? It suits me to hear that you'll not be permitted to leave San Francisco alive—that you are to be kept here as bright particular star of the Alcazar Stock Company. Adieu, Madge Carr Cooke; you are a credit to the stage and deserve praise for your careful work. Adieu, William Lewers; I like you several hundred per cent better than I did George Leslie. And Gladys—crisp, captivating little ingenue Wallis whose gowns are a dry goods dream; Phosa McAllister, dignified and dependable; Wilson Enos, competent and satisfactory always. Adieu, each of you, and may the ghost always walk for you on schedule time.

Prussia is gracefully falling into line on the woman question. Recently Miss Marie Hassenstein received a principal's certificate as teacher, declared to be the first ever given to a woman in that country. It is stated that she intends to establish a school for girls at Charlottenburg.

Says a beauty doctor and all-round wrinkle-chaser: "Cucumbers have a singular and powerful effect upon the complexion." The same might be said concerning their effect in the region of the diaphragm.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

PRICE TEN CENTS. *NOVEMBER, 1897.* SAN FRANCISCO AND LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Hill photo, Pasadena.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, POINT LOMA AND THE PACIFIC.

Hotel Del Monte

NO ONE picture or group of pictures can do more than serve as a suggestion of the great attractions of Del Monte. There is such a wide variety, and everything is on such a broad scale, that from no one standpoint can the story be told; and while we have attempted in the above cut to illustrate interesting bits of the grounds, hotel, etc., there are scores and scores of other scenes of equal interest and attractiveness. It is yet to be placed on record that any stranger has visited this resort and been other than agreeably disappointed. Everything is up to (and beyond) the brag. The grounds and flowers are a revelation, the eighteen-mile drive around the ocean shore and back through the sweet-smelling pine forests is a marvel, and the hotel itself is as near perfection in all its appointments as it is possible to reach. It is little less than criminal for strangers visiting California to miss seeing Del Monte.

THE TRAVELER.

VOLUME X. SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER, 1897. NUMBER 5.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

WM. V. BRYAN, Editor and Proprietor.
General Office, 20 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

FREDERIC MAYER, 15 AND 17, RUE DES MARTYRS, PARIS, FRANCE, GENERAL EUROPEAN AGENT.

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conducted in connection with THE TRAVELER, will furnish, *without charge*, reliable information about any hotel, summer or winter resort, railway or steamship line, country lands, guides, etc. Call upon or write to us at any time.

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DID it ever occur to you, real seriously, just why we are, and have been, passing through a financial panic for the past three years? Did you ever stop to think of the broad definition of the word "confidence," and realize that the lack of it is accountable for the condition of the nation at this time. Just this single insignificant word, as defined by standard authorities, is the key to individual happiness, to the harmony of Statehood, to the success of nationality, and to the progress and betterment of the world at large.

Why should we pass through the period of depression that we have experienced for the past four years? Lack of confidence in the values of realty and securities. And to probe still further, why this lack of confidence in the values of realty and securities? This question brings us to the vital points, but it admits of a rather voluminous elucidation. Concisely, however, it may be chiefly attributed to the laxity of our laws, their elastic interpretation, and the encouragement therein by the thrones of justice. When it comes to pass that a court of law permits an argument on the definition of the little word "from," as embodied in an important contract recently in litigation in Washington, and when in San Francisco a man arrested for expectorating in a public conveyance, prohibited by statute, is defended on the technicality that he spat and not expectorated (*ex*, out of, *pecto*, the lungs), how under the sun is it possible to get justice? It is just this uncertainty of the administration of our laws that makes many a man hesitate about entering into a contract involving the expenditure of money, for it seems almost impossible to so frame an instrument that it will be invulnerable to litigation should it be attacked. Again, the aggressive and arbitrary attitude of our so-called labor unions has done an incalculable injury to our manufacturing interests, has paralyzed capital, discouraged investment, and sacrificed life and limb. The theory of labor organization for mutual protection is eminently laudable, but the practise of the principle that the "end justifies the means" is responsible for our riots, bloodshed, destruction of property, and the consequent paralysis of trade and the attendant distrust in the investment of capital.

Lastly, the iniquity of modern politics, the inordinate ambition of its devotees for the almighty dollar, the rings in their noses, with the omnipresent "boss" at the other end, the itching palm ready to be relieved by the all-powerful golden eagle, forms the last link in the chain of justice, labor, and municipal governments. To carry out the simile, "a chain is as strong as its weakest link," would hardly be applicable to the case in point, for the reason that each end of these three links finds its support on the columns of the judiciary. Were these impregnable and immovable the chain depending upon them would never break. In other words, the ponderous tome bearing the inscription of "jurisprudence" forms the cornerstone of national prosperity, and the framework, in turn, of our social and political institutions.

Let us then get to the root of the existing evil: Our national constitution must first be built up with a powerful tonic before we can operate successfully upon its component parts. We must have a national revision, or amendment, then State, and lastly municipal, amplifying the existing principles by hoops of steel, so closely riveted, that they will withstand the fiercest onslaught of technicality and misinterpretation.

ALREADY are let loose the dogs of war, and we can hear their distant baying as they gather together the cohorts of the political arena. The gubernatorial boom has begun, and we have a list of names before us that have been "prominently mentioned" as candidates. Fortunately for us—perhaps more so for himself—we shall not be inflicted with another reign of Jimmy Budd. The bud blossomed forth not long ago into a full-bloomed flower, but it lacked the delicacy and sweetness so promising in its early growth, and was a bitter disappointment to those who nourished it. Its leaves are faded now, and its sweetness has been wasted on the desert air, forever.

While we are looking for a pilot for the ship of State, why not select one of our prominent and respected *business* men, and lift him with a single bound from the ranks of the mercantile world to the gubernatorial chair. Few there are who would decline the honor, and not having received a training in the school of politics, he would, at least, be unfamiliar with, and perhaps too old to learn, the teachings of those principal text-books entitled, "Pulling the Wires," "Get Your Money Honestly—If You Can," "To the Victor Belong the Spoils," and "Politics, Patronage, Perquisites."

ON FRIDAY evening last in the neighborhood of eight thousand people witnessed the pugilistic contest between Lavigne and Walcott. To the lover of sport it was perhaps one of the most interesting and scientific boxing exhibitions that has ever been seen in San Francisco, and while the defeated Walcott was carried bodily from the ring, his condition

CHUMS. *Geo. Fiske photo.*

was alleged to have been caused by an attack of cramps rather than from bodily injury. If we will recall the history of prize fighting in San Francisco alone, it will be remembered that rarely have serious consequences followed a fistic encounter, yet there are thousands of people who look upon this form of sport as brutal, degrading, and nothing less than a disgrace to the fair name of the city where such contests take place. These same people, however, will go miles to see a game of football where it is the exception for some of the participants to conclude without some serious injury—a broken arm, leg, or collar bone seems to be in order in the roughest of all so-styled "manly sports."

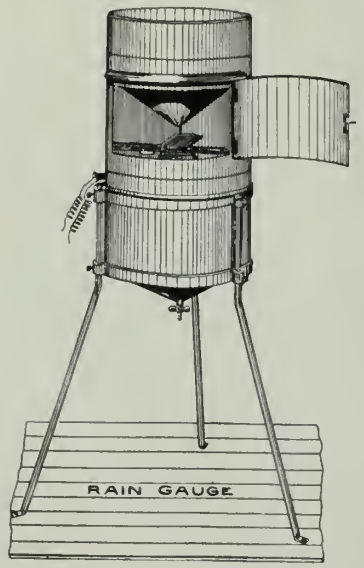
A TALK WITH THE CLERK OF THE WEATHER.

LILLIAN FERGUSON.

THE elevator of the Mills Building skyward went until ten floors were between myself and terra firma. I wanted to find the man who keeps his finger on the climate's pulse, Mr. W. H. Hammon, Forecast Official and Section Director. Mr. Hammon's weather eye was withdrawn from the misty horizon and his weather ear was at the telephone listening for a message, the while he instructed an assistant to have Fresno stack her raisin trays, issued an order or two, answered three enquiries and dispatched a messenger. And it wasn't his busy day either. To the visitor this department of the government is most mysterious in its workings with codes, signals, and intricate, sensitive machinery. To Mr. Hammon it is as simple as A B C.

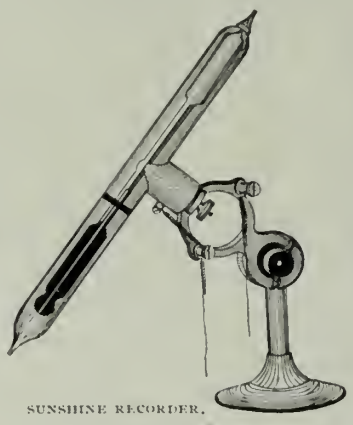
"Twice a day," said he, "at five o'clock in the morning and five at night, we receive telegraphic reports from every weather bureau station on the Pacific Coast. These reports are transmitted to maps upon which are recorded the temperature, air-pressure, wind velocity, wind direction, general state of the weather, and amount of rainfall in each section of the country. By examining this map made out this morning you will observe that a blue mark connects various points. This indicates that the same temperature existed at all of them. The red lines connect points where air-pressure is the same. Drawing a circle around each of the points, we darken or lighten the space within to correspond with the cloudy or sunny conditions prevailing there. Thus is obtained a literal picture of the weather.

"Two supplementary maps are then prepared, upon which are recorded all changes that occur from time to time in the different localities where weather history is made. This one is for air-pressure advices, the red lines showing changes that have taken place within twenty-four hours, the blue those of the past twelve hours. The other map tells the temperature story, and a varying one it is, since in the region between the Rocky Mountains and the Lake country it may have dropped from ten to thirty degrees within twenty-four hours, while in Nevada, Utah, and portions of Oregon it may have risen that much. Closely studying these changes as they occur we see their manner of movement, note the conditions under which such movement takes place, and make deductions accordingly. By this method we are enabled to forecast the weather in a given locality.



"Preparation of weather observations begins at 4:30 o'clock, in order that they may be ready for the telegraph operator promptly at five A. M. From that hour until six A. M. he is rapidly receiving and transmitting reports to other points, collecting and distributing to Portland, Seattle, Los Angeles, Chicago, Denver and other places. At seven A. M. a clerk comes on to prepare the forecast charts. At the same time another clerk commences the preparation of an engraving in chalk over a steel plate, recording the information contained in the primary forecast chart, and a printer is setting up in tabular form whatever information has been received from the various stations. By 7:30 A. M. the charts are fully prepared and the printer has his table in type. Then the forecaster draws red lines connecting points where the air pressure or barometer is the same. The technical term for them is isobars. He then connects the points for equal temperature with lines called isotherms, after which he dictates to a typewriter a description of the weather conditions as shown on the weather map, and forecasts what he expects will take place on that night and the following day. At once this information is put into the hands of a printer and passes into type. While this copy is being prepared, the engraving clerk stereotypes his chalk map and the typewriter is preparing, for distribution, telegrams containing the forecast, hundreds of copies of which are sent throughout the United States by telegraph and thousands more by mail, San Francisco people receiving per mail six hundred copies. All this work is accomplished practically within the space of one hour, for by 8:30 A. M., at the latest, the forecast is in the hands of every display man in the State. To facilitate this we have the active and valuable co-operation of the Postoffice Department and telegraph company.

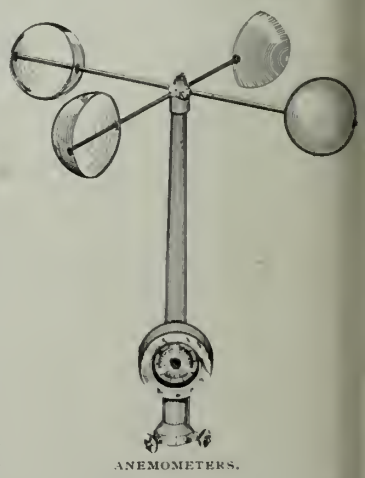
"All display men who receive messages over the same wire have their names on the same blanks, where they are designated as 'Weather' Smith, 'Weather' Brown, etc. The forecast official takes a blank on which are groups of names belonging to the same wire, writing upon it the forecast for each group. Then a clerk prepares the individual blanks, his method being very rapid, to economize time. He uses a small code of one hundred words which form the forecaster's nomenclature, each word being moulded into a block of rubber which can be quickly inserted into a groove and stamped. Another clerk prepares postal cards containing the forecast, in a similar manner; these having been previously addressed. While the forecast official is preparing the blank, a clerk at the ferry postoffice station, D, is waiting at the telephone, rubber stamps and pencils at hand, to receive, record, and mail the information, a considerable saving of time. Each letter-carrier is furnished with a list of places along his route where subscribers are located who wish to keep in touch with the vagaries of the weather, and precedence is given to the delivery of this class of matter. By this time the printing press is running off the weather maps.


SUNSHINE RECORDER.

"The mechanical devices employed by the Weather Bureau are ingenious, accurate, delicate in construction, and interesting. One of them is a veritable weather historian, recording continuously the direction from which the wind is blowing, its velocity, when the sun is shining, when the rain is falling, and the amount and rate of the rainfall. It is a triple register doing quadruple work; a cylinder turned round by a clock supplied with several recording pens operated by electricity. As you will see, one of these pens makes a zigzag line to denote the fact that the sun is shining, while this one notches its news of the rain falling on the roof above; each of these notches records one-hundredth of an inch rainfall. Another instrument records continuously the temperature by making certain traces on a revolving cylinder.

"Thermometers are mounted on the roof in a lattice-work box impenetrable to the sun but accessible to the air, pressure of which is indicated on the barometer. One of the most remarkable of instruments in use by us is that which records the sunshine. But the chief instrument depended upon by the weather man is the barometer, this glass tube, which you see is nearly a yard in length, closed at one end, filled with mercury, then inverted so that the open end is immersed in a cup of mercury; the closed end being uppermost the mercury does not all run out, since air cannot enter to cause its escape. It does, however, fall to a certain point, leaving a vacuum in the top of the tube about thirty inches at sea level above the surface of mercury in the cistern, the mercury in the tube being held at this height by pressure of atmosphere on the surface of the mercury in the open cup. If pressure diminishes, mercury runs out; increased, it rises. In short, the instrument is a form of balance, in which a column of mercury is made to balance pressure of atmosphere.

"Weather announcements have proved a practical protection to the raisin and fruit industries, dryers and raisin-growers admitting that the injury resulting from occasional summer showers has been greatly reduced. The margin which insures success and defeats failure is due to this system of warnings, a branch of bureau work in which I am much interested, and which I am pleased to be able to state has been tried with most satisfactory results. I give careful attention to the agricultural interests of the State, and advise stacking only when a shower is certain. Another line of work is the protection of fruit from frost. The conditions under which frost occur are better understood now than ever before, and I anticipate improved service with the new station on Mount Tamalpais.


ANEMOMETERS.

"But the Weather Bureau's work is not confined to weather announcements alone. Climate and crop service is established throughout each State and Territory, the bureau supplying a simple set of instruments—rain gauge, maximum and minimum thermometers—for those persons in each county who are willing to take observations and furnish monthly reports. From this office is issued weekly a bulletin containing a general crop report summary compiled from reports received. Will it rain to-day? Yes, in a few moments."

And with a barometric pressure on my brain of isobars, isotherms, and marvelous, mystifying machinery, I went forth to invest in goloshes.

AN ACQUAINTANCE WITH A SHARK.

J. F. ROSE-SOLEY.

WE LAY becalmed between two islands of the Navigation group, and the situation was anything but amusing. The sea, as far as its surface went, was like glass, but a heavy swell, the remains of yesterday's blow, kept our little schooner tossing to and fro like a pendulum. To walk about was impossible, for even if the vessel had been at rest two steps was the maximum promenade permitted by the narrow limits of her deck. To sit still in that blazing sun and feel the deck burning like redhot plates through your clothes, was equally difficult, and reading was out of the question; moreover, we had long since exhausted the small stock of literature on board. The Capt'n, a hardy old sailor of the genuine beachcomber type, squatted by the kicking tiller, and cursed *sotto voce* every time it smote him in the ribs. The crew, consisting of one Fiji boy, lay on the forward hatch and baked in silence after the patient manner of his race. I am very much afraid that we, the white passengers, would have lost our sense of dignity and ended by joining in the skipper's profanity, had not the fish come to entertain us.

It was the most wonderful display of deep-sea life it has ever been my fortune to witness. The rail of our tiny craft was barely more than a foot from the surface of the water, and leaning over we could look down for miles, as it seemed, into the clear blue depths. It all began with a school of bonito which sprang as if by magic from nowhere at all. In a moment the water around and under the schooner was alive with these magnificent fish. Great big fellows, three or four feet long would dart past us, shining in all the glory of their natural colors, silver and blue and gold mingling in ever-changing tints and merging into a streak of shining whiteness as the fish made its way to the depths below, only to be replaced by another and equally brilliant specimen of its race. Little fish of all kinds sported nearer the surface, picking up the crumbs we threw overboard, as they lazily sank through the crystal waters. Now and again huge dolphins, dwarfing even the bonito by comparison, would play around us, scattering the smaller fry before them like chaff. But the fish were not eating each other on that particular day, they had other and more serious matters to think of.

Photograph by Anton H. Schefer, showing the firing of a cannon at West Point, taken June 5, 1896. An eight-inch rifled gun, with 25 lbs. of E. V. hexagonal powder, and a 180-lbs. Butler coned shot. Exposure, 1/25 of a second. In the picture the streaks of fire issuing from the gun are very plainly defined—an unusual thing, as most pictures of the firing of guns show only the smoke. The editor of the Camera Club of "Harper's Round Table" says that Mr. Schefer is to be congratulated on obtaining so good a picture.

"There must be a shark somewhere about," said our skipper, who like most of his craft in the Islands was learned in the ways of deep-sea fish; "they've come to seek protection from the schooner."

How the bonito and the dolphin, not to mention all the smaller fish, reasoned it out I know not, but they certainly had come to the conclusion that they would be safer near that big black thing on which men lived. They knew that the shark, being a coward and a bully, would be afraid to tackle such a powerful opponent, and as for themselves, they were learned about hooks and lines, and had nothing to fear from men. Though we baited our hooks never so temptingly, not one of the fish, big or little, which swarmed around, would look at them, and we soon gave up the attempt to catch victims and confined ourselves to silent admiration of the spectacular display afforded.

It was not long before a general bustle and commotion below warned us of the approach of the shark. His Lordship, a big shovel-nosed brute, swam lazily hither and thither, the smaller prey carefully keeping a path clear for him. None of them would go far from the schooner; they would just dodge about, now on one side, now on another, and now beneath the shade of her keel. At last the shark, seeing that there were to be no fish for dinner that day, evidently thought it would be a good thing to investigate our craft and find out if the men folk could spare anything of an eatable character. Herein he made the one, and I may say, the final error of his life.

"Now we'll catch him," said the skipper, suddenly taking to animation.

"How are you going to do that?" I asked, "you've got no hook."

"Don't want no hook," replied the Captain, "Know a trick worth two of that. You'll see."

By this time the shark, being left unmolested, had grown quite confident and swam lazily alongside, almost rubbing his great back against our planks, and now and again taking a cruise around our stern to see if we had happened to drop anything good overboard. To encourage him we did drop a few pieces of meat over the side, which were swallowed almost as soon as they touched the water.

"He's a beauty," remarked the skipper, scanning the fish with a practical eye, "he'll be worth fifty taros when we get him ashore."

"Just then I thought the chance of trading shark for taro a practically remote one, but the skipper seemed confident, and I soon had reason to change my opinion.

The method of capture was exceedingly simple. First the old man took the loose end of the main sheet and made a running bowline in it, carefully coiling down the slack on deck. Then he called the "crew" aft and bade him attach a piece of salt beef to the end of a small line.

We were then ready for operations. It was the crew's part to dangle the salt beef temptingly just below the surface of the water. The small line to which the meat was attached was passed through the bowline on the main sheet, and the skipper stood ready to lasso the shark as soon as opportunity occurred.

We had not long to wait. The great man-eater soon smelt the meat and came sniffing after it in his lazy, confident way. Two or three times he approached his nose, and then satisfied that there was no hook or other mechanical device concealed within the tempting morsel, decided that he would swallow it. Alas, even this last satisfaction was denied him.

The skipper was ready with the bowline, and as soon as the shark turned over and opened his enormous jaws, with their sawlike rows of teeth, he deftly slipped the loop over the head and fins of the brute and before this monster of the seas had time even to taste the meat he found himself securely caught.

To portray the rage and indignation of the shark at this unheard-of liberty would require pages of descriptive writing. Luckily the main sheet was a stout manilla line and it held him. He squirmed and twisted and turned in his wrath but strange to say he never attempted to bite through the rope which bound him fast to the stern. For a time, I believe, he even towed the schooner backwards, but as we had done nothing but drift all day, this made little difference. At last his struggles grew weaker, and he perished by drowning; a most ignoble fate for a deep-sea fish. During the remainder of the voyage, and it lasted three days more, he hung by the tail from the cat-head forward, half in and half out of the water. Many times we were painfully conscious of the proximity of the defunct fish, but the skipper having taros in view, clung to him persistently. And when at last we reached Savaii the natives crowded eagerly around to examine our prize. Its elevated nature did not discompose them in the least. Fifty taros, and fine large ones at that, were speedily produced, and all day long the ovens of redhot stones smoked in anticipation of the coming feast.

I need hardly add that I did not partake of shark for supper that night. Our acquaintance was of too long standing.

THE AGE OF NIAGARA.

There appears to be a greater discrepancy among the scientists concerning the age of the famous Niagara River than there is between the average woman's assertions as to her birth, compared with the cruelly uncomplimentary statement set forth in the family Bible. At first we were informed that the river came into existence through changes in the level of the land round the great lakes, a trifle of fifty-five thousand years ago. Along came somebody else with the assertion that this was about forty-three thousand years too many. Then Sir Charles Lyell, the English geologist, jumped it up again to thirty-five thousand years, and now his learned brothers declare most decidedly that the river's real, bonafide time on earth is most anything from nine thousand to thirty-two thousand years.

A TRIP TO THE ORIENT.

THE TOURIST.

[THE following interesting article is the third of an illustrated series which commenced in the September TRAVELER describing a voyage to the Orient, and taking the reader from San Francisco to Honolulu, Yokohama, and Nagasaki. Herewith the journey is continued, with a farewell reference to Nagasaki, to Canton and Hong Kong, our correspondent giving vivid accounts of what he has seen en route.]

We are at once impressed with the shape, the size, and location of this anchorage, presenting as it does an appearance similar to a large and extensive graving-dock. The entrance is about one-quarter of a mile wide, broadening out to a variable width from one-half to one mile, with a total length of about three miles; the shore line is indented with numerous little bays, and on the western side is situated an extensive shipbuilding and docking plant. The town of Nagasaki is located on the eastern and northern side of the harbor, stretching in a southerly direction until it joins the small European business section. Further south, on rising ground surrounded by beautiful trees, are the homes of the foreign residents and their consulates. From the deck of a ship there is no more beautiful picture to be seen in all this great empire of beautiful scenery—the quiet little inlet fringed on all sides with habitations and the marts of industry, with an imposing background of towering hills, covered with a wooded growth of lovely green. All this, associated with events of past ages, makes the spot a particularly interesting one to the traveler.

Next morning we are taken on shore in a steam launch, and walk a few blocks to the tortoise-shell store, where the ladies of our party are charmed with the fine display of shell-work, and willingly yield to heavy drafts on their finances. Here we take rickshas for a spin through the native town, which in appearance resembles other Japanese towns, with its crowded thoroughfares, fairly clean and smooth streets lined with little stores and workshops, the diligent workman in a sitting posture busily forming into shape the various articles in his line. As we pass along these interesting roadways we note the cheerful faces and contented expression of the men and women, while children in great numbers frolic here and there, and in their childish joy have no care for the morrow; and yet these people are poor, very poor. We turn into an open space or square filled with a crowd worshiping at a temporary shrine, in lieu of a temple to be erected on the same spot. The ceremony is conducted by three Shinto priests, each in turn performing some particular part of the service, all clad in elaborate robes and maintaining an air of solemn dignity as they offer up their invocations in behalf of their flock. Noon is approaching and we hasten to our steamer where we find the hour of sailing postponed, a delay that is acceptable, as it enables us to witness the very interesting process of coaling large steamers at this port.

FREIGHT AND PASSENGER WHEELBARROW, SHANGHAI.

On either side of our vessel are three coal-laden hulks. From their decks, leading up to the steamer's deck, a series of platforms, like the steps of stairs in appearance, are fastened to our ship. On each of these steps are stationed two women or girls, who pass in rapid succession baskets of coal, each weighing from twenty-five to thirty pounds. There are many of these platforms, each requiring a crew of about ten people, and a glance at the busy throng impresses one with the cheerful activity of the workers. The men are mostly employed in the holds of the hulks shoveling coal, while the women, girls and smaller boys are stationed on the staging and about decks, passing from one gang to another their baskets, until the contents ultimately reach the steamer's bunkers. Many of these children are but ten years of age and less, but notwithstanding their extreme youth are very skillful and quick at the work allotted to them. Full of fun, they keep steadily at their work, and at one period we counted fifty-five baskets per minute passed by one gang. It was said that fourteen hundred tons of coal have been loaded on an ocean steamer in the short space of five hours. The compensation for this work varies from twenty cents to the principal men, to about five cents to the children per day, and we wonder that with such scanty recompense they can appear so content. The only explanation would seem to be that being extremely poor, their wants are few and never rise above their income, thus are satisfied with their lot.

ELEVATED TRAMWAY TO VICTORIA PEAK, HONG KONG.

At 5:30 P. M. we are again under steam and on our way to Shanghai. Soon clear of the land, with smooth water, we are making good time across the Yellow Sea, and at ten P. M. of the 26th, anchor at the mouth of the great Yang Tse River in the Chinese Empire. Early next morning we proceed up river to the anchorage off the town of Wosung, at which place we board a tug and follow a river of the same name. Along its banks is seen at work the patient Oriental farmer, and as we near the City of Shanghai the tall chimneys of large cotton mills are noted, apparently in full operation. A number of war vessels and many other craft are passed, evidence of commercial activity. Landing from our tugboat we enter rickshas and are whirled away on the Bund, a clean, broad roadway, one side of which is lined with beautiful buildings, the other side forming the water front. Here we see the stylish European carriage, the convenient little ricksha, and the quaint looking wheelbarrow, all used for passenger traffic, the latter vehicle for both passengers and freight. One is astonished at the heavy loads that are sometimes carried on these one-wheeled wagons. As many as six persons at a time are seated on these primitive carts, and the single coolie between the shafts will wheel them long distances for a very moderate fee. The ladies of our party are tempted to do more shopping when brocade and other silks of beautiful shades and textures are unrolled before their admiring gaze. Then we go for a ride through the streets of this pretty city, and out on the Bubblingwell Road, past the fine race course, noting many dwellings and grounds on the way, on to the Chinese Park, an enclosure fitted with Oriental passages, rockeries and refreshment booths conveniently arranged and extensively patronized by the wealthy Chinese. We dine at the Astor House, and at nine P. M. board our tug for a return to our steamer. It is a clear evening, the lights on the numerous vessels resembling the twinkling stars above. The smooth waters of the river and speedy movement of our vessel add to the pleasure of the closing day. Next morning we are awakened early by the bustle on deck and the movement of the windlass, as link by link the ponderous chain is passing in through the hawse pipe. At 6:30 we are underway down the river, and on our course to Hong Kong, where we arrive April 30th. Here for a time we leave the "Coptic" for quarters at the Hong Kong Hotel,

and next day visit some of the interesting and pretty places to be found in this neatly terraced city. The Queen's Road is a busy thoroughfare, lined on each side with fine stone and brick buildings, with attractive stores of every kind. To Happy Valley is a beautiful ride, passing the race course and parade ground. We visit the cemeteries and go to the Peak on the high level tramway, where there is an excellent view of shipping and harbor, and are reminded of the herculean efforts necessary to build this pretty island city. On the third of May we take a river steamer for a visit to Canton. Leaving the wharf we pass through the shipping into broad smooth waters, thence into and through narrow channels, with many high and picturesque islands. Then come the low banks of the river, a carpet of green rice fields, with here and there the attendant husband-man; now the nine-storied pagoda, and hundreds of fishing-craft dotting the stream. The old town of Wampoa is passed, other pagodas are seen, and further on the floating craft become more numerous, an indication that we are nearing the ancient city. A bend in the river, and we see in the distance a mass of water-craft. As we approach the landing-place we are astounded at the swarm of boats moving about in all directions and moored to the wharves, each containing families who are born, who live and die in these, their homes. We now realize what is understood by the great floating population of Canton. It has been said that three hundred thousand people are living on these boats. Arriving at the steamer landing, our guide procures sedan chairs, and, seating ourselves, the coolies raise us, and with shafts or handles on their shoulders start ahead through a mass of screaming humanity along the waterfront, across the canal to the hotel. Having several hours before sundown, we resume our chairs (six in number), making quite a procession, and recross the English bridge to the native quarter, the guide in the lead. We move rapidly and easily along and soon plunge into the narrow, crowded streets filled to overflowing with myriads of busy people. This is our first glimpse of a thoroughly typical Chinese city. The streets are about six feet wide, closely lined with brick buildings two and three stories high, each of which is a store or workshop. Our coolies trot along at a steady gait, shouting as they go a note of warning to the multitudes ahead, who in response dodge into the doors or niches to permit our passage. The sedan chair is about seventeen feet long from one end of the handle to the other, and skill is therefore required of the coolie in navigating this spider web of streets, and turning corners so as to avoid collisions, a point very necessary for our safety. On we go, the throngs of people increasing in numbers, but good natured, flattening themselves against the buildings as our chairs graze their persons, and staring with a curious and surprised look at the intruders. In an hour or so we halt for a visit to a celebrated silk store, the ladies selecting from the beautiful embroideries and grass-cloths such articles as they wish. Resuming our journey through these contracted lanes, we halt in front of the Temple of Peace and enter, where our attention is called to the fine wood and stone carving, the great dragon and image of the God of Peace being most prominent. Our interest here centers in the prostrate form of a poor woman, who is worshiping before this disciple of Buddha. Her appeal is earnest, her

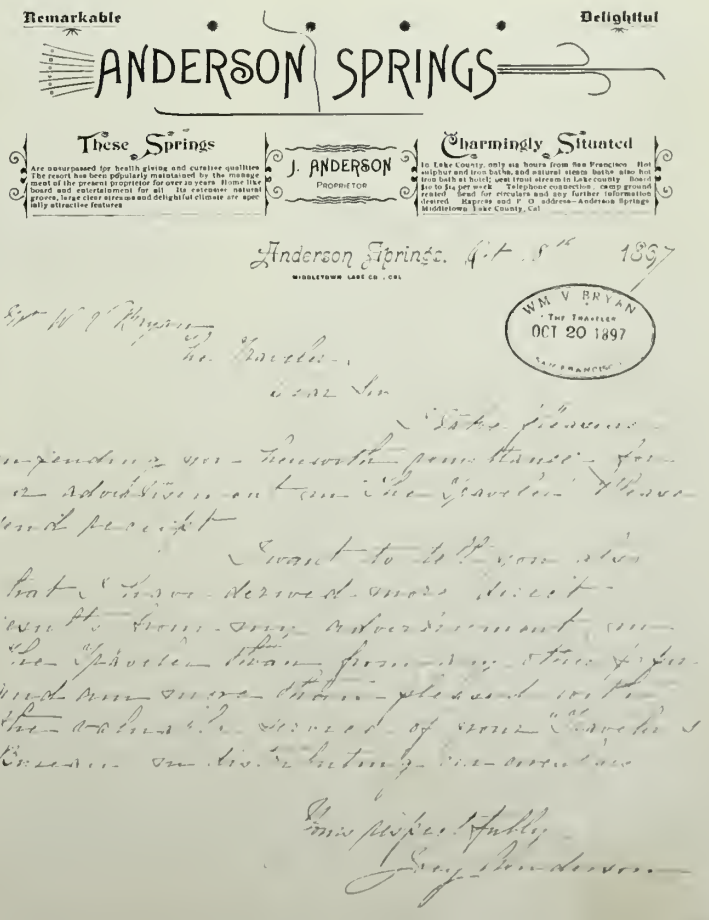
APPROACHING NAGASAKI, JAPAN.

supplications as fervent as though coming from the lips of the most devout Christian. On bended knees, with uplifted hands and face, this poor creature pours out her tale of woe before this gilded image, humbly pleading for peace. The hour is getting late and we again move on with rapid strides so as to be outside the gates before the setting sun. Next morning our procession is formed for a long day of sight-seeing. Our coolies are fresh, and move along seemingly unmindful of the crowds, slackening their speed only when with great care they turn the short and narrow corners. In less than an hour we stop to visit the Temple of the God of War. This huge, savage-looking image is flanked on each side by the God of Wind and the God of Fire. Then we visit the Temple of Buddha, the Temple of Longevity, the Temple of the Five Hundred Genii. At the execution ground we have an interview with the executioner, who allows us to handle and inspect the keen blade with which he severs the head from the body of condemned criminals, and when asked what was the compensation for this work, he, smiling, replied fifty cents for each head. From here we go to the Examination Hall, an interesting and curious gathering of structures where every three years the sages of the Empire preside over the examination of thousands of students from all parts of the country, and from all stations in life, who enter the lists for high degrees. The examinations are very rigid, and it is said that on the occasion of the last of the eleven thousand struggling for diplomas but eighty-five were successful. Once more through the crooked little lanes to the five-story Pagoda, which, situated on a high hill, is approached by a long flight of granite steps. We ascend to the fifth story of this ancient building, and obtain a fine view of this great city, which from this distance has the appearance of one continuous roof covering, the streets being too narrow to distinguish their boundaries. We note many four and five story buildings scattered over the city. These are the celebrated pawnshops, where the rich and middle classes pawn their goods when in need of money. Descending, we continue through the Tartar district, then into the Chinese quarter to the vaults, where the rich temporarily inter their dead. Here we see an enormous coffin, beautifully lacquered at a cost of $3000, containing the body of the former Governor of Foo Chow. Next, we see the celebrated water clock which, it is claimed, was originally built five hundred years ago, but frequently destroyed. The people for miles around come here to adjust their watches. Then the prison, the ruins of the British Consulate, the ivory and blackwood stores, keep up our interest until the twilight warns us to be outside the gates before the sun has set. We return to the hotel tired, but exceedingly well pleased with our trip through this wonderful City of Canton.

(*To be continued.*)

Voluntary communications like the following (which is reproduced in fac-simile) are not only pleasant to receive, but convey a meaning worthy of the consideration of all thinking business men. Many a dollar is wasted in injudicious advertising, but the profitable medium is the one that *brings results.*

The moral is, modestly deduced, *it pays to advertise in* THE TRAVELER.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Dear Sir
Enclosed please find expending you twenty dollars for an advertisement in the Traveler. Please send receipt.
I want to tell you also that I have derived more direct results from my advertisement in the Traveler than from any other paper and more than I expected for the valuable space of your Traveler's Revenue on this belong the amount.
Very respectfully
Jas Anderson.

OUR THEATERS.

BEYOND question, the name of Frohman is mighty in the theatrical world. Whether prefixed by a Daniel or a Charles, it is all in the family anyhow; so when saucy San Francisco woke up on a recent morning and discovered that a Frohman over in Gotham was saying horrid things concerning her all-round jayness, she laughed and entered into the controversy with great glee. San Francisco is too indifferent to the utterances of a Frohmaniac to be annoyed by them. She doesn't mind the "jay" brand at all, for it advertises her as a city with a critical mind of her own, who thinks what she pleaseth and don't care a button who knows it.

Mr. Frohman has sent us some excellent plays and people worth a dollar and half a seat, and he has also sent us plays and people worth a third of what the public was taxed to pay. Naturally, there were a good many empty seats in consequence, for San Francisco is not a freak. She likes to get the value of her money. That is not jayness. It is justice.

But Mr. Frohman declares that he will not, by the shade of Shakespeare and everything theatrical, lose any more money on our account. He will sail to London town hereafter, so he will, nor send a company the plains across in this or any other season. To our cheap stock-company theaters he will sell his old plays, and that's all we'll get of anything Frohmanian the rest of our natural lives. So be it. We shall not, however, sit in theatrical darkness forevermore, lamenting our freeze-out and refusing to be comforted. We are not dying of a broken heart. Just watch us and see how calmly, how sweetly we bear the blow, Messrs. Frohman Et Al Hayman, and all the rest of you syndicate gentlemen who have given us a cold, Klondike stare.

The past month has been one of cheerful activity at the theaters. With the passing of the Frawleys in "Sue" came "The Hoosier Doctor" to the Columbia, then Corinne. To-night, November 1st, Madame Adelaide Herrmann, begins a two-weeks' engagement with the aid of Leon Herrmann, nephew of the famous man of mystery. The prestidigitatrice—awful word, that, to pronounce in a hurry—has made such a study of her late husband's art that she amazes all who see her by her skill. The great bullet-catching feat is thrilling to a degree, Madame the magician bravely posing as a target for rifle balls and deftly catching six of them on a plate. She is something else unpronounceable also—a tehildat memsahib. As TRAVELER readers may not all be on speaking acquaintance with Hindoostanee, I will rise to explain that the words mean "devil woman." Madame Herrmann earned the appellation, so the story goes, by performing a marvelous trick before a crowd of fakirs in far-off India, juggling so successfully that the lightning-fingered fakirs were themselves out-juggled, and bestowed upon her the distinction mentioned. She is without rival in the black-magic line and is doing a big advance-sale of seats already.

FLORIDA KINGSLEY, ALCAZAR. *Pittle photo.*

MME. ADELAIDE HERRMANN, COLUMBIA.

Press Agent Phil Hastings, who is a genius at the business of booming theatrical attractions, has left the Orpheum and is devoting his energies to the Chutes, which he declares to be the greatest attraction this side of Jordan. There's vaudeville at the Chutes, and Adgie and her lions are not the least alluring items on the bill. Society is quite as fond of the Chutes as of the Park, and Pacific Heights patronizes the Haight-street grounds frequently.

Mr. Avard J. Moore resumes the Orpheum press-agency after a several months' absence, and will bring his talent to bear upon the destiny of that popular house. The Orpheum is a veritable mine for its management. No wonder Gustav Walter prefers California to Alaska. All the town goes to the Orpheum, from my lord and lady of high degree who preempt the cushioned chairs, to the newsboy aloft in the gallery. This week's bill is a strong one. There is captivating Edna Collins, who whistles a fat salary into her pocketbook every week, and who is fast winning the laurels formerly worn by Alice Shaw. Other Orpheum attractions worth seeing and hearing are Irene Orbasany and her trained cockatoos; the Countess Von Hatzfeld; the wonderful American Biograph; Hayden and Hetherton, "repartee artists"; the Dunns in comedy; Miss Ola Hayden, contra-tenor vocalist, and the dear little bandmen from Hungary.

COUNTESS VON HATZFELD, ORPHEUM.

The best thing done at the Alcazar since "The First Born" left us was "Too Much Johnson," with Wright Huntington in the title role. I did not weep when Hugo Toland was exported to New York. When he parted with his mustache awhile ago, I realized that there was a yawning gulf between us that even time in all its tender mercy could not bridge. The Alcazar is making a brave bid for public approval. Its people are talented and work hard for the applause they are getting. Manager Thall's theatrical experience is an important factor in the Alcazar's success.

"Under the Red Robe" has been the Baldwin's best attraction of late. November 2nd sees the California in dress array, for it will be the opening performance by the much-heralded Italian Grand Opera Company, a big traveling organization with twenty principals and untold numbers of minor personages. "La Giaconda" is the bill, and brilliant staging is promised, the scenery having come across lots with the company. The opera is not intimately known to us, but those who are opera wise declare it to be in Ponchilli's best vein. Following this will come "Othello," "L'Africaine," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Pagliacci," "Ernani," "Mask Ball," "La Boheme," "Rigoletto," and other productions.

The Tivolians have made an immense success of "The Geisha." It is a jolly piece of operatic excellence, with enough pretty Japanese girls in the cast to turn the head of an Edwin Arnold, and catchy music well sung by competent people. The Tivoli promises us some particularly good things this winter.

Portland opened its arms and the Frawleys fell into them. "Standing room only" was the business they played to in the North. By-the-by, Portland has a dramatic critic who is a genuine curio. He blithely referred to "Pudd'nhead Wilson" as "a play by the late Richard Mansfield." Will somebody kindly lance that critic's eye teeth? THE BOHEMIAN.

A LEGEND OF SANTA YSABEL.

PAUL SHOUP.

THE aspect of bountiful fullness is of all things at Santa Ysabel. The swelling hills show broad sides of verdure with gently sinking vales between; no deep defiles or sharp ridges give a frown to the face of Nature thereabouts. The very oaks that picturesquely cluster here and there have a spreading rugged stateliness rather than the tall austerity of the pine. And the glamor of romance is over it all, and that is the crowning glory of Santa Ysabel. The moon seems more genially radiant in softening outlines, the breezes that steal up the slopes have a sweeter cadence in their tree-top songs than elsewhere, and the clinging moss that twines the rugged oaks and leaps in fantastic festoons from limb to limb often swings to fairy laughter when mortals sleep.

The evening was very still. The long shadows were reaching across the vales and the sun was giving to hilltop windows one last dazzling burst of splendor. Johnnie and Robbie, with guardian left dozing in the easy armchair, had romped down the high road, waded in the creek and then in the dust, watched the calves through the bars of the fence, peered fearfully about the old adobe for goblins, and now very tired, lingered regretfully by the lakeside.

"Bubble-deep," said something out in the lake.

"A fwog," remarked Johnnie, with an air of much knowledge, "Le's look for him."

"Bubble-deep," said the frog and crawled out on a snag that lifted its head above the water. He was a very sorrowful looking frog, indeed. You could see the wrinkles about his eyes and he seemed very sober.

"Bubble-deep," again remarked the frog.

"I wish he'd say somfin' else," said Robbie, disappointedly.

"Good evening," said the frog.

"Oh!" cried Johnnie and Robbie together; then they hastily but politely added, "Dood even'n, Mr. Fwog."

Mr. Frog laid his hand on his heart and smiled, but very sadly.

"What is the matter wif' oo?" asked Robbie, sympathetically.

Mr. Frog drew his water-lily handkerchief from his pocket and applied it to his eyes. "I really can't bear to mention it," he said, dejectedly.

"I'll tell you!" said a little, silvery voice, and Robbie and Johnnie turned in astonishment. There calmly floating on a big oak leaf was a lovely fairy. She held a wand of glowing silver and wore the prettiest gown made from a bluebell blossom.

"A long, long time ago Mr. Frog was a very, very bad fairy. He was very selfish and wanted everything that was good for himself. There was another fairy who had the finest moss swing in the big oak and he wanted it. So he cast a spell about the other fairy so that he could not leave the castle, which of course you know is the old adobe. When the Queen heard of it she was so terribly angry, that after setting the other fairy free, she turned him into a frog; and she was so vexed that she said he should remain a frog until some entirely innocent human heart wished him well."

"BUBBLE-DEEP." *Wm. McMurray photos.*

"Bubble deep," said Mr. Frog, oh, so mournfully.

"He has repented long ago, to be sure," continued the fairy, "for he has had many years to think over it, and the Queen is very sorry she said what she did; but you know a Queen's word is a Queen's word and cannot be broken." At this point Mr. Frog's feelings overcame him and he almost fell off his seat.

"So," concluded the fairy, "all that he can do is to just stay here and wait for some innocent heart to wish him well. And yet though many people come and go, because their hearts are not entirely innocent, no matter how good they are, they do not know when Mr. Frog cries for help; all they hear is "Bubble deep! bubble-deep!"

Mr. Frog nodded; he was too choked for utterance.

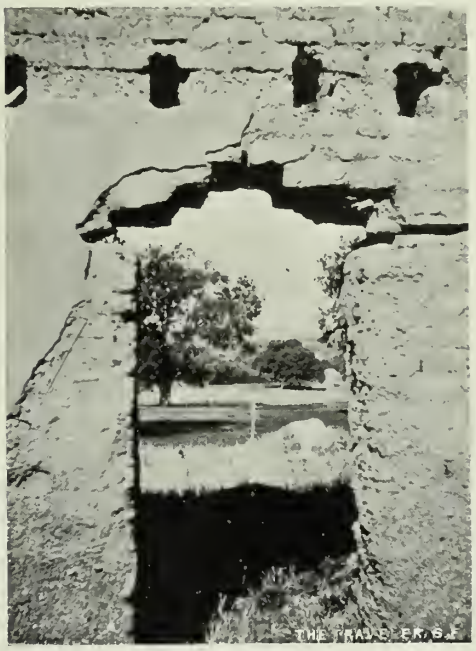
"I fink it's too bad," said Johnnie, sympathetically. "I'se orful sorry for oo."

"'N I wish 'oo was a fairy aden," supplemented Robbie.

"You see," said the fairy eagerly, "I'm the Fairy of the Raindrops, and I dance on the lake whenever it rains. Now if you'll do just what I say everything will be all right. You must go down to the old adobe ruin and go in and out of the big door three times and each time as you pass through say:

Fairy Frog, Lake Ysabel.
Fairy Frog, we wish thee well.

Then hurry back, for you must throw into the lake what you find in your hand, just as the sun goes down."



OLD ADOBE, SANTA YSABEL.

Darkness was gathering between the hills and Johnnie looked doubtfully down the road into the gloom.

"It's orful dark," said Robbie, and his voice quavered though he tried hard to keep it steady.

"We'll tum back aden when it's light," said Johnnie, apologetically.

Mr. Frog had brightened up but at this two big tears rolled down his cheeks.

"You see," said the fairy, "it must be done at sunset."

The twins looked at doleful Mr. Frog. "Den we'll do," said Johnnie, stoutly. "Tum on, Wobbie," and hand in hand they went. The tired little legs carried them down the road through the twilight. Quaking and trembling they went backward and forward in and out of the darkness of the ruin, clutching each other's little fingers tightly in an ecstasy of terror. Their voices broke and the words stuck in their throats, but they remembered the look on Mr. Frog's face and persevered. As they ran out of the door for the last time Robbie felt something in his hand. It was a little golden key. Together the twins toddled back up the long road.

The sun was just setting as they reached the lake. Robbie threw the key far out in the water and Johnnie stood very straight with a bright happy smile on his face, and said:

"I dess it's all wight, Mr. Fwog."

The fairy was tripping up and down her leaf in great excitement, and Mr. Frog was clasping and unclasping his hands in a fever of joy. As the key touched the water the sun went down and a bright scarlet light came right up out of the warm water and its glow spread over everything. Then Johnnie and Robbie saw a strange sight. In less time than it takes to crook the little finger of your right hand Mr. Frog disappeared, and in his place stood a handsome fairy with a high hat, a green coat, and green tight-fitting trousers, and a speckled waistcoat; and he smiled and bowed at Johnnie and Robbie and thanked them so profusely that they fairly blushed with pleasure. Then great big bubbles appeared on the surface of the lake, and out of each bubble came a fairy; and they all joined hands and together bowed to the twins—even the Queen, who had a beautiful moss-covered chip for a throne.

"Wake up, youngsters!" said papa's voice. "It's a pretty chase you've given us."

Robbie rubbed his eyes sleepily, "Dess we helped the fairy, didn't we, Johnnie?"

"Iss," said Johnnie.

Some grown-up people say they were just dreaming; but grown-up people are very ignorant and forget in learning the things of this world all knowledge that is worth knowing, which is the wisdom of the world before. But I know one man who sometimes asks himself, "Because twins are as alike as two peas from a pod shall they necessarily dream the same dream?" Perhaps if at midnight he was hidden down where the big oaks of Santa Ysabel nod sleepily at one another and the moonlight wanders through vistas of—— but that is a story that I cannot relate now as it can be told only in the full of the moon.

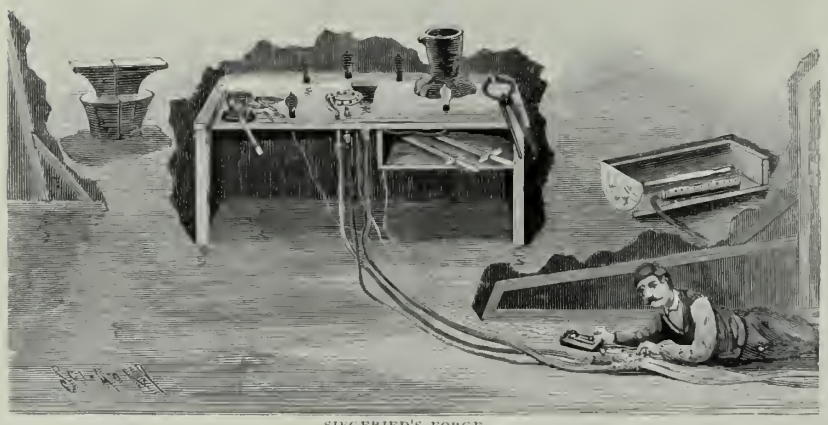
This you can prove for yourself. Wait as long and listen as intently as you may you will not again hear from Lake Ysabel, "Bubble deep!"

SOME THEATER SECRETS TOLD.

NOBODY disputes the saying that all the world loves a lover. Nor does THE TRAVELER think it will be disputed in asserting that the world loves magic, for, no matter how old it may grow, it does not outlive its childhood affection for the "Arabian Nights," or its fascinated interest in black magic.

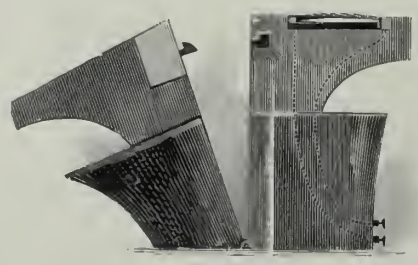
In view of the fact that magician Leon Herrmann and Mme. Herrmann are playing an engagement in this city, our readers may like to peep behind a drop-curtain and see how an illusion trick can be performed. We quote from "Magic," a new and elaborate work of 550 pages on stage illusions and scientific diversions, published by Munn & Co., New York. Price, $2.50.

"Those who have never seen 'Siegfried,' the second drama and third evening of the 'Ring of the Nibelung,' can form but a faint idea of the realism in the cave scene, which taxes the resources of the property master to the utmost. At the forge, Siegfried heaps coals upon the open hearth and fans the fire to a roaring blaze. Placing a crucible in the midst of the fire he puts therein pieces of the broken sword. These melted, he takes up the crucible with tongs, pours the fluid metal into a clay mold and throws it into a trough, the contact with water causing steam to rise. When the sword has cooled he takes it from the trough, breaking the mold with a blow, then heats the blade in the forge, proceeds to the anvil, strikes a shower of sparks with each blow of the hammer, and completes the sword. As he brings it down to test its temper, a tremendous blow to the anvil cleaves the latter in twain, sparks following it to the ground.



SIEGFRIED'S FORGE.

"It will now be asked how the very clever illusion of the forge and anvil is produced. Our engraving gives an idea of the rear of the forge. It consists of a rough table, the front of which is covered with canvas to represent rocks. The top of the table is quite well hidden from the spectators by painted work which masks the front of the forge, so that the mechanism for obtaining the light effects from the top is disguised. The gas is connected with the forge by means of two pieces of rubber hose, one of which is provided with a small burner which is kept constantly lighted. Before the curtain is raised it is not noticeable, as it is turned down until the flame is blue. When Siegfried goes to the forge and heaps on the coal, the stage hand, called the 'gas man,' turns on the gas so that it flows through the other pipe, which ends in a rose burner at the top of the forge. The instant the gas reaches the rose burner it is ignited by the jet which was kept lighted. By manipulating the valve the quantity of gas is regulated so that the flame burns high or low, as desired. As soon as the fire is supposed to rise to any height the glare of it is cast upon Siegfried's face. This is accomplished by means of incandescent lamps, which are arranged one on each side of the rose burner and three just in front, in the painted work which masks the front of the forge. The lamps are arranged on two circuits; those in the middle on one circuit, and those on back of the forge on another circuit. The wires run into the wings, and the electrician lights them and dims them, as required, by means of rheostats. Steam is used to give the effect of smoke. This is admitted by a stage hand in the wings.



THE DIVIDED ANVIL.

"The quantity of steam admitted depends upon the height to which the fire is supposed to have risen. It may thus be seen that the effect of the lighting is produced by a clever combination of gas, electricity, and steam, which must be combined with the greatest possible art. In the old forge at the Metropolitan Opera House, which was burned in the fire, the effect was obtained in a slightly different way. A man was placed under the forge, and when the flame was to rise, he blew lycopodium powder into it from a box underneath the top of the forge. A quantity of the powder was blown out at each stroke of the bellows. The particles of the volatile powder caught fire when they came in contact with the gas jet, thus producing the effect of the gaseous flames from blacksmith's coal and its sparks. The new arrangement is considered to be more effective and desirable than the old method.

"Under the top of the forge will be noticed a shelf on which are kept two swords. This enables Siegfried to substitute the swords, as becomes necessary, and here is kept the sword with a firmly riveted hilt which he finally uses to strike the anvil.

"The trough is also connected with a steam pipe. When Siegfried throws into the trough the mold which encases the sword, and when he tempers the sword, the steam rises. The steam is supplied from a drilled iron pipe. This pipe is connected with the steam pipes at the side of the stage by means of a hose which is carefully covered from view. The anvil upon which Siegfried strikes in forging the sword has one side covered by a piece of corrugated iron, six by twelve inches, and another piece of iron is over it, as shown in our engraving. It is arranged so that when the bow-piece of iron at the top comes in contact with the lower piece a momentary short circuit is produced, so that at each stroke of the hammer a shower of sparks is produced. When Siegfried raises his sword and brings it down upon the anvil, he really strikes a spring which lets one-half of the anvil fall, its under and outer side having the corner cut off for the purpose, as will be seen from our engraving.

"In the third act, the scene is laid at night, with thunder and lightning. Before the entrance to a cavern in the rock stands Wotan. Siegfried advances to the latter, holding his sword, which has once before been shattered on the same shaft, in order that he may reach the summit of the mountain upon which Brunnhilde sleeps, protected by the sea of flames. Siegfried fights with Wotan and hews the spear in pieces. A fearful roar of thunder follows; flames and steam rise in front, and Siegfried's horn is heard as he plunges into the fire. At length the fierce glow pales, the scene changes, and represents the summit of a rocky mountain peak, as in the third act of the Walkure, and Brunnhilde is seen in deep sleep.

WOTAN'S SPEAR.

"The illusion is very clever, indeed. Wotan's spear, as shown in our engraving, consists of a divided shaft, one part of which telescopes with the other for a few inches. The upper part of the spear is forced down over the lower, thus compressing a coil spring. When the spring is compressed sufficiently, it is caught by a catch. Now, when Siegfried strikes the spear with his sword, Wotan presses a button which releases the upper part of the spear. The coiled spring is sufficiently strong to throw it off from the lower part. As the upper part rises it lights matches secured by holders in the center of the lower part of the spear. A piece of sandpaper is secured to a little door which opens in the shell of the top part of the spear. As the sandpaper passes the matches, it lights them, setting fire to a small quantity of gun cotton, which lights flash paper concealed in the end of the spear. A lightning flash and a peal of thunder usually accompany the breaking of the spear. Formerly an electric spear was used, but it was found that the matches were simpler and more reliable. The volume above quoted abounds in illustrations and well-written matter pertaining to magic.

CONSERVATIVE VIEWS OF CURRENT EVENTS.

THERE is a great beating of tom-toms going on in certain quarters over the election of Freeholders to frame a new charter for San Francisco. Some one is getting ready to cinch some one else. At present the sky is a little murky, and the hands of the various schemers are not so clearly defined as they will be later on, but enough can be discerned to cause alarm in the hearts of all tax-payers. Non-partisan nominations are better on paper than in reality, and particularly is this so when the parties who make Non-partisan nominations are very, very Partisan. It is usually best to have a party responsible for the action of an official, even in framing a charter for the City of San Francisco. Our disastrous experience in a Non-partisan State Constitutional Convention should keep us from making mistakes now in a smaller matter. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

What are we going to do about water rates? Our Supreme Court in the San Diego water rate case, lately decided by it, seem to have effectually knocked out every obstacle in the way of the Board of Supervisors doing exactly as they please in the matter of adjusting water rates. There is apparently no check upon their power. The Spring Valley Water Company must study up some way of escape or the next action of the Supervisors may mean death to them, while bringing joy to the poor of San Francisco. It is passing strange that the attorneys for the Spring Valley did not take a hand in the San Diego lawsuit, for it means so much to them. The people next year must insist upon good men being nominated for Supervisors. It is now absolutely necessary. We do not mean to say that we have ever had any but good men as Supervisors, but that in the future we must be more careful than even in the past. *Sabe?*

If Judge Maguire really desires to be nominated and elected Governor he must cut loose at once and forever from the embraces of the *Examiner*. We have felt considerable pride in Maguire and have rather expected his further rise in politics, but sure death awaits him if he encircles his political body with the yellow pages of that newspaper. Rightly or wrongly, the people have come to suspect the sincerity of the *Examiner*, and when that point is reached in the history of any paper its influence is at an end. Besides, the *Examiner* has lately been very much out of luck and its "hoodoo" will affect Maguire. Now that Budd has at least said he was not a candidate (no one knows whether he means it or not) Maguire has a good chance of receiving the Democratic nomination, but he never will get it if the *Examiner* makes his fight, and if nominated the friendship of that paper will surely defeat him. For a very interesting record of the "Monarch's" failures in advocating important political measures see the editorial in the San Francisco *Argonaut* of very recent date.

Boye & Hahenicht photo.
MISS LORETTA GRACE OF SAN FRANCISCO.

The Figel case will soon be on trial. What a crowd we will see surging in and around Judge Cook's courtroom! It is marvelous the number of people in this busy town who can find time to attend murder and other exciting trials. It is unfortunate that the attorneys for the prosecution and defense are so closely related. It would be better all around—for Figel—for the people—for the lawyers—if the District Attorney surrendered the management of the trial to his associates, Murphy and Ach. Unless he does, "people will talk" regardless of the result. The trial will undoubtedly present some peculiar phases, and the steady visitor will be much interested. In the cooler precincts of the Superior Court much of the exuberance of Ach and the sarcasm of Barnes will freeze on the lips and die unuttered, but still warmth enough will be left for many a side bar speech. All we can say is, "Let justice be done."

Every lover of fair play—and every true American is such—is wishing Claus Spreckels God speed in his efforts to bring Hearst into court. Of the merits of the controversy we say naught. But we do say that any newspaper proprietor does an incalculable injury to the cause of freedom of the Press when he runs from the State where he publishes his newspaper and hides to avoid service of summons. It is not right that a man should claim a residence in New York while publishing a paper in California and thus be exempt from defending or explaining in court what he prints in his paper. We hope that Hearst will see the error of his ways, come out into the open, and do as others do—answer in court the charges made by Spreckels regarding the statements made in the *Examiner* concerning Spreckels and his sugar business.

"Shall Los Angeles dictate to the balance of the State?" cry the Republicans of Alameda. In the cry can be detected a tone of alarm that the Southern county may have the power to dictate. The recent racing carnival in the City of the Angels did draw together many would-be leaders of the G. O. P. From Colonel Burns down or up to Colonel Stone they could be seen at all hours of the day holding mysterious consultations. The result was an agreement to make no combinations until the State Convention assembles. The spirit of Hervy Lindley, despite his political death and material absence, still lingers in Southern California, and will not down at the bidding of the new boss, Colonel—or is it General?—Harrison Gray Otis. Attorney-General Fitzgerald wired from Washington, so it is said, that he would be very much in evidence at the primaries, while from Pasadena came a soft murmur, "My name is Markham: I may want something." Taken altogether, the conference was a brilliant success, in that it accomplished nothing, but made no man angry.

Government by newspapers received a deadly blow from the Supreme Court in the decision regarding the removal of the Board of Supervisors. The people are to be congratulated that the Justices of the Supreme Court were men of courage as well as learning. Had they shown the least symptom of fear the whole gang of yellow journalists would have opened fire on them with the blackest of mud. It is to be hoped that the good citizens who were led away by the shrieks of the *Examiner* will learn from this escapade that the editorial writers of that paper are not safe captains to follow where decent government is involved. The selection of officials in the mode and manner set forth in the Constitution will prove safer in the long run than sudden upheavals caused by dyspeptic editorials and wild-eyed reformers.

As was expected the Supreme Court of the United States advanced the hearing of the Durrant appeal. Before another issue of THE TRAVELER is circulated a decision will have been rendered. No sensible person doubts the result. The new avenue of delay for convicted murderers will be walled up by the court. It is not to be tolerated in this country that the various States of the Union are to be deprived of their right to punish criminals by the working of a Federal Statute designed to aid the innocent, not the guilty—the falsely accused, not the rightly convicted. We will not be surprised at reading some strong language from the august tribunal of last resort in this Nation upon this question. There are some rights left to the States even in these days of latitudinarian construction of the Federal Constitution.

Will somebody please inform a long-suffering public why the authorities permitted Bennett, the would-be wife murderer, to escape, and at the same time tell us why the police have not arrested him? He committed a felony; hence every one who aids or assists him in escaping is guilty of a felony also under the provisions of Section 32 of the Penal Code. Yet, this person and that person has sheltered Bennett, and some one else cared for his wounds, and another one brought him a doctor, and the police know it. Why is not an arrest made? Is there any pull concealed in this case? The crime was a most dastardly one, allowing Bennett to escape a most careless and indefensible act; and yet the police permit him to remain free and to write threatening letters to the woman he sought to murder while they grant his confederates immunity from punishment. Verily Commissioner Gunst was right in saying that the "upper office" needed renovating.

MY ALASKA BEAR.

SARAH HUGHES GRAVES.

STRETCHED out on the deck, notebook in hand, weary with the day's tramp, I was writing a reply to Agnes's letter that reposed in my pocket. It was not reassuring. "You see, dearest," she wrote, "father cannot be brought to believe in the commercial value of a man who paints impressionistic pictures for a non-impressionistic public. If he knew you I am sure it would be different." I was not so sure.

"Avast there!" growled Lieutenant Coburg, stirring me up with his foot as I was about to resume my pen. "Nice shipmate you are, leaving me to stand off the whole mess on that bear story. Come down and display your landlubberly knack at lying. Wendell and I have sworn ourselves black in the face and not one of them will concede that we saw anything resembling a bear while we were out fishing to-day."

I rose to the occasion. "We'll get the Old Man to let us off to-morrow with a Winchester and a cartridge belt apiece. The gang can come along, and we'll hunt that bear for all there's in it."

"That's what we will. I'll see how big a crowd I can drum, and you shall overhaul the Old Man."

I reopened my letter.

"P. S. We are going out to-morrow 'loaded for b'ar.' Four of us hunted moose all yesterday and brought in four hen grouse, of which I killed three by shooting off their heads, thus gaining the partial respect of my fellows."

Coburg and Wendell approached. "All right!" the latter sang out, "Peters, the head engineer, goes with us, but the rest want to stay by the ship. A crowd from the excursion steamer just up from San Francisco are expected on board to-morrow."

Next morning I was busy strapping on my cartridge belt when the bo's'n offered me a long hunting-knife with tapering blade and a stanch buckthorn handle.

"A gun ain't much account in a rush," he said, "any way you'll find this come in handy to peel off the hide."

"The worst of it is," I replied, drawing the stout weapon out of its stiff leather sheath, "I won't know how to use the thing." I was conscious of having sunk a full degree by his mental thermometer.

"I reckon 'f a b'ar should open out his arms 't wouldn't take long to stick this in betwixt his ribs," he said, moving off.

I humbly accepted the reproof and stuck the knife into my belt.

"Pickin' the head off'n a grouse at fifty feet on the fly takes a stiddy hand," he turned back to observe, "but a man's got to have clean nerve when he lets in to ticklin' a b'ar at close quarters. Don't stop to think about what he's goin' to make of you; jest grip your knife with both fists and sock it to him."

I shouted back my thanks as the boat pushed off, then forgot about the bear in reveries of Agnes.

"Asleep?" Wendell broke in on my thoughts after five minutes of dreamlike gliding over the dimpling Alaskan sea. "Wake up! We want you to give us a lift about dividing up the crowd."

I straightened up with a groan. "Peters and I can beat the brush along the lake, while you and Coburg hug the base of the hills."

"Well; if I find him two shots will let you know you're wanted."

"Don't wait for two," I remonstrated as we landed. "We must agree to shoot at nothing but the bear; then all make tracks for the shot whenever a gun goes off."

Peters left me soon and I moved slowly on, keeping a keen lookout for the enemy. A rustling in the brush sent me behind a big tree, gun at rest, and finger on the trigger, determined to shoot as soon as I could get a bead on the brute's ugly noddle. The padding sound on the soggy earth came nearer, accompanied by a heavy sweep against the close-lying bushes. Sighting my gun in the direction of the noise I—dropped it with a shock, for emerging from the underbrush came an elderly man, armed with shotgun and fishing rod.

"Good morning," I said. "Out for sport?"

"Out for fish, ptarmigan, duck, grouse, any thing to be come up with in this confounded place," growled he. "Here we've been tramping since sunrise, and not a beastly thing to show for it. Talk about trout! Well, I don't want to brag, but just put me on the banks of the Eel River up in old Mendocino and I could show you more fish in an afternoon than these blasted natives can hook in a week. What are you doing?"

"On a still hunt for bear," I replied. "There is a big one here somewhere. We ran across each other yesterday, but he got away. Four of us came out to-day to hunt him. By-the-by, if you shoot you'll have the whole crew down on you in a bunch. We agreed to gather in at the first fire."

I looked at him perplexedly. Of course one can hardly ask a man out for a day's hunting not to shoot. He proved to be of a fairly good sort.

"Let me in on that racket," he volunteered, "and I'll keep mum unless I happen to run up against the bear. My friends have no guns."

So it was settled. I watched him glide off into the underbrush with the practised step of a hunter, now that real game was in prospect. He was a fine, frank-faced old boy, with an intangible something in his manner that pleased me. "One of the excursionists," I concluded.

For an hour I hunted faithfully, my mind pretty evenly divided between Agnes and the bear. Meanwhile my chance companion, I learned afterward, bore off toward the hills. All this while Bruin was lopping comfortably along, a side at a time, coming from the opposite end of the lake. Suddenly he paused and raised his coal-black snout. His neck still sore from the assault of yesterday, it was with a sense of deepest injury that he recognized a scent, whether of powder or the odor of an approaching human being it would be hard to decide; perhaps his quick ears gave warning in spite of the cunning of the practised woodsman. At all events the black snout was lowered sagaciously; the lazy matutinal waddle changed for a lunging trot which brought him to the edge of the clearing just as the old hunter stepped from the protection of the trees on the opposite side.

The man raised his gun and fired both barrels in rapid succession. The shot spattered into the bear's tough hide and took away his breath. He remembered that he had old insults to avenge. Rearing straight up before his assailant in such a manner as to cut off all hope of flight, he struck him a sharp blow on the side of the head with his formidable armed forepaw. The long claws tore through skin and muscle to the bone, laying bare the entire cheek and ripping the cartilage of the ear from its attachment. The hunter dropped prone, his face buried in the moist, rank grass, his whole soul concentrated on the duty of non-resistance. The bear tumbled him over, but he took care to fall limply back into his former position. Bruin considered, snuffing occasionally the while. Not a muscle of the victim moved; his limbs flapped lifelessly under the conqueror's mighty paw. Bruin picked up the gun in his huge jaws and shook it viciously, growling. It was stiff, but otherwise did not resist; it also must be dead. He shook it again, rose on his short hind legs, drew back his blunt and shaggy head, and with one mighty jerk of his massive neck hurled the weapon into the underbrush, where it lodged in the crotch of a tree. He had already made a bountiful breakfast on a yearling, and appetite declined to respond to the call of opportunity. He now noses the body, growls, then indolently stretched himself on a level with his prey. Presently he rises sorrowfully. He is not hungry. Then he trots away and begins to dig. Rapidly the sharp claws fly; deeper and longer grows the trench before the terrified eyes hidden close in the fragrant bunch-grass. Bruin surveys his excavation approvingly. Returning he sets his teeth on either side of the man's neck to drag him to the trench, then roars with pain, while his burden drops to the ground. A bullet has entered his side; another, another.

I had time to give him one more shot full in the breast as he rose before me. He staggered, recovered poise, and lunged forward just as I drew my big knife from its sheath. The blade went straight down his yawning throat, the handle vibrating beneath his leathery nose. My next sensation was one of surprise at finding myself under the hands of Wendell, who had utilized my shirt sleeves to bind up a broken arm and a bleeding cranium.

"The man!" I gasped, then became aware of a group gathered around the poor fellow, who was conscious. Close beside me lay the bear.

They took us to the excursion steamer, and then I fainted again, for I saw Agnes—my Agnes—rush in a passion of terror to the stranger's side. Her father was the man I had saved.

When the surgeon came into my stateroom to fix me up he said the old man was much shaken on hearing my name, and had sent his grateful acknowledgments. No, his daughter had not been present.

"Agnes," said her father, faintly, later in the day.

"Yes, father," cheerily.

"Have you made——up your mind to——give up——that——young fellow——that artist?"

"Dear father," she coaxed, "don't think of my affairs; don't think at all. We must not quarrel while you are so weak."

"Did you see the——fellow that——killed the bear?"

"No," with quick compunction.

"Agnes, he is a brave man. If I should die—this is my last request—you must marry that man."

"There, there!" soothingly. "You must not talk."

"Will you?" feebly.

"Hush!" she sobbed, kissing him. He smiled.

"At least," he whispered, "you will go and see how he is?"

"Soon," she replied.

"Now, now, darling!" he insisted.

Calling the stewardess, she left him and came to me. And oh! the startled flood of unbelief, of grief, and ecstasy in her dear, dear eyes.

AMONG THE YAKUTATS.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

THE Yakutats are the dwellers round Yakutat Bay, which is distant about two hundred and fifty miles in a northwesterly direction from Sitka, the capital of southeastern Alaska. It is a rough trip from Sitka to Yakutat, and in stormy weather the mail-boat sometimes takes nearly a week to make it. The easterly head of Yakutat Bay is called Ocean Cape, and near it is an Indian settlement named Setuk, where so many salmon are found during the run of the fish that a man can spear a canoe-load in an hour. The fish are split open, hung up in the smoke over the house-fire until thoroughly dry, and laid by for winter use. Great quantities of halibut are also caught, and besides the natives eat devil-fish, cockles, mussels, limpets, sea-urchins, and several varieties of sea-weed. They also eat the flesh of the hair-seal, the blubber furnishing them with the oil eaten as a relish with all their food. This seal oil is drunk, used in cooking, and copiously smeared over the berries, of which many varieties are found in the Yakutat country.

The houses of the Yakutats, like those of southeastern Alaskans, generally are constructed of wood, and consist of one large apartment with a hollow place in the center for a fire; all round the walls runs a bench about three feet wide, and one or two feet high. Married children usually occupy the same house as their parents, each family group taking up a certain space upon the sleeping-bench, but all cooking at the central fire, the smoke of which escapes through a hole in the roof. The floor of the house is dug out, and is lower than the level of the earth outside, probably from a desire to gain greater warmth. The entrance is through a round hole, and, on first stepping inside, one has hard work to distinguish anything in the darkness, the only light being that admitted by the door and the smoke-hole in the roof. But houses of this type, though still to be seen, are becoming scarce, most of the natives living nowadays in ordinary frame buildings, fitted with window-sashes and stoves purchased from the traders. Hemlock and spruce wood are commonly used as fuel, and, as a result of living in cabins full of smoke, the Indians suffer much from weak eyes and ophthalmia. Many of the women are afflicted with a disease of the hip-joint, which gives them a queer rolling gait; in fact, the ungallant whites call them "side-wheelers."

The Yakutats have no strong belief in the power of young women to resist the overtures of the opposite sex, as is shown by the fact that, when a young girl approaches maturity, she is placed in an empty house, and kept there for eighteen months, during the whole of which time she is allowed to go out only at night, and under the care of her mother or a female attendant. The object of this is to increase her marketable value; a marriageable girl may be worth a hundred dollars or more. When girls reach the age of eighteen they are usually sold to the older men. Most of the Indians have only one wife, and few have more than two, their means not permitting them to maintain a larger number. The young men who cannot afford to buy young wives marry old women who have a little money laid by, and then use the money in purchasing a young wife. The natural result follows; the old wife and the young bride, living with one man in the same house, quarrel violently. Many of the men are under petticoat government, and are decidedly henpecked.

YAKUTAT INDIAN HOME. *Taber photo.*

At irregular intervals an Indian settlement is enlivened by a *potlatch*, or entertainment given in honor of a distinguished visitor. Each guest at a *potlatch* brings a quantity of things as presents to the most powerful man in the tribe, in order to get what is known in more highly civilized communities as "a pull." Often a rich and powerful Indian spends a great deal on a *potlatch*, entertaining all comers for several days. Sometimes his vaulting ambition leads him into an expenditure so lavish that it results in his impoverishment, just as a keen contest between two great English families for a seat in Parliament did a century ago. The music at a *potlatch* is furnished by a tum-tum suspended by a string from the ceiling, and struck by a spruce stick. The women dance for the amusement of the company, their dance-robe being a sort of shawl and broad-cloth with four or five rows of pearl buttons set closely together on its edge; it is faced with fine red flannel, and is worth from twenty to thirty dollars.

During the summer of 1894 a Kayak Indian (the Kayaks live to the west of the Yakutats) while out on a bear hunt, was killed by a Yakutat, who mistook him, clad in a brown blanket, for a brown bear. The kinsmen of the slayer were at first much alarmed, believing that the Kayaks would kill several of them to avenge the death of their tribesman. But their fears proved groundless, for the Kayaks accepted many blankets as a peace offering.

PRONOUNCIATION TEST.

In order to divert his mind during a moment of leisure a youth waiting in a New Orleans depot bought a book to which none other extant is comparable for words difficult to pronounce.

Although possessed of an excellent education, he found that he could not read an entire page without encountering at least one word which puzzled him as to its pronounciation. The reader is herewith invited to try the test also, the following being a sample of the language used and the trend of the book:

A reputable man of national fame once occupied a suite of rooms in San Jose. He was a great financier, a man of industry, and patriotic spirit, conversant on all questions of nineteenth century civilization. He had a fine physique and a dark mustache. His wife was a notably decorous society woman who felt it obligatory to extol people instead of using contumely.

Their beloved children were mischievous and given to all kinds of juvenile chicanery and subtle tricks, when not with their comrades.

They could tell you stories of dogs, calves, donkeys or ostriches, describe the Arctic glaciers, the Chinese or any of the antipodes, also Calliope or the Naiads. They were fond of almonds, licorice, syrup and desserts. When ill with diphtheria, bronchitis, erysipelas, neuralgia, or an epizootic, their mamma or aunts gave them half a spoonful of genuine morphine, cayenne and water, alternately. The daughter, although an amateur pianist, could play either Mozart, Hayden or Chopin in exquisite taste.

Monsieur's demise occurred one February afternoon. On inquiry a deficit of eleven hundred dollars was found in the treasury. After the obsequies the remains were taken to a cemetery in Missouri. The relatives left for Iowa and Arkansas.

UNCLE SAM'S WEALTH.

The wealthiest nation of the world is the United States. The census of 1890 shows the true valuation or fair selling price of the real and personal property of the country to be $65,037,091,197. It is an increase of over forty-nine per cent on the valuation of the previous decade, and is about six times the value of the money of the entire world. The mind cannot grasp the meaning of such figures without graphic illustration. This amount in gold dollars would load 123,570 carts, each carrying a ton. If two thousand gold dollars were piled one on the other they would form a stack three feet high. Make similar piles close together till a wall of gold one mile long and worth $230,400,000 is formed. Increase this wall to twenty-eight and one-fourth miles, and the amount would represent our national wealth. Placed side by side the coins would form a carpet of gold covering five square miles.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

This, That and the Other

LILLIAN FERGUSON.

Ambrose Bierce's "Prattle" has been "heard to cease." The satirist of the century, says journalistic rumor, will turn his attention from the making of paragraphs to the more enduring art of making stories, for Mr. Bierce, having a corner on brains, is also the short-story writer of the century. It is for him to choose whether he shall leave behind him such fleeting fame as may follow "transient records of individual opinion," or a lasting glory as the maker of a permanent literature.

Mr. Bierce has been paragraphing for more than a quarter of a century, and could the shades of the luckless mortals whom he has during that interval stabbed to death with his stiletto pen swoop down upon him in one vast, unhappy horde, there would not be enough left of him to make moan—to say naught of making stories for this and future generations to enjoy. But genius leads a charmed life, and there is a cheerful prospect that Mr. Bierce will live to write books, which in turn will live; and incidentally he will continue to let his knowledge of English shine as a lamp unto the feet of those who blunder about in the darkness of ignorance. Journalism will lose and literature will gain, and this is as it should be.

But what, I wonder, will Mr. Bierce do with that cavernous Poet's Cauldron of his, into which he has been wont all these years to toss his choicest prey, the aspiring tunester, whose discordant notes jarred the critic's nerves to homicidal fury? Will he sell it for old iron? Or will it be exhibited in some museum ages hence, a crumbling, rusty testimonial to the tortures inflicted upon victims of the owner's literary mania during the years of our Lord ending '97, in the nineteenth century? There is no denying that it was hard on the victims, but, after all, Mr. Bierce merely made the punishment fit the crime; for if bad verse be not a crime against art, what is?

So I say to those of you who in the past have been roasted a rich golden brown in "Prattle": Be sure that your literary sin was great or vengeance would not have overtaken you. Piece yourselves together—if you can—buy another bottle of ink, and try with all your mental might to do something worthy the name of literature. Don't practise poetry in public. What would you think of a violinist who pranced into the ears of an audience before he had learned to play? It is not enough that you have music in your soul—you must show it in your work. Our friends will pityingly forgive us our mistakes, but how are we to make our peace with Art?

And Ambrose Bierce so reveres the divine art of poesy that who shall say he was not justified in savagely protecting its shrine from the well-meaning but nevertheless desecrating touch of the tyro?

Since Mr. Adolph Spreckels has all the money that he is likely to need while journeying through this vale of tears, perhaps he will be good enough not to sue me for damages if I relate the following anecdote in which he plays a stellar role. The fifteen cents which repose in my purse at the time of writing this is all he could collect anyway, and I think I need it more than he does. So pray be forbearing, Mr. Spreckels, if the yarn be a libelous one, reflecting upon the temperance side of your character. I'll tell the tale as 'twas told to me, and will wager a pound of sugar that it is a true one.

Once upon a time, so runneth the fable, Mr. Spreckels had been dining with a merry company of congenial friends, who did not confine their libations to lemonade. Whatever was imbibed between courses I cannot say, but the result was that when he parted from the crowd and started for the Palace Hotel the millionaire completely lost his bearings, and somewhere, 'twixt midnight and dawn, found himself exploring, for no good reason whatever, the highways and byways of Barbary Coast, and for the life of him he could not tell in which direction to turn. The Palace was lost, if Mr. Spreckels was not, like the Indian's wigwam of chestnut fame. While he pondered upon his plight and looked vainly about him for a cab, he became uncomfortably aware that a slouching figure was dogging his footsteps with the evident intention of sandbagging and robbing him. An idea, inspirational in its brightness, flashed athwart the fog of his brain. Approaching the would-be footpad, he threw himself upon the latter's mercy, saying that he was without a cent and unable to find his way to the hotel, where he had money, ten dollars of which he would pay a guide to escort him there. The footpad immediately offered himself as guide, philosopher, and friend to the distressed gentleman, and the procession started toward the Palace. Arriving there, in the safe environment of the office, Mr. Spreckels pulled a brimming handful of twenties from his pocket, selected a half eagle and offered it to his companion. The latter drew himself up haughtily, angrily, surveying with keenest anguish the coin that might have all been his yonder in the darkness. "Sir!" he exclaimed, in a voice choking with rage, "you have robbed me!" and scorning the ten, strode out into the chill gray dawn.

Somehow the word cow does not lend itself musically to poetry. The cow is an excellent and in every way worthy biped, but let her amble into the realm of poesy and she is not welcome; nay, she is as awkward as

HOWARD W. ADAMS.
The leader of the younger contingent of San Francisco's "400."

the traditional bull in a china shop. Yet a Palo Alto poet, who, living within such learned surroundings, ought to know better and doesn't, has d[illegible]r driven a cow, horns, hides, and hoofs of l[illegible]a poem on "Live Oaks" thus:

> "The slumb'ring cow beneath their shade,
> May know in part the secret sweet;
> Or oak-ball hunters at their feet,
> Who laugh and play all undismayed."

Now [illegible]mb'ring cow may be a vis[illegible] peace, cudless a[illegible] supine, the very picture of beefy [illegible]pose; but she doesn't sound that way when the Palo Alto singer strikes the lyre in her behalf. If the rhyming gentleman with the football hair had only said kine instead of cow! I am not quarreling with the verses, but I resent the presence of the cow. When the gentle bovine is done into verse instead of beefsteaks, she should at least become kine in the process. Personally I prefer her a la porterhouse.

Readers of THE TRAVELER and all good Californians will be interested to know that some one in our midst has developed the patience and ability to compile a correct history of our famous Missions. The "some one" to whom I refer is Mr. Charles V. Kavanagh, who for years has been carefully collecting and arranging valuable data concerning these grandly picturesque features of California landscape. The story of the old Missions has hitherto eluded the historian. Books of various sizes have appeared from time to time, but between the covers of each the reader has encountered inaccuracy and disappointment. Mr. Kavanagh, realizing this, and determined to bring to light the facts, and facts only, undertook what was a veritable labor of love, pursuing his researches steadily until the result has been reached—a true tale of the Missions dear to the California heart; a romance woven out of truths.

It was not the author's original intention to give his work to the public, it having been accomplished for the satisfaction that the study of these historic structures gave to a studious mind fascinated by a theme rich in suggestion; a theme that appeals to all who love their California. Mr. Kavanagh recently read his manuscript to a number of invited guests at his residence, illustrating the interesting lecture with magnificent stereopticon views, more than half a hundred in number, the finest collection of Mission pictures extant. The slides were the artistic work of his brother Mr. Frank Kavanagh, the discourse being appropriately announced by the title "Under the Gray Robe." It is to be hoped that Mr. Kavanagh will yield to the wishes of his hearers and lose no time in placing his manuscript in the hands of a publisher. Such a work, superbly illustrated from photographs not elsewhere duplicated, would without doubt have a large sale. California may not rally to the support of all her authors, but I think she would warmly espouse an authentic volume on the Missions.

In the past century or so I have admired the talent of a number of actors, but my appreciation of their work before the footlights has never taken the form of hero worship to the extent that I must needs bestow jeweled tokens of my regard upon them. All women, however, are not so lacking in generosity, and popular actors are frequently the recipients of costly gifts galore from wealthy fair ones. Now all this is extremely nice, of course, and I wonder that an actor thus adored has not his head so turned that it will drop off his shoulders some night when he is speaking his lines. Several thespians whom I have met own enough jewelry to stock a small-sized shop, showered from time to time upon them by feminine worshipers in all parts of the world. Gifts come to them in other ways as well, and Harry Corson Clarke of the Frawley Company has a ring which would tempt almost any one to deeds of robbery. There are rings and rings. This one was entombed for ages with the mummy of an Egyptian princess.

It is a heavy silver band, curiously traced, and set with an Egyptian cats-eye, with a diamond on either side. Jewelers have puzzled over inscription and workmanship, and how old the ring is none can tell. Mr. Clarke came by it in rather an odd way. Attending a fair in Springfield, held under the auspices of society women, he visited the "Egyptian" room, where several dried-up personages of rank were exhibited in all their mummified solemnity. Urged by a bevy of fair Springfield maids, Mr. Clarke unwrapped a few folds of cloth from a piece of parchment that had once been a royal lady, and while examining the texture of her post-mortem wardrobe, the ring rolled into his hand in the most unexpected and romantic fashion. Now it happened that her royal mummyship belonged to a prominent and extremely wealthy Detroit man, who, when the ring was turned over to him, magnanimously presented it to the finder. Mr. Clarke may not consider himself engaged to the shrunken damsel of bygone days, but who knows how she may regard the transaction if her astral soul is floating around her former trinket? Anyhow, I think an actor ought to be content with having the modern matinee maid at his shrine, and not ruthlessly toy with the embalmed affections of a Cleopatra.

NOT EXCLUSIVE.

When first he smiled my way, I thought he meant
To single me from out the giddy throng.
Alas, what changes time will bring along!
That smile of his has gone down ten per cent.

I am not fickle. No. His is the blame.
I find that on this man of many wiles
I have no copyright. You see, he smiles
At every other woman just the same!

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. DECEMBER, 1897. SAN FRANCISCO AND LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Taber photo.

A CHRISTMAS REVERIE.

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THE TRAVELER.

VOLUME X. SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER, 1897. NUMBER 6.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

WM. V. BRYAN, Editor and Proprietor.
General Office, 20 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

FREDERIC MAYER, 15 AND 17, RUE DES MARTYRS, PARIS, FRANCE, GENERAL EUROPEAN AGENT.

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WITH this issue of THE TRAVELER the fifth year of its existence has been completed, and our following number, for January, 1898, designated as Volume XI, No. 1, will begin the sixth year. The first number came out in January, 1893, and because of its artistic excellence, its unequaled typographical appearance, and its beautiful paper, the concensus of opinions was "a veritable art album, a credit to California and the Pacific Coast, and a most laudable object, but such expensive work cannot be maintained, and we will give THE TRAVELER at the utmost six months to live unless this high standard of excellence is abandoned."

Just ten times longer than the allotted time prophesied for our existence by our most ardent friends and well wishers has now been passed, and THE TRAVELER still lives, and, if we do say so ourselves, is a pretty healthy baby, shorn of its toddling clothes and well able to take care of itself.

Born, as it was, on the threshold of the greatest financial distress the country has ever seen, it has maintained its prestige from its birth, and not one of our readers (and there are many) can say that it has ever deviated one iota from the prospectus, published when it was first launched upon the sea of California journalism, the gist of which was that we proposed to conduct a strictly high-class journal for the promotion of travel and industries in California and the Pacific Coast.

That we have succeeded in our enterprise is best evidenced by the fact that we are here to-day; and, if our readers will pardon a bouquet for ourselves, we believe that the elaborate publication of our Western attractions, presented as no publication but THE TRAVELER has, or can do, has done more to acquaint strangers throughout the world with our wonderful resources than any other single medium on this Coast.

If our friends will encourage us in the future as they have in the past we shall mutually benefit thereby, but in order to do so the constant watch-word must be "patronize home industry."

SEND THE CHRISTMAS TRAVELER
TO YOUR FRIENDS.

JUDGE BAHRS of San Francisco sometime ago decided that under the California statutes, at least, there is no such crime as obtaining real property under false pretenses. The concluding words of the section of the code which relates to the crime of obtaining real property under false pretenses are, "is punishable in the same manner and to the same extent as for the larceny of the money or property so obtained," which the judge says seems to leave no other construction possible than that the legislature intended to limit the section to that character of property which was subject to larceny, which, of course, real property is not.

BETWEEN the Valley Road, its prospective advancement, and its acknowledged success, California is now making a little stir in the way of railway enterprises. Within a very few weeks, we have seen the completion of another railroad from Oakdale to Jamestown, Tuolumne County, tapping the main section of the mother lode. It is called the Sierra Railway. The cost of construction will aggregate nearly a million of dollars, and the road will be forty-two miles long. In this connection it is interesting to note that for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1896, California built 202.05 miles of railway track, and but one State in the Union (Georgia) exceeded this record by 31 miles.

THE Supreme Court of the United States is universally recognized as the most important judicial tribunal in the world, and its decisions are everywhere respected. There can be no favor demanded or expected, for its judges are far beyond temptation, intimidation, or coercion, and therefore its decrees are absolutely just and unimpeachable.

The recent action, however, of the Supreme Court of the State of California in the case of Durrant, convicted of murder, is almost incomprehensible, and in view of the multitudinous delays that have been secured on technical grounds to prolong his life for nearly three years to date, and that even the supreme judgment of the land seems capable of revocation or even procrastination, we cannot but feel that there is but one thing as ephemeral and uncertain as the millennium and that is—justice! This deduction likewise reminds us of the action of the United States Supreme Court in incurring the hostility of the Knights of Labor some two years ago, whose General Assembly, on motion of the Grand Master Workman, adopted the following protest, which would never have received publicity in any country but ours:

Whereas, the Supreme Court of the United States has affirmed the decision of Judge Ross, who, in his decision, raised a misdemeanor to a felony, and sentenced

THEY WON THE WAGER. *Taber photo*

R. Pitcher Woodward and his silver-shod donkey, Macaroni, who traveled from New York to San Francisco on a $5000 wager, the result of an election bet, covering 4096 miles in 120 days.

four local officers of the American Railway Union, at Los Angeles, Cal., to prison for eighteen months; and,

Whereas, the decision of the Supreme Court affirming the decision of Judge Ross places all labor organizations in the roll of criminal conspirators; and,

Whereas, said decision provides that a greater penalty can be imposed for a conspiracy to commit a crime than is imposed by law for the crime itself: therefore, be it

Resolved, That the General Assembly of the Knights of Labor most earnestly protest against such a travesty on justice and such an outrage on the liberties of the people, and condemn said court for its partial ruling in the interest of plutocratic classes and its abridgment of the constitutional rights of laboring people.

STORIES IN MINIATURE.

SELECTED.

THE preacher was holding forth to a somewhat wearied congregation when he lifted up his eyes to the gallery and beheld a little fellow pelting the people with chestnuts. The clergyman was about to administer, *ex cathedra*, a sharp and stinging reprimand for this flagrant act of impiety and disrespect, but the youth, anticipating him, bawled out at the top of his voice: "You mind your preaching, and I'll keep the folks awake!"

"The sun is all very well," said an Irishman, "but the moon is worth two of it; for the moon affords us light in the night-time, when we *want it*, whereas the sun's with us in the day-time, when we have *no occasion* for it."

An Irish barrister named Bethel wrote a pamphlet on the Union between Great Britain and Ireland. Mr. Lysaght, meeting him shortly after, complimented him on the work, saying, "The copy I saw contained some of the best things I have seen in any pamphlet on the subject." "I'm very proud you think so," said Bethel, rubbing his hands with satisfaction; "pray what are the things which pleased you so much?" "Why," replied Lysaght, "as I came past a pastry-cook's shop this morning, I saw a girl come out with three hot pies wrapped up in one of your works."

Dr. Johnson was observed to be very inattentive at a concert while a celebrated violinist was performing a difficult piece of music. A musical friend, with the object of inducing the doctor to take a greater interest in the proceedings told him that it was an exceeding difficult performance. "Difficult, do you call it, sir?" exclaimed the doctor, "I wish it were impossible."

A lady once desired the doctor to give his opinion of a work which she had just finished, adding that if he thought it would not do she would like him to tell her, as she had other *irons in the fire*, and could bring out some other work. After looking through it, Johnson said, "I advise you to put it, Madam, where your *other irons are*."

The historian, Macaulay, passing one day through Seven Dials, bought a handful of ballads from some street singer. Proceeding home, he was astonished to find himself followed by a crowd of gaping urchins, their faces beaming with expectation. "Well, my lads, what is it?" said he. "Oh, that's a good 'un," replied one of the boys, "after we've come all this way." "But what are you waiting for?" said Macaulay, astonished. "Waiting for! Why, ain't you going to *sing*, guv'ner?"

IN THE MOUNTAINS, SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

An Irishman entered a shop, saying he should like a two-penny loaf, which was accordingly placed before him. As if suddenly changing his mind, he declared he should prefer two pen'orth of whisky instead. This he drank off, and, pushing the loaf toward the shopkeeper, was departing, when demand of payment was made for the whisky. "Sure and haven't I *given* ye the loaf for the whisky?" "Well, but you didn't *pay* for the loaf, you know." "Thrue, and why should I? Don't you see, I *didn't take* the loaf, man, alive!" And away he walked, leaving the worthy dealer in a brown study.

A pleasant story is told of Partridge, the celebrated almanac-maker. Traveling in the country, he stopped at an inn for dinner, and afterward prepared to resume his journey. The hostler advised him to stay where he was, as it would certainly rain. "Nonsense," said Partridge, and proceeded on his way. He had not gone far, however, when, sure enough, a heavy shower of rain descended. Struck by the man's prediction, Partridge rode back, and was received by the hostler with a grin. The almanac-maker offered him half a crown on condition that he told how he knew it was going to rain. "Well, the truth is, sir, that we have an almanac here, called Partridge's *almanac*, and the fellow is such a notorious liar that whenever he promises a fine day we always know it will be the opposite. Now, to-day, your honor, is set down as a fine day in the *almanac*."

ON THE SAN LORENZO RIVER.

Sheridan was very desirous that his son Tom should marry a young woman of large fortune, but knew that Miss Callander had won his son's heart. Sheridan, expatiating on the folly of his son, at length exclaimed, "Tom, if you marry Caroline Callander, I'll cut you off with a shilling!" Tom could not resist the opportunity of replying, and, looking archly at his father, said, "Then, sir, you must *borrow* it." Sheridan was tickled at the wit, and dropped the subject.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Capt. Jinks of the Horse Marines is forever embalmed in song as a rare production of the genus homo because he fed his horse on pork and beans. Our Captain Jenks of the State Militia will be forever embalmed in the aroma of a court martial because he failed to convince obstinate horses that good reliable wood splinters were preferable as a diet to oats and hay. Had the Captain succeeded he would have ranked with the other great inventors of the century. He failed, hence we must all consider ourselves horses and kick him.

Ought physicians to tell the truth about each other when called as witnesses in court? Most people would say yes, but "alack and aday" every doctor says no. Medico steps briskly to the front and says "I cannot swear against my brother medico, it would be a violation of professional ethics." Is this right? We submit the proposition a little vaguely and rather bluntly and promise ourselves a further discussion. A recent case in Judge Daingerfield's Court causes the query. Let every person who taketh drugs and payeth the prescriber thereof, study the point. It is of great moment to all of us.

The rescue of imprisoned whalers over which our daily newspapers are gushing at present with such brass-band self praise may be—no doubt is—commendable. We venture, however, timidly to observe, that to rescue the ears and nerves of suffering San Franciscans from the horrible noise of the travel on the stones of Market Street is a task to which every energy of our millionaire newspaper men should be directed. Let each one cover with asphalt the street in front of his office building and that would be an object lesson to the other property owners and to the city. It would enable them to urge other work with great strength of argument and citation of precedent. Speak up promptly, Messrs. Spreckels, DeYoung and Hearst. Who will be the first to enter into this home rescue work? It will not cost as much as Arctic supplies, and it will do a "darn sight more good."

THREE DECADES OF DRAMA.

L. F.

THE local stage of to-day is peopled with men and women of the time. Some have come hither from various parts of the world. Others, and of these there is a goodly contingent, since California is as generous with her native talent as with her fruit and flowers, are just at the beginning of a career. To them the far-off days of the early drama in San Francisco are little more than a tradition, but to one member of the profession in our midst they are the remembrance of a reality. To her the names of notable thespians who walked the boards of the old California Theater recall many an anecdote, many a personal friendship, although they are no longer seen on poster, placard, or program. Mrs. F. M. Bates is the only representative we have of the old and new in drama.

Who is there in town who does not know Mrs. Bates of the Alcazar as an actress of undisputed excellence with a record of creditable achievements? And who does not know and admire her beautiful daughter Blanche of the Frawley Company, who is rapidly making her way to the first rank of her profession?

When I asked Mrs. Bates to speak of matters theatrical she was at home trying vainly to get a few moments' breathing space between rehearsal and performance. At the questions I hastily propounded, a canary in a cage above a window-seat green with maiden-hair ferns burst forth into noisy protest. Even a bird may know that its mistress needs rest. Mrs. Bates, who was a bride at fifteen, is yet young in years, but learned in professional experience, and the stage is still as much a part of her existence as when she played roles to the sound of musket-ball and cannon in war times down in Alabama.

"It was an exciting period," said she, "and even now I can recall the intense anxiety with which, between acts, we rushed behind the scenes and up to the roof to see which way the battle was going. The Federals were endeavoring to gain possession of the city. My husband, F. M. Bates, was at the head of the Mobile Stock Company with Tony Roch. In those days a calico dress cost ninety dollars, and a pair of boots ninety-five dollars, and you may imagine that it needed several large-sized fortunes to dress dazzlingly. Never shall I forget the powder explosion that took place in Mobile during the last year of the war, supposedly caused by a negro soldier allowing a percussion cap to drop. It lifted the entire roof off our theater and at night we played under the sky. At the war's close we went to New York City where we played 'Camille' and 'East Lynne' with great success. Thomas Maguire heard of this and made us an offer to come to San Francisco, and this has been my home ever since, although I have frequently left it to travel. The Maguire Opera House was then on Washington Street near Montgomery, and its walls are still standing. Later, my husband and Harry Edwards, who was one of the most delightful men I ever knew, conducted the Metropolitan Theater successfully. In the cast when I came to the now historic California were Sophie Edwin, Mrs. Judah, Sallie Hinckley, Olivia and Rosa Rand, Bob Graves, stage manager, John McCullough, leading man, Charlie Tibbetts, Harry Edwards, Billy Mestayer, John Wilson, Dave Anderson, and William Barry. Later, I traveled all through California and Nevada, and had many odd experiences. In '73, in Pioche, Nevada, we played in a tent to splendid business. The mines were booming and money plentiful but we had to endure some hardships. I recollect many a rough mile traveled by team through Utah and Nevada, particularly one journey when the poor horses had the epizootic, and one night when, for lack of other accommodation, our company slept in a stable. I have costumed myself in dressing-rooms with the snow drifting down my neck, while the wheezy little stove in the corner seemed to make the thermometer drop still lower. Such were the vicissitudes of theatrical life in early days.

MRS. F. M. BATES. *Marceau photo.*

"I starred in Salt Lake for weeks, playing a new piece every night. Brigham Young was an enthusiastic theater-goer and I had a niece of his with me on the stage during my engagement."

"When did you first play with Edwin Booth?"

"In New York City. He sent for me to take the queen's part, and never shall I forget that night. I had to go on without a rehearsal, and the very thought of appearing with so famous and truly great an actor was enough to make me nervous, without the disadvantage of not having rehearsed with him beforehand. When we came to the closet scene, which is so important a part of the play, I was terribly afraid I would not be equal to it. As the curtain fell and the audience fairly stormed its approval, I hurried to the back of the stage while Booth went to the front to bow his acknowledgment of the compliment. The applause continuing, he sought me. 'As much your scene as mine,' he graciously said in answer to my surprised look, and leading me before the curtain patted me on the head before the vast audience. How the people cheered!" and Mrs. Bates' eyes softened at the memory of that triumph. "Booth was a lovely character. McCullough was a good friend also. Barrett had a somewhat colder nature but was nevertheless charming.

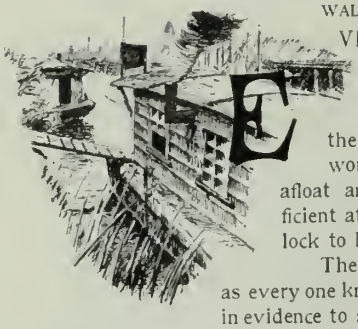
"Where did I make my debut? In Richmond, Virginia. Edwin Adams was leading man of the company, John Wilkes Booth walking gentleman, James Collier juvenile man, and Ben Rogers, so long with Booth and Barrett, low comedian. Rogers later became noted in character comedy. Yes, the stage is a difficult but fascinating life, and I suppose I shall stay with it until I die."

BLANCHE BATES.

As I rose to go I recalled the incident of nine years since, when Modjeska kissed Mrs. Bates before the curtain in this city for her performance of the Queen in "Cymbeline." I remembered Peter Robertson's kindly notices of the part, and those of the late critic, George E. Barnes, beloved in life and tenderly remembered in death, and I said to myself that this indefatigable worker had well earned the praise that has been hers.

RUDDER GRANGE FOR KEEPS.

WALTER J. KENYON.



THE VER since Noah landed on Ararat there have been those who sought their roof-trees on the water. Leaving out the men "who go down to the sea in ships," there are the canal boatmen, whose homes are on the keel; worthy and honest toilers whose babes are born afloat and learn their letters—ay, even become proficient at the piano, during their peregrinations from lock to lock.

These shifty but respectable water gypsies are, as every one knows, a considerable element in Holland; and in evidence to some extent in all the low countries of Christendom, to say nothing of China. A leisurely globe-trotter may board a canal boat at Buffalo and settle himself amid such comforts as lace curtains, carpets, snowy table linen, and gentle company; and dawdle thus across the Empire State to the Hudson, and so down to Manhattan; through as lovely a pastoral region as Ceres smiles upon.

The same life, in a cruder way, is to be seen on the Mississippi and its branch waters. Here the canal-boat has become a "house-boat," and is the domicile no more of a thrifty public carrier. Its captain is a veritable water tramp, without franchise, address, or calling; and his unseaworthy crew is represented in his chum, his pal, his "pardner." Their craft has not the Wouter van Twiller stability of contour displayed by the Eastern towboats. Its hull is a rectangular scow of uncouth angle and indifferent decoration. Its superstructure is the plainest sort of a hut, as crude within and without as a hunter's cabin. Its characteristic furniture a couple of rough bunks, a cur dog and a dateless fire-arm or two. Down the slow miles of the Father of Waters drifts this prideless craft; compatriot of the river snags and migrating with the waterfowls; with neither sail nor tow-lines, nor any sort of appeal from the steady purposed current, save through the spasmodic labors of a happy-go-lucky sweep. A landing here and there, where an opulent vegetable farm appears at the river margin, in conjunction with an empty larder aboard. An occasional raid on a poultry yard if the wildfowl should prove too shy. And so, at last, the water gypsy finds himself in delta waters. He may, should fortune favor, secure a tow back north at the favorable season. Or, captivated with the dreamy vistas of Reelfoot or Pontchartrain, abandon his seasonal rounds and amalgamate his interests—house-boat, cur dog, and gun—with the resources of the South. Or again, he may part with his rudder grange at what modest figure the buyer bids, and armed with the customary "tie-pass," leisurely seek the austere atmospheres of his birth.

A SAN JOAQUIN ARK.

In a land far toward the western sea the floating roof-tree is again in service. Although the world map makes but little ado over the mutual plain of the Sacramento-San Joaquin, here is room for several Eastern States to stretch themselves comfortably; and here are two rolling floods, heading far north in the snows of Shasta, and far south beyond Tulare; congesting their common delta ground, and twice each year bursting miles of levee as merrily as ever does the Mississippi itself.

Here are the ideal appointments for rudder grange. Roses the year round; strawberries in April and November; umbrellas unheard of all summer; what birds migrate do so merely to honor traditions of their kind. To the wayfarer from regions of afternoon thunderstorms and skies of fickle moods, this monotonous serenity is almost a plague. There the face of nature is human in its inconstancy; over this western land it is as if the assemblage of the gods had paresis. Here is the promised land for the gypsy—land or water. The "house-boats" have become "arks." All down the Sacramento they are strung from the Capital to the San Pablo Bay and all down the San Joaquin from far above Stockton to the salt marshes below, moored to the high levees, or dykes, behind which the fabulous crops are growing.

Mark the social evolution. Our boatman has heretofore been a nomad, an Arab of the eddies. Now he is a citizen. He has a name in the community, and even a vote.

Several hundred of the people of Stockton are among these residents of the arks. The little floating homes here are as innocent of the roving instinct as are the ducks born in a barnyard. Usually built on the "Peninsula," within the city limits, they are moored in the vicinity, once for all. Children are born and raised on these arks; go to school from them; marry and vote from them; sometimes go to church from them.

How do the arkmen live? Why, they are carpenters, cobblers, politicians, indistinguishable from the rest of us. How do they defy malaria? Ah! would that I, for one, might gain their secret!

The Stockton arks are gathered, thick as a beeswarm, about Weber Point, which separates two minor channels that a Mississippian would call bayous. Thence they scatter, snuggling in many an odd nook up and down stream. On one nearest the business part of town lives Mr. Wright. He is not an arkwright, for his sign sets forth, with the customary heraldic emblems, that boots and shoes are neatly repaired on his craft, and his gangplank, like the latchstring of popular report, is always out.

Many of these arks are tastefully painted, and in their *tout en semble* put to the blush some of their more pretentious neighbors on terra firma. "The Yankee Skipper" retains a nautical flavor and even has a remarkable contrivance whereby a sail may be rigged. The "Florence Romine" is queen of the fleet. Her tiny deck space, fore and aft, is wire netted; and within this safeguard there ofttimes toddles a tiny towhead, in gingham frock, scarcely to be seen for the riot of potted plants that hedge him in. The windows, too, are blooming with geraniums, and tiny curtains just show themselves within. On the "porch," shall I say, hang pans and skillets and like accoutrements that bespeak housewifely thrift. And if they are manifest to an occasional stroller-by, the artist eye, at least, will not revolt.

The enterprising harbor master of Stockton, actuated by a stern sense of efficient responsibility, once decided that these off-shore residents should pay wharfage, and set about collecting it. The arkmen argued that inasmuch as they used no wharves and merely basked in unpatented mud, no fees were due; and the official came, perforce, to this view of the question.

Old Bill Sayles is the veteran arkman of the colony. He lets boats as a means of livelihood and catches "mud-cats" on off days. Bill has invisible, mystic sleigh-bells attached to his cleated gangplank, so that the approaching visitor is at once announced and regaled by the music of his own footfall.

More than once an ark has been the scene of mysterious death, and somber stories are whispered of gambling and lurking shadows of habitual crime. But what would you! There are dark spots on shore, too. Most of these arks are wide open to the morning sun that finds its reflex in good digestion and good will. Lowly, happy homes, where the master may fish his breakfast at his chamber window even while he piecemeal dons his clothes.

This trip from the bay up the San Joaquin to Bill Nye's "City of Windmills" is well worth the while. Your odd little stern wheeler has not the rakish self-confidence and esprit of the palaces plowing eastern waters. Its carriage suggests rather the serious, vague purpose of a lobster or a turtle. Like the latter, too, these craft now and again weary of their allotted element and essay a trip overland.

Vast reaches of salt marsh presently give place to endless, level ranches lying low behind the crude and costly levees. The panorama is a prodigious crazy-quilt of every green and yellow, red and dun. And far in the east, fringing low against the sky, the Sierras rim the view.

It is one of Nature's enduring smiles. The mountaineer has his poetry of motion and the wild onset of the storm. The sailor, careening down the water slopes, sings a reckless song of turmoil. But he who has had his fill of the rack and rumble of the world let him trail his boat through this still valley, where only memory alternates with sleep.

ANGLING AS A PASTIME FOR WOMEN.

ELAINE HOLLIS.

DELSARTE builded better than he knew when he preached the principles of physical culture. Women became interested in the system because of a commendable desire to "grow in grace," but with the development of their muscles came an ambition to use them, and so by degrees they have been converted to the glorious gospel taught by Nature—the universal religion of fresh air and out-door exercise—which makes better men and women of us all. Athletic pursuits for womenkind have rescued them from ill health, broadened their mentality, driven depression and ennui forever from them, increased their usefulness as members of society in the broadest sense of that word, and rendered them doubly dear to mankind. For is she not indeed an ideal companion for the winter fireside whose unfailing good spirits and health have been found in exhilarating outings throughout the summer months? Is she not a better mother who left her tired nerves on yonder mountain-top, and whose irritability has been gently soothed in some restful vale by the healing influence of that other mother—Nature?

Golf, tennis, croquet, basket-ball, swimming, rowing, and gymnasium work are interesting and healthful pastimes if not overdone, but they become conventional after a time, and the spirited woman or girl, seeking new worlds to conquer, turns delightedly to a pursuit which will bring her in closer touch with spiritual and mental, as well as physical, development. Thus the mountains, streams, forests, and fields are offering allurements unthought of and unappreciated in former years, and angling for women is fast becoming a popular pastime. It was not until recently, however, that I realized the extent to which it has enlisted its devotees in San Francisco.

Now, a fishing-tackle store is hardly the place one would expect to be frequented by feminine shoppers. Happening into a leading establishment of the kind I was therefore surprised to find a lady making purchases with far more animation than she would have exhibited at a bargain counter in a dry goods store. The novelty of it drew my attention at once, and I watched with interest her critical selection of delicate rod and reel, exquisite silk line, dainty artificial flies and convenient book for holding them, creel for carrying future "catches," an aluminum drinking cup, and sundry other necessities for a complete fishing outfit. Then she examined and bought the wardrobe accessories, which I had not known could be so easily provided. For a short skirt and jacket she chose durable, closely woven canvas and twilled moleskin of grayish-brown color, to be made by a ladies' tailor into a jaunty, light-weight yet warm costume; for knickerbockers, a dark silken texture; footwear, tanned leather boots lacing to the knee, with soft iron nails in the soles and heels, to prevent slipping on the rocks; leggings, twilled moleskin finished with pliable ooze leather, capable of resenting any kind of wear or abuse, yet a really dainty addition to the outing toilette.

HER FIRST LESSON.

Upon examining the boots I was delighted with their adaptability to the purpose for which they were patented—and, moreover, they are the patent of a San Franciscan, one of the most expert anglers in the State. Their superiority in every way over all similar footgear has been recognized by Sarah Bernhardt, Princess Louise (wife of the Marquis of Lorne), Mrs. Langtry, and women throughout both continents, and they should be among the possessions of all other women to whom out-door exercise appeals. They are made of a dark-brown figured corduroy of rich shade; or of French calfskin, as one prefers.

Thus equipped, scores of fair tourists forsake the city in summertime for the coast and mountain streams, to pursue the fine art of angling in a scientific manner with the artificial fly. No publication upon the subject of angling, say its admirers, can convey an adequate idea of the fascination of this high-class sport, or practical instruction in it. Success in filling the creel comes with persistent practise, careful observation, and a disposition sufficiently philosophical to be satisfied with small returns after hard, faithful work. Yet this work must not be understood as in any way allied to toil. It has an incentive, satisfaction and charm all its own.

What can be more pleasurable than to rise with the dawn, wend your way through graceful willows, over boulders, fallen trees and logs, down to some crystal stream coursing through green meadows or purling through a canyon from distant mountainous source? Observe carefully the flies that have left their hiding places and are hovering near the water surface. Select from your assortment one nearest like them. Approach the stream cautiously. Be sure that your shadow does not fall on the water, and then make your cast, dropping the fly on the water very lightly so that it may touch it before any portion of the line does. Two or three trials on each pool or ripple will determine whether or not you may expect a rise. It may be necessary to change the flies several times in order to get the "taking" one.

A CALIFORNIA OUTING. *A. G. Macfarland photo.*

The above halftone is from a photograph of Messrs. C. A. Haight and Fred Mayhew and Mrs. A. G. Macfarland, taken near Duncan's Mills. It won, over 300 competitors, a prize offered by an Eastern magazine for the best amateur fishing picture.

The refined characteristics of angling attract to the practise of the art women of intellect and gentle breeding. Among those who have attained proficiency in fly casting are Mrs. W. D. Mansfield, wife of the world's champion caster who is constantly beating his own remarkable record; Mrs. Henry E. Skinner, whose husband is a prominent and popular member of the Fly Casting Club; Mrs. G. L. Nusbaumer; Mrs. Burns, wife of Dr. O. B. Burns; Miss Burling, sister of the late Ben Burling, who was an expert angler; Mrs. J. W. Bull; Mrs. W. F. Herrick; Mrs. W. F. Bogart; Mrs. Geo. T. Wright; the Misses Elliott; Mrs. G. W. Emmons; Mrs. L. L. Baker. These ladies have not formed a club, neither do they favor competitive tournaments, all of them following the diversion for its own sake and being averse to attracting personal attention. Mrs. Mansfield is a charming woman of gracious manner and sweet disposition, whose superb health speaks eloquently in defense of angling as a beneficial pastime. She is an ardent advocate of it, and accompanies her husband upon his outing and practise trips. Mrs. Nusbaumer and Mrs. Mansfield have explored some of California's most picturesque retreats together, and were the first women to reach the Siskiyou Plateau, a beautiful park-like bit of country in Southern Oregon. Mrs. Nusbaumer, who has toured in Italy and Switzerland afoot, is exceptionally cultured, with a fine complexion whose roses were gained out of doors. Mrs. Burns devotes much of her time to charitable work, but goes afield and astream in the rainless months, and is highly accomplished in several ways, being skilled with gun, rod, and oar. She caught the largest trout of the season when at Tahoe with her husband, and can pierce a postage stamp at thirty yards with a rifle.

The illustration entitled "Her First Lesson" is from a snapshot taken by the artist on Eel River a few days ago. As the unknown beginner was unconscious of his presence, and too intent upon her task to notice the liberty taken, the camera owes her an apology.

CHRISTMAS IN CALIFORNIA HOMES.

LILLIAN FERGUSON.

IT HAS been claimed that Californians do not observe Christmas Day with the interest that animates people in the Eastern States; that we regard the custom more in the light of an annual holiday than the celebration of an event fraught with historic religious significance; that we are growing less mindful of its deeper meaning as we grow older, and that it is gradually becoming a conventional occasion for the exchange of gifts. I believe this to be an entirely erroneous impression.

It is true that we do not take life quite as seriously out here by the Golden Gate as do the dwellers in the less favored climes along Atlantic shores. There is a tonic in the ozone, a stimulant in the atmosphere that discourages profundity and brings the lighter emotions to the surface of human nature. Given a long enough residence in California, and almost any man of conservative, thoughtful disposition will become genial, will think less of the morrow and more of to-day. There is something radically wrong with him who is not a better man and more beloved of his fellows when he has dwelt among us as neighbor and citizen. Here's to the health of California and Californians! May the Golden State and those who love it live long and prosper!

In San Francisco's earlier days, when society was in an unsettled condition, when fortunes were lost and won in a day and lost again, this was not a city of homes. Therefore was the Christmastide a season slighted; to many the loneliest day of the twelve-month because domestic ties seem never so precious as then, and a large proportion of our population was separated from home ties in other States. Changes for the better have taken place, and while San Francisco supports more hotels and boarding-houses than any other city of its size in the Union, we have here thousands of model homes—homes in every sense of the word. From the mansion on Nob Hill to the cottage that represents a humble home on the sand dunes, Christmas is celebrated as it should be, and "Peace on earth, good will to men," is the motto for at least one day in the year.

It is to the home-loving Germans that we are indebted for the Christmas tree. Its origin with them was a thought worthy to be called an inspiration, for does not the beautiful custom appeal to hearts the wide world over? Beginning in Germany with a decoration of tiny Christmas apples, gilded nuts, ornamented ginger cakes, and a paper Santa Claus, ideas for the embellishment of a tree have been elaborated until now the manufacture of Christmas tree trimmings is an industry, giving employment to countless thousands. Nearly all the decorations used are imported from Germany, and are for the most part made in Nuremburg, Bavaria, by women and children.

MISS MADELINE McKISICK, *Taber photo.*
A typical California beauty, popular in Oakland society.

Among the San Franciscans whose Christmas trees are the subject of much thought, and triumphs of artistic beauty, who regard the day as one worthy of all the time, labor, care, and money expended upon it, are Mrs. E. W. Hopkins, Mrs. W. H. Talbot, Mrs. Hugo D. Keil, Mrs. G. W. McKean, Mrs. H. S. Morton, Mrs. George W. Granniss, Baroness Von Schroeder, Mrs. J. L. Nickel, Mrs. C. F. A. Talbot, Mrs. Emilie Hager, Mrs. F. S. Moody, Mrs. W. B. Harrington, Mrs. Beverly MacMonagle, Mrs. Alexander Boyd, Mrs. M. H. DeYoung. The Christmas trees of which these ladies are the presiding geniuses are indeed resplendent pictures that linger in the memory of the beholder. San Rafael has magnificent homes in which a tree is yearly placed. Three charming matrons who delight in Christmas tree decoration are Mrs. Louis Carrigan, Mrs. E. B. Strong, and Mrs. A. W. Foster.

But a tree is not a luxury confined to the enjoyment of the wealthy classes. As much or as little may be spent in this way as the family fund will allow. A tree is within the province of all, save the sadly poor, and these should be hunted out and gladdened on Christmas Day by those more fortunate in life's struggles for maintenance. No matter how simple the act, how trifling the service, it may mean much to a heart that hungers for kindness even as the body hungers for food.

The novelties of the present day for tree decoration are infinite in variety and far surpass in glittering attractiveness the old-fashioned articles formerly used. They are even typical of the hobbies and occupations of different people, as, for instance, miniature musical instruments and sporting articles Tiny slippers of fanciful make, baby dolls, dimpled cupids, all kinds of animals and fishes in papier mache, metal, and glass, manifold designs in cotton and tinsel, tinkling bells in silver and gold, brass and nickel horns and trumpets, gaily colored acorns, cotton stars with cupid heads in the center and a fringe of glistening tinsel, fluted tissue paper, paper dolls, brilliant birds of paradise, ornamented candies, popcorn on strings and in balls, brightly hued cornucopia, with tissue frills, asbestos snow, peacocks suspended by a rubber that they may show themselves to advantage, strings of gold, silver, copper, and bronze tinsel known as Christmas tree lametta, brilliant Goldwolle, transparent baskets, wax and paraffine candles in all colors with globes and holders of varied hues, glass reflectors and butterflies, the Kriss-Kringle dear to the German heart, these are some of the things you may choose from for the glory of your Christmas tree. Wax candles are preferable; they burn longer and do not drip. The glass spheres, cones, and other designs are really beautiful when the candles illuminate them, reflecting rainbow colors that please the eye of the elders and are the delight of the juveniles. Some of these spheres and cones are encrusted with tinsel, others have ornaments enclosed; some are concave and all are obtainable either singly or in assorted boxes, at prices to suit a plethoric or limited purse.

Keep up the Santa Claus illusion among the children. Do not listen to the cold counsel of wisdom when it advises you that the Santa Claus myth is a deliberate deception that should be abolished. Make the pathway trod by little feet along the first half dozen miles of their journey as sunny a one as you can, filled with joyous surprises. Hang the tiny stockings near the fireplace and join in the speculations as to what the bountiful and bewhiskered personage who must circumnavigate the globe in a night, will slip into them. It is a happy deception that infuses such an unreasoning, but charming and altogether delightful element of pleasure into the childish heart. If we can lead the little ones into fairyland for a brief space, why not? None of us who remembers the breathless, delicious intervals between bedtime and sleep, when, vainly trying to hear the sound of reindeers' hoofs, we passed into a dreamland peopled with fascinating fancies, could wish that the story of the impossible and beneficent saint had never been told us. The tree on Christmas Eve, glittering with a multitude of lights, and spreading its branches over piles of packages beneath, containing untold possibilities in the way of gifts—no matter what else is blotted out in the memory, as we grow older, that vision remains.

Then make room for a tree in your homes when the day of days draws near. Let each member of the household have a share in its decoration, especially the little ones, who in after years, when pleasures are fewer and life less rosy, will remember with tender gratitude the joys of a vanished childhood. Spare no pains to have the tree so gorgeous, so dazzling a sight that it will never be forgotten by those who have a part in it. Why, the very odor of a fir-tree in the house, pungent and permeating, is sufficient to tell the blind that it was Christmas time. Group the presents around the foot of the tree and make the little world about you happy, if not for the sake of your children, your friends, and yourselves, for the sake of the dear Christ child, cradled centuries ago in a manger, crucified, and adored as the most ideal character ever created; the sacred Christ child, whose glorious birthday it is.

OUR THEATERS.

SOMETHING is happening. As THE TRAVELER goes to press the lawyers are holding star-chamber sessions in which mighty contracts play important roles, theatrically speaking. Unless all signs fail, by the time the printer's ink is half dry upon this journal, there will be fewer fingers than ever before in the local pie. I wager a bag of peanuts piping hot that Messrs. Friedlander, Gottlob & Co., who are nothing if not ambitious, will own this corner of the theatrical earth—they've been coveting it these many moons—and that the Al Hayman corporation will be ancient history. Unfortunately, the press refuses to wait until the matter is decided, but if all the straws seen by everybody hereabouts show which way the wind bloweth, the offer made by the Friedlander faction will be accepted, and the Columbia, California, and Baldwin go under their management forever and aye.

As a rule one theater is about all that the average manager cares to control. A trio of such responsibilities would drive him to strong drink, gray hairs, and an early grave. That is the difference between people. The Friedlander-Gottlobs just dote on hard work, they court responsibilities, and go out of their way to woo dull care. I dare say they'll be reaching out and grabbing at Los Angeles playhouses, and gobbling up Sacramento and Portland theaters before 1900 is upon us. Well, here's success to them if the deal goes and the lease they long for with all their financial hearts is theirs. At least they demonstrate their unshaken faith in San Francisco's present and future by daring to put up their money on our jay patronage.

The hit of the past month at the Columbia was made by "In old Kentucky," with its dear old melodrama, splendid horses, and rollicking pickaninnies. It came hither with a cheerful whoop, and went with a merry farewell, a special car importing and exporting its heavy consignments of southern accent. Louis James and an excellent array of people are now at the Columbia in a strong, romantic play by Espy Williams, "A Cavalier of France." The story is an interesting one of court intrigue and is superbly costumed. A woman's garter is responsible for the plot, and a queen's garter at that, finely jewelled. Marguerite of Navarre proceeds to lose it, and it is subsequently found in the possession of a nobleman, who is promptly hustled out of the royal yard on a charge of theft. He has a loyal sweetheart who refuses to believe he did the purloining of this charming article made to blush unseen under a lingerie screen, and the plot thickens like a hasty pudding. Next week Mr. James offers us the following assortment of the legitimate, spiced with the heroic and romantic: Monday, December 6th, Spartacus"; Tuesday, "Othello"; Wednesday, "Julius Cæsar"; Thursday, "Spartacus"; Friday, "A Cavalier of France"; Saturday matinee, "Spartacus"; Saturday evening, "Julius Cæsar"; Sunday, "Spartacus."

FLORENCE WOLCOTT. *Thors photo.*
A sweet-voiced attraction at the Tivoli.

Mr. Hoyt's "Milk White Flag" will be waved as a holiday attraction at the Columbia, and from the rosy promises made by the press agent one is led to believe that he will out-Hoyt himself in its production. Next Thursday at the same theater Herr Scheel will wield his baton over the heads of one hundred and twenty-five musicians in a grand symphony concert under direction of the Orpheus Musical Club, commencing at three P. M.

Apropos of music, the Italian Grand Opera Company will begin a limited engagement at the Baldwin next Monday, opening in "La Boheme." Stuart Robson will come to this house the latter part of the month, and is said to have a choice lot of new successes to try on us. Meanwhile the Baldwin is jammed with people who think "In Gay New York" quite the most dazzling show come to town. I cannot describe the costuming of the piece, as clothes are conspicuous by their absence. A few more fig leaves would be useful. The girls are tempting providence by putting merely a frill or two and some silken tights between themselves and the weather; but the entertainment is a good one. Jeanette Bageard gives a really clever imitation of Yvette Gilbert. Eddie Foy does some startling things, and Ida Moreland and Gertrude Zella are in great favor for their talent as well as fetching looks. The latter is a Lillian Russelesque beauty.

IDA MORELAND, *Marceau photo.*
Gotham's most popular Casino girl, with "In Gay New York" at the Baldwin.

"The Geisha" has had a tremendously successful run at the Tivoli. The patronaage enjoyed by this old-time opera house shows no waning. Next week Planquette's "Rip Van Winkle" will be given, followed by Edwin Steven's "Tales of Mother Goose," the music composed and selected by Max Hirschfeld. It is declared to be a jolly mixture of melody, ballet, and transformation scenes, the popular holiday combination.

I note with satisfaction the steadily increasing business at the Alcazar, although I own no stock therein, and have no personal claim on so much as a penny of its clinking cash-drawer receipts. The Alcazar has, however, advanced along precisely the right lines, treating the public fairly and squarely, and catering to the amusement of only the better class of theater-goers. No matter what may be the play announced, depend upon it that it is a good one to see. It has a steady patronage among families, who know that it always keeps faith with them in clean entertainment.

Over at the Orpheum there is the usual mad rush for seats seven nights in the week. The specialties imported by Gustav Walter are always the best that can be located on the globe and induced thither by golden persuasion. I doubt not that if the enterprising Mr. Walter heard of somebody away off in Afghanistan who could do a rattling good turn he would have him here in double quick time, if he had to send a balloon over to get him. Next week's Orpheum novelties include the De Filippes, noted dancers; Paulinetti and Piquo in their great bar act; Harry Edan and his dog comedy business; the wonderful acrobatic Pichiani Sisters; the serio-comic Caroline Hull; Sato, eccentric comedian; the Vesuviano Quartet; Fordyce; Cgita; marvelous violinist; and Servais Leony.

THE BOHEMIAN.

A TRIP TO THE ORIENT.

THE TOURIST.

READERS of THE TRAVELER who have followed with interest the descriptive articles under the above title, commencing with the September number, will in the accompanying narrative go to the ancient town of Macao, touching other points of interest, and taking leave of the "Coptic" at Kobe. Journeys by ricksha and train are then taken to Hiogo, historic Osaka, Nara and its great temple, and Kioto.]

Next morning we take the steamer for Macao, arriving in the early afternoon, and under the care of a guide immediately start in rickshas to visit the interesting points in this ancient but very pretty town. We inspect the ruins of the Cathedral San Paulo, erected in 1602, and destroyed by fire thirty years ago. This ruin is preserved by the Portuguese government. Thence to the gardens and grotto of the poet Camoens and the silk fillature factory. Here we see eight hundred women reeling the silk thread from the cocoons. They are arranged in rows, with a basin of hot water before them, into which the cocoons are placed so as to loosen the thread, thus compelling close attention by the women to prevent the thread from breaking. These people receive twelve cents for twelve hours' work, and many of them work with their infants strapped on their backs. We go to the boundary between the Chinese and Portuguese, which is marked by a large arch, returning by way of the beautiful wide and smooth road called the Praia Grande to the hotel for dinner; in the evening to the celebrated Fan Tan gambling saloon, where the game is being played, and the next morning we take the steamer and proceed toward Hong Kong, where we arrive about the noon hour, and for the present will be guests at the hotel, remaining to revisit the places of interest and admire the substantial buildings which line the sloping sides of this attractive island, its pretty, winding roads, charming views, and busy thoroughfares on the lower levels, all of which occupies our time for nearly

AVENUE OF STONE LANTERNS, NARA.

a week. On the last day we again take that lovely ride to Happy Valley, and in the beautiful English Cemetery stand beside the grave of that noble sailor, Captain W. G. Pearne, who for many years commanded the Steamship "Gaelic." With uncovered heads in this far land we recall the many virtues of this brave man, always at his post when duty called, a skilful, careful navigator and a faithful servant to the last. Now, beneath the shadow of this mountain island, he sleeps in the quiet city of the dead.

The next day we once more resume our comfortable quarters on board the "Coptic," whose dress, always scrupulously clean, is now exceptionally neat, and as we draw near the stately craft her yachtlike trimness is the subject of comment. At one P. M., May 11th, our anchor is away, we are steaming out of the Harbor of Hong Kong, and are soon heading up the China Coast towards Shanghai, stopping on the way at Amoy, and on the morning of the 14th are at the anchorage in the Wosung River. Here we repeat the lovely ride up the stream, and another enjoyable visit to the thriving and attractive City of Shanghai, which embraces a tour to all the places of interest, as well as a second opportunity for my lady wards to drop a few more dollars into the coffers of the polite silk merchant. In the clear cool evening we make a return trip of sixteen miles down the river to our steamer.

The following morning early we feel the throbbing of the massive engines. Once more in motion we continue our journey toward Japan. Crossing the Yellow Sea at excellent speed, on the succeeding day we find ourselves within the waters of this the empire of many islands. Passing the historical Pappenborg we gaze at its perpendicular sides and recall the story that, about three centuries ago, thousands of native Christians were driven to this rugged rock and precipitated into the sea because of their refusal to trample on the Cross (recent utterances from the Imperial University imply a doubt of this story's truth). Soon after the noon hour we are again at anchor in the cozy little Harbor of Nagasaki. Our stay here being longer than on our previous visit we see more of the interesting country in this vicinity. Our first move is to engage the convenient little carriage for a ride to the village of Mogi on the Shimabara Gulf. Leaving the bund in regular order, our brawny little yellow men hasten through the streets, indifferent to the crowds, skilfully avoiding an encounter, keeping up the steady gait to the outskirts of the town and to the commencement of the rising ground. From this point we begin to notice some of the beauties of the pretty picture. Advancing up the hills, on the slanting sides of which are very many pocket-handkerchief farms, methodically laid out and walled up with stone on the lower sides to prevent the soil from washing away, we see a small plot not more than three or four feet in size; again, in a corner, a tiny spot not bigger than one's hat, and now streaks of irregular shape and uncertain dimensions, all laid out and carefully tended by the diligent, hardy, unpretentious tiller of these diminutive pieces of ground, whose surface now presents a lovely sight as we wind around the hills, dotted from top to base with myriads of dwarf-like patches of the deepest green. In the valley below the thatched cottage of the husbandman is scattered here and there, and women and children flitting about as if engaged in some occupation add much to the interest of the scene. On and upward we go, and arriving at the upper end of this delightful little valley where the road unites the two mountain sides, we stop to view the lovely landscape, the blending of different shades of color, the irregularities of size and shape of the fertile spots on each sloping side, with the little hamlet, the plum tree, the chestnut and wisteria combining to make the sight an enchanting one over which we delight to linger. Proceeding on our road, still winding around the mountain sides until the highest point is reached, and from which we obtain a splendid view of the Gulf of Shimabara. Descending on the other side, our interest maintaining the same intensity at the continuation of the lovely scenery, we twist and turn down the hills to the unattractive village of Mogi. Here we halt at the usual tea-house and to give our ricksha men a rest. The thimble-like cup of tea is served for a small fee, after which we are afforded a second look at the panorama, and late in the evening are on board our steamer. Next morning again on shore, we speed through the streets to the Osuwa Temple, the largest in the vicinity. Passing from the street under or through an immense bronze torii or gate, up two hundred stone steps, taking a look at the bronze horse in the courtyard, we come before the Temple, where we chance to witness the ceremony of christening an infant in accordance with the rites of the Shinto faith. We visit a pretty garden in the immediate vicinity from which a lovely view of city and harbor is obtained. Leaving this attractive spot we call at the homes of the priests, who appear to be absorbed in their devotions, or poring over volumes of manuscripts. Descending the two hundred steps we find our attendants awaiting to land us at the hatoba, where we board a sampan, are sculled off to the steamer, and in less than an hour are under weigh and passing out of the harbor on our way to Kobe.

At about four o'clock the following morning we go on deck to witness the approach to, and passage through, the narrow and interesting Straits of Shimonoseki. The weather is cold and rainy, but the headlands forming the entrance are seen, and as we near them we are reminded of the stirring scenes enacted in this vicinity. Here in the twelfth century a great naval battle was fought between rival clans, and here it was that the Prince of Chosu, who had fortified these straits, and had forbidden the passage of foreign vessels, fired on a number of European merchant ships and killed several men. The governments of these vessels being unable to obtain redress despatched several war ships to the scene, and the combined fleet of English, French, Dutch, and American vessels in 1863 bombarded the works at Shimonoseki, soon reduced them, and opened the passage to foreigners. Later, the treaty of peace between China and Japan in 1895 was concluded. Entering the narrow strait we note and admire the pretty headlands, rushing tides,

crooked channels, odd-shaped islands, numerous junks, little villages, new and modern fortifications, and the town of Moji. Rapidly passing out, and into the Inland sea, we continue our way eastward. In the afternoon we again enter the narrow reaches and pass through that enchanting portion of this lovely sheet of water. This time we approach from the west, and as before, are filled with rapture as we speed along through the contracted passages. The swirling tides and changing shoreline, little villages, fleets of fishermen at work in the eddies or crossing the channel combine to make this one of the most lovely of waterways.

Next morning we anchor In the busy Harbor of Kobe, and now comes the first shade of sadness in this hitherto delightful voyage. Here we regretfully

HARBOR OF NAGASAKI.

bid adieu to the splendid, well-officered, well-equipped steamship "Coptic." She has carried us in comfort and safety many thousand miles and we cannot but regret the parting as we pass down the gangway into the boat for the shore. We go to the hotel and at once commence our sightseeing in a ride to Hiogo, a pretty, bustling Japanese town, visit the bronze Diabutsu or Great Buddha, and go into the interior of the image, where there is an altar to Amida, and smaller images. The grounds are prettily laid out with many bronze animals scattered about. We are taken to the bazar or exposition. This is very interesting. Here are displayed the various products of the surrounding country, two large buildings being filled with bronze, porcelain, cloisonne, bamboo, lacquer, wheat, barley, rice, and all other products tastefully festooned with flags and other adornments. The entrance fee to this instructive fair is two cents each. Leaving this, we ride about the town and are much pleased with the stores and general appearance of the people, returning to Kobe in the evening.

Next morning, in charge of the guide whom we employed the night before, we take the train for Osaka, passing through a well-cultivated and pretty country, and on arrival ride through the streets of this ancient but busy city, observing the stores and pretty sights. Stopping at a factory where satsuma ware is made we are shown some handsome articles, and see the workmen preparing the different pieces for market. The finish in some cases is so fine that the painter uses a magnifying glass to see his work. We cross bridges and arrive at the Government Building where we make a personal request for a permit to visit the celebrated castle, and receiving the document resume our ride, and in a short time reach the broad open space and see before us the massive walls of Japan's famous fortress. Approaching the huge gates we present our permit to the sentry and pass into the enclosure. The visitor is deeply impressed with this stupendous structure, built in the year 1585 by Hideyoshi, Japan's distinguished war lord. The stones were so regularly cut that they fitted into their places without the use of mortar. Many of these blocks of granite are of such colossal dimensions that the visitor pauses with wonder and admiration for the great soldier who in the sixteenth century planned and finished this immense stronghold. Huge blocks of granite measuring ten by forty feet in length and weighing two hundred tons are as neatly in place as any of the smaller ones. How were these immense weights moved from the quarries and placed in these great walls? This is the question asked by every visitor. We ascend the granite steps to the top of the battlements, from which point we obtain a splendid view of city and country, with beautiful mountain ranges, rivers, various manufactories, the mint, numerous bridges spanning the canals with the forest of sailing craft between the walled-up sides of the convenient waterway, and throngs of people moving in every direction. Descending, we are shown a camelia-tree planted by General Grant, and further on the spots where stood the magnificent palace which was destroyed in 1868, when the Mikado's forces attacked the castle, defeating the shogun and dealing a deathblow to feudalism. The castle is now used as a barracks for Government troops. Passing out of the great gate and crossing the moat we notice large bodies of soldiers going through military evolutions. They are a fine body of men and the most of them are veterans.

Entering our rickshas we ride to the station and take the train for Nara, a city of many attractions, where we first visit a pretty Japanese hotel and partake of an excellent meal. The bright-eyed Japanese girls are very much interested in the dress of the ladies of our party and with amusing curiosity inspect the fit and material. From the hotel we go to the Government deer park, containing seven hundred animals. Nearly all are tame, and as we walk up the beautiful avenue fringed on both sides with stately cryptomeria-trees, and rows of large stone lanterns, these gentle animals come to the roadside and feed from our hands. This avenue is particularly attractive. The trees on both sides form a small forest, and are of great age, the stone lanterns having been silent sentinels for many centuries and at one time were all lighted every night, producing a beautiful effect in this great grove of magnificent trees. We slowly wend our way up this avenue to the great temple containing the immense Daibutsu, or enormous image of Buddha, it is made of bronze, is fifty-three feet high, in a sitting posture with legs crossed and on a bed of lotus flowers. This image was commenced in the eighth century and has been nearly destroyed on several occasions, but always restored, either by the Government or public subscription. The temple is also of colossal dimensions, being 290 feet long, 170 feet wide, and 150 feet high. There are two other images besides Daibutsu, but they dwarf into insignificance in comparison, being only 18 feet high. We pass into a court where hangs an enormous bronze bell cast in the year A. D. 732. Its dimensions are: height, 13 feet 6 inches; diameter, 9 feet; thickness, 8 inches. The tone is deep and clear and is struck by a large stick of timber suspended from the rafters of the belfry. We also visit the sacred horse, an animal small in stature and of a creamy whiteness. He is confined in a stall and is attended by a keeper who cares for his comfort and receives the small coin offered by the poor as they reverently pass by. We then visit a Shinto Temple where we witness the worship by a priest and two young girls. The ceremony is simple, consisting of certain movements of the body and hands at the prompting of the priest, with the usual bowing of the head, the girls being prettily dressed, and going through the ceremony as through a lesson rehearsed at regular intervals. We next visit the handsome little Lake Sarusawa No Ike, and for a time are amused at the play of the number of pretty fish who come to the sides to receive the crumbs thrown by those who rest by this lovely pond. Calling our ricksha men we hasten to the station and take the train for Kioto, passing through a highly cultivated country, with here and there villages and hamlets dotting the wayside. We arrive in the city after dark and are immediately borne through the streets and over bridges to the hotel.

(To be continued.)

G. A. HART. D. H. HART

FREE BUSS TO AND FROM HOTEL

Los Angeles, Cal. Oct. 28th, 1897. 189

W. V. Bryan, Esq.,

Dear Sir:-

Herein please find draft for advertisement to November 1st., "The Traveler" reaches us regularly, and we consider it one of the best and most effective mediums we have ever used, and cheerfully send you the enclosed.

Respectfully yours,

Hart Bros Proprs.

W. M. V. BRYAN
THE TRAVELER
OCT 30 1897
SAN FRANCISCO

IN SAN FRANCISCO SOCIETY.

FAVORED in form, feature, fortune, and environment is the typical San Francisco society woman, a veritable pet of nature and the gods themselves, since all these seem combined in their happy influence upon her destiny. Frequently she is born with something better than the figurative golden spoon in her pretty mouth—a family side-board resplendent with everything in the line of spoons imaginable, and other golden gifts galore awaiting her just so soon as she shall be able to lisp her wants. Her nest has down within and roses without, and when she possesses beauty of a splendid, healthy, radiant type in addition to these other blessings—which she is quite certain to inherit in this glorious climate—why, then, I say she is blessed beyond all other womenkind the world over.

The highest type of Californienne has brains as well as charm of face and perfection of form. She is accomplished in so many ways that one wonders how she has found room in her gracefully poised head for their acquirement, so much of her time being passed out of doors in athletic sports. Nevertheless, though she loves her life in the open, she enters the drawing-room with all her social instincts developed and trained, her lithe body prepared to endure a gay season of dances and late-hour diversions such as society amuses itself with, a linguist, musician, artist, vocalist—any one or all of these is she. From budhood to belledom and matronly estate she goes her popular way, a fund of good spirits accompanying her good health. As time goes on, tiny buds of the future are trained in the conservatory of home, and history repeats itself. And as the seasons come and go, the ranks of the matrons increase, a fresh aggregation of youth and beauty makes its maidenly introduction to the social world, all distinctively Californian yet individual in their personal characteristics.

We have matrons here who seem to have imbibed of the fountain of eternal youth. Nowhere else—dispute me who will—do women retain their physical charm, their striking fascination, as here in San Francisco. There is Mrs. L. S. B. Sawyer, for instance, than whom there is no handsomer, younger matron in society, and certainly none more beloved in the younger set. Of medium height, dignified and gracious in manner, rosy-cheeked and black-eyed, she retains the attraction that distinguished her when she became the bride of the well-known lawyer. Mrs. Sawyer is especially versed in the art of entertaining. Mrs. Monroe Salisbury, whose daughter Kate has been extremely popular ever since her debut last season, is also a favorite with the younger people. In contrast of complexion to these is Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy, wife of a prominent business man. It is but a few years since Mrs. McCarthy was a belle. She is one of the most beautiful blondes in San Francisco, of winning disposition. Her sister, Miss Helen Wagner, a piquant demi-blonde, made her debut last year.

MISS GERTRUDE FORMAN. *Morse photo.*

Miss Rose Hooper, daughter of Major W. B. Hooper, now visiting in the East, is as delightfully unaffected and lovable a girl as one could wish to know. She has unusual talent as an actress, though, of course, it will never be in evidence elsewhere than on a program for the benefit of some charity. Her naturalness of manner and innate refinement would adorn the professional stage.

A girl universally admired in society wherever she goes is Miss Gertrude Forman, daughter of Sands W. Forman, a citizen of political and journalistic standing, and librettist of an opera. Of Miss Forman it may be truthfully said that she is as much in favor for her beauty of character as for her sweet face, and the gentle breeding that is no minor part of her charm. She is both accomplished and clever and carries herself with true Californian grace.

Among the young women who have been socially prominent and who are representatives of local belledom may be mentioned Miss May Belle Gwin and Miss Bernice Drown. The Misses Deming, now absent in Honolulu, are noted for their elaborate and tasteful gowning. They are twins and exceptionally fine musicians as well as modish dressers.

The Misses Tobin are heiresses, and have had fine educational advantages, but they are yet quite unspoiled by Fate's kindness to them and are the most pleasing of girls to meet. Miss Celia is a musician and an ardent believer in outdoor pastimes. Her brothers are noted in field sports. The Tobins enjoy what may be termed an idyllic existence the greater part of the year at their Burlingame home.

Miss Gertrude McConnell, daughter of the Woodland banker, is spending a portion of the winter in San Francisco, where she has been the recipient of considerable social attention. She is a graceful brunette, and has many friends here. Miss Isabel McKenna, daughter of a San Francisco judge now of narional reputation, is absent in Washington, having joined her father soon after his appointment to the President's cabinet.

There will be no dullness in the drawing-rooms this winter, nor wherever the younger set seeks its social enjoyment, for it is declared that the buds are all bright conversationalists, and that each is unusually interesting. A beauty of the brunette type is Miss Marie Wells, stately and of medium

height. She has the sort of face that painters want to repeat on their canvases. Another debutante of the brunette type is Miss Leontine Blakeman, tall and reserved in manner. Her cousin, Miss Ethel Keeney, petite, very dark and decidedly chic in style, is an attractive girl. Miss Charlotte Ellinwood is, perhaps, the most popular bud on account of her very sunny temperament. She is slender, dark, and vivacious. Miss Helen Thomas, demi-blonde, tall and Junoesque, was introduced at a dancing reception given by her mother, Mrs. William Thomas. Miss Marie Messer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nat Messer and granddaughter of the late O. F. Griffin, is exceedingly lovely. She is a petite brunette, and excels in dancing. Miss Lucy Jackson resembles Miss Thomas somewhat in style. Her chief accomplishment is music, both vocal and instrumental. Her voice is a high soprano, and her playing masterly. Miss Bessie Ames was the first formally presented debutante of the season, her mother, Mrs. Pelham Ames, giving a tea in her honor. She is already extremely popular. Her cello playing is greatly admired. Miss Ames has traveled extensively. Mrs. Dick Carroll introduced her daughter, Gertrude, at a tea at their Van Ness Avenue home. An elaborate affair given at the W. P. Morgan residence introduced the daughter of the house, Miss Theresa—a tea followed by a dinner and cotillon. Miss Helen Thornton is also an attractive bud.

No event of the season has caused more admiring comment than the Ellinwood reception and ball, which recently introduced Miss Charlotte at the elegant home of her parents, Dr. and Mrs. C. N. Ellinwood, corner of Pacific Avenue and Devisadero Street. It was largely attended by our best people, and the spacious rooms, beautifully decorated, thronged with the youth and fashion of San Francisco society, the elderly element also being represented by mothers and fathers who were belles and beaux themselves in the long ago. The coming out of Miss Lillian Follis has been a much-discussed topic of the season, widespread interest centering about this exceedingly pretty girl of engaging manner. Miss Follis is an heiress and relative of the Floods. She is a blonde with fair, fluffy locks, stately in style, and is certain to become a distinguished belle. Miss Mamie Polhemus, another bud, tall, blonde, and slender, is both pretty and witty. She resembles Miss Helen Hopkins, who came out last season, and whose sister Edna is a bud of this year. The Hopkins residence on California Street is a very popular rendezvous for young people. Mrs. E. W. Hopkins is noted for her entertaining, and her daughters inherit their natural grace in that regard, being adepts in the role of hostess. At their suburban home in Menlo and in town they keep open house the year round. The two sisters are opposite types, Helen being tall, stately, and reserved, though an animated conversationalist, while Edna is petite, brunette, and vivacious. She is an ideal aid to any young man upon whom falls the responsibility of leading in a cotillon. Her grace, quick perception, and good taste invariably guide her to do exactly the correct thing and at the right moment. At the Friday Fortnightly last month she led with Robert Ayer. Society is extending a genuinely hearty welcome to Miss Helen Hillyer, or "Nellie," as she is affectionately termed by her more intimate friends. Since her debut Miss Hillyer has been in Europe and has just returned. Never was a girl more popular than she, and those who know her best are the most enthusiastic in her praise. A handsome demi-blonde with fine complexion and figure, she is as unassuming as she is kind of heart. Although fond of dancing and a participant in society's whirl of pleasures, Miss Hillyer is unselfishly devoted to charitable work. Having the true spirit of charity, she seeks to accomplish as much good as possible for its own sake, keeping her sweet self in the background and crediting others, rather than herself, for work done in humanity's name. She interested at least half a hundred of her girl friends in charity of a practical kind previous to her absence abroad, thus proving that a butterfly of fashion may be a gracious and sympathetic woman.

MISS GERTRUDE McCONNELL. *Thors photo.*

MISS MARIE WELLS.

A mother and daughter who are typical representatives of a fine old Southern family, and whose presence is a happy addition to any gathering, are Mrs. Voorhies, wife of a leading professional citizen, Dr. A. W. Voorhies, and Miss Marie, his elder daughter. Both are very distinguished in appearance, and have a charmingly hospitable home on California Street.

Miss Clara Hamilton is deeply interested in charities, and is noticeably reserved in manner, yet is a bright and entertaining conversationalist as well as a graceful dancer. Miss Mae Weldon is now visiting in Los Angeles, where she is as popular as here. She is a brunette of brilliant coloring, with very black eyes. Miss Mary Banning recently became the bride in Los Angeles of Will Wakeman Norris. The happy couple are now on their wedding tour in the East. Another bride of a few days since is Mrs. Samuel G. Buckbee, nee Julia Crocker. A charming girl who will shortly become a bride is Miss Ethel Creagh, fiancee of the well-known young physician, W. R. Cluness, Jr.

MRS. L. S. B. SAWYER. *Taber photo.*

Miss Wellborn, daughter of Judge Wellborn of Los Angeles, will be the guest here this winter of several society leaders. She is a belle in the Southern capital, belonging to one of the most prominent families in society there, and is a petite, extremely attractive girl.

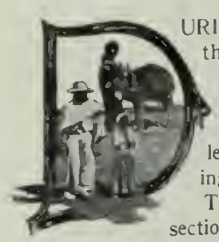
Mrs. Wm. V. Bryan, who has but recently returned from an extended tour through Southern California, is one of the most charming matrons of our younger society circles, and, as a hostess, is preeminently popular.

A young matron who excels in entertaining is Mrs. Charles Fox Tay, who as Helen Walker was a belle a few seasons ago. Mrs. Tay is a charming blonde and much sought after. Mrs. Gordon Blanding entertains in a quiet way, as does also Mrs. Stanly Forbes. The latter, as Kate Skeels, was prominent in Santa Barbara and Sacramento society. Mrs. Fred W. Tallant is very pretty and popular and of the brunette type.

Miss Jennie Blair is an active participant in deeds of charity promoted by society women. She was prominent in the doll fete, held recently, and rendered valuable aid to her co-workers in the interesting affair. L. F.

A FRESNO PACKING-HOUSE.

CHARLES E. JENNEY.



DURING the month of December there is increased activity in the retail raisin trade, and from the fact that California supplies this delicacy to thousands upon thousands of tables during the holiday season, it may interest readers of THE TRAVELER and consumers of raisins generally to learn the process by which they are prepared in the packing-houses for market.

The term packing-house is variously applied in different sections of our country. If you speak of a packing-house in Chicago you refer to a beef or pork packing establishment; in the States of Washington and Oregon, to a salmon packing plant; in Florida, to a house where oranges are packed. Thus in the San Joaquin Valley of California the packing-house has an application peculiar to that locality and has reference to the raisin industry. As this industry is confined within comparatively narrow bounds, being practically included in the San Joaquin Valley and a few adjacent Southern counties of California, and as the American method of packing raisins differs essentially in many points from the Spanish methods, it will probably be interesting and a novelty to a very large proportion of the people of this country to learn how American raisins are prepared for the market. That the United States can produce raisins in quantity and quality to rival even the famous Malaga lands of sunny Spain may even be a surprise to some, since so rapidly has raisin culture developed in California that the fact has not become fully realized, but it is nevertheless a fact, the total production of the San Joaquin Valley the past three years being amply sufficient to provide all the raisins needed in the country, and large shipments, moreover, having been made to Germany, Australia, and other countries. In the season of 1895 four thousand carloads of twelve tons each were shipped out of Fresno, which is the metropolis of the San Joaquin Valley—the Raisin City, so-called.

PACKING LONDON LAYERS.

When the raisins have been cured in the vineyards in the hot sun of a California late summer and are in a marketable condition, they are hauled into the packing-houses by the vineyardists, and either sold to the packers or placed with them for packing and consignment. Boxes about eight inches deep and thirty inches wide by three feet long, and known as sweat-boxes, are used altogether in holding and conveying the raisins from the time they are cured until they are packed for Eastern shipment. The broad avenues, lined with palm and umbrella trees, which radiate from Fresno, are scenes of busy traffic during the packing season, big four-horse loads, and even six and eight mule teams being by no means uncommon, conveying from four to eight tons each of raisins in the sweat-box to the packing-house. The packing-houses are mostly situated along the Southern Pacific Railroad, with branch tracks running up to their platforms, so that the raisins can be put directly on to the cars when packed.

Arrived at the packing-house, the boxes of raisins are unloaded and stacked inside. Six or eight men are required usually for this, two men being required to handle a sweat-box, which holds about one hundred and fifty pounds.

The cluster and layer raisins, that is, those that have been preserved in bunches, are placed in tight rooms called sweat-rooms, where steam is turned in to soften the stems and make them pliable for packing. We will first follow these through their various manipulations and then take up the loose raisins, which, of course, make up the bulk of the crop.

Having been steamed slightly for from twelve to twenty-four hours, the layers are in a condition to be packed and the sweat-boxes are brought out and placed on tables in the packing-room. Women and girls do all the packing. Two can pack out of each box. The bunches of raisins have been carefully placed in the sweat-box in layers with coarse manilla paper between the layers before they came from the vineyard, and now the packers, handling them by the stems as much as possible to prevent rubbing the bloom from the raisins, pack them in five-pound boxes, or forms, as they are called. The forms are set on scales so that the weight is exact in each one. A plain white wrap is placed in each form, which has a detachable bottom with a handle on one side. As fast as the forms are filled they are inspected by the foreman—who is more often a woman—and then taken away from the packing-tables to the transfer-table. The transferers place the form over the twenty-pound box in which the raisins are to be shipped, and pull out the bottom, when the five pounds of raisins in their wrap drop neatly into the box. The wrap is then folded over them, and another five pounds is dropped in in the same manner, until there are twenty pounds in the box arranged in four packages or layers. The top layer, which has been packed at a special table, has an additional fancy wrap around it, and ribbons are tied on some of the stems of the clusters. The box is then slid along the transfer-table to another table, where a boy places a sheet of wax paper over the raisins, inserts a fancy lithograph representing the brand of goods, and giving the packer's name, folds down the wrap and passes it on to the box-maker's table where the lid is nailed on. Then the box is tossed to a truck and run onto the car ready for its long trip across the continent to the Eastern market. All the layer raisins are packed in five, ten or twenty pound boxes, uniform sizes being employed in all the packing-houses. Usually four grades of layer raisins are put up, denoted as three-crown layers, four-crown layers, Dehesas clusters, and Imperial clusters, the latter being the largest and choicest bunches. Small three or four pound cartons are also packed, embellished with cards and ribbons, and being especially adapted for mailing.

The women pack from eighty to one hundred and fifty forms a day, according to their skill, and as they receive from one and a half to two cents a form, it will be seen that the wages are fairly good. Of course, the packing season lasts but a few months, beginning about the first of September and ending early in December, but it is the source of supplying many of the comforts of life during the rest of the year to the poor families who take advantage of it, and hundreds of girls belonging to families whose means are limited procuring quite an addition to their spending money, by finding employment in the various raisin packing-houses. Taken altogether, it is regarded rather as having a good time than hard work by the light-hearted young people thus thrown together. And they are not obliged to whistle all the time, either, to show their employers that they are not eating raisins. No employer has yet been found so niggardly but that he is willing for his employees to eat all they desire, and only draws the line when he finds that dinner-baskets are carrying away the same weight that they came in with.

The operation upon the loose raisins is not less interesting than that of the layers. They pass through less handling, but a machine called a stemmer does the work of many hands. The raisins are first dumped into a table or hopper. Two men are kept constantly employed emptying sweat-box after sweat-box into this ever-hungry hopper. A man stands at one side end with a shovel or pitchfork with tines bent like a claw, pushes the raisins through an opening in one end against a large revolving cylinder of netted wire. The raisins pass between this cylinder and a similar wire quarter segment known as the concave. As there is only about three-quarters of an inch space between the two, the stems are pulled from the raisins by the wire meshes, and raisins and stems fall together upon a long canvas with cross cleats upon it, called the draper. This canvas revolving, the cleats carry the raisins up to the top of the stemmer, some eight feet from the floor. When they reach the top, of course they fall over. In falling they strike a strong current of air made by fans revolving beneath the canvas, and all the stems and dried-up grapes are blown far over the rear of the machine and fall in a big heap. These are gathered up and used for fuel in running the engine. The raisins, by reason of their weight not being diverted by the wind, fall about two feet to the rear end of the upper screen of the grader. This screen is about three by five feet and pierced full of large holes. It slopes toward the front of the machines and is constantly shaken with a side motion, so that the raisins roll down it. All the raisins drop through these holes except the very largest, which continue on until they fall over the end into a spout and issue on the side of the machine. These are the four-crown raisins. The raisins falling through

the meshes of this first screen strike another screen a few inches below, similar to the first, except that the holes are a little smaller, and a similar process is repeated, those that pass clear over this screen being called three-crown and coming out of a spout beside the four-crown. On the third screen, which has still smaller holes, the same thing goes on, the two-crown raisins coming out of a spout on the opposite side of the machine. All the raisins that drop through this third screen fall on a very fine wire screen, the bottom one, which sifts out only the little dust and dirt that is left, leaving the smallest size of raisins, known as the one-crown, or more commonly, seedless muscatels, to come out of a spout beside the two-crown. Under each of the four spouts is a fifty-pound box, correctly branded, into which the raisins drop. A man at each spout presses the raisins down and levels off the top, and as soon as a box is full slides it away and places an empty box in its place. The full box is slid on to a pair of scales set at fifty pounds and balanced to that, and then passed on to the nailer, who fastens the lid; then on to a truck and run on to the car. Eight or nine men are usually required, besides an engineer, to perform all the work on a stemmer when it is running full force.

Fifty tons of raisins can be taken in at a packing-house in a day, just as they come from the vineyards, and by night be on the cars ready to start on the midnight freight for the Eastern market.

MY ANTELOPE HUNT.

BOURDON WILSON.

Geography and natural history were my chief delight in my school days, and the pictures and statements I found in my school text-books made impressions upon my youthful mind which time has never effaced. In the geography, regarded as an authority in all the schools of the south, one picture in particular was so vividly impressed upon my memory that I seem to see it now, though in reality I have not seen the book for more than a quarter of a century.

It represented a man lying in the grass of the western prairies, holding aloft a pole from which fluttered a flag. In the distance stood a band of meek, innocent-looking animals, gazing at the flag, and seemingly fascinated by it.

In the text accompanying this picture it was explained that the antelope was the most inquisitive of all animals, and would slowly but surely approach a flag held aloft over the grass until within easy rifle range, and that this was the way in which it was hunted on the great prairies of the far West. It became the height of my ambition to grow to manhood and go to the western prairies to hunt antelope with flag and rifle.

I grew to manhood; and, one morning, fresh from the East, the land of knowledge and culture, I stepped from the train at a small station in the edge of the Llano Estacado. As I did so, and the boundless, rolling prairie opened to my view, the picture of the antelope hunt returned with all its old-time vividness.

A few days later the engineering party of which I was a member was hard at work in a country of high rounded hills and broad level valleys. One morning we suspended our work to take a much needed rest, and were strolling aimlessly about. As we slowly climbed a hill and our heads rose above its crest, we saw spread out before us a beautiful valley about a mile in width. The waving of the grass as it bent to the breeze gave it the appearance of a long narrow lake. On the far side of the valley rose another hill not quite so high as that on which we stood. Upon the brow of that hill I saw a troop of animals, some fifty in number, marching slowly along in single file.

"See the goats!" I exclaimed.

"Goats! Well, you are as green a tenderfoot as I ever saw," said one of the others.

"If not goats, what are they?" I asked.

"Antelope," was the terse reply.

Here was the opportunity for which I had longed ever since my school days, and I lost no time in proposing that we shoot some of them.

"Reckon you could hit one of 'em from here?" asked a gaunt, solemn-faced, sun-dried man, who, being native to the State, was called Tex.

"No," I replied, "my rifle won't carry so far, but we can get nearer to them, or, I should say, get them nearer to us."

"How yer going to do it?" Tex drily asked.

"Don't you know how?" I asked in reply.

"No, tell us."

Wondering at his ignorance, I proceeded to enlighten him. As I concluded my explanation I heard a half-suppressed snicker, and, turning my head, I saw broad grins on the faces of the others, but Tex's face did not change.

"That's correct!" he exclaimed, emphatically. "I jest wanted to see if you did know anything. I didn't think you could be as green as you look."

Proud of my knowledge and flattered by Tex's somewhat dubious praise, I proposed an immediate return to camp for our rifles and a flag. To this all agreed.

"What's up," asked the cook, as we hurriedly entered camp.

"W'y, Old Virginy is a goin' out flaggin' antelopes," replied Tex.

"What in—— ?" began the cook.

"Don't talk so much, but hustle aroun' an' get us out one o' them white dish cloths," interrupted Tex.

The towel was attached to a pole, with which, and our rifles, we hurried back to the spot whence we had seen the antelope. They were still on their hill.

"Now, Virginy," said Tex, "you take the flag an' sneak down that arroya, an' git in the high grass. Then crawl out 'bout half er mile an' set it up. Don't raise yer head, fer ef the antelopes see you under the flag it will scare 'em clean inter Mexico. An' don't git in a hurry for 'em—you musn't expect 'em to come er runnin'. We'll foller soon as you git good started."

I reached the tall grass, dropped to my hands and knees, and began to crawl toward the opposite hill. The grass shut out every particle of breeze but offered no protection from the burning rays of the sun, which felt as though it were suspended but a few feet above my back. Hampered by flag and rifle my progress was necessarily slow, and I had not gone a great distance when I crawled into an unobserved bed of prickly pear cactus and filled my hands with its tiny needles.

Finally, with bruised knees and smarting hands, the perspiration streaming from every pore of my body, I concluded that I had gone far enough, and, stretching myself out at full length, I raised the flag aloft.

After waiting an age, as it seemed to me, I ventured to raise my head slowly and look about. The antelope were unconcernedly grazing upon their hill. Another long wait followed, during which I became intensely thirsty. I finally concluded to wave the flag about, hoping thereby to attract the animals' attention. Again peering above the grass, my heart leaped into my throat, for the antelope were all standing in a bunch gazing intently toward the flag.

Quickly lowering my head, I lay very still and quiet. The almost vertical rays of the sun, and my steadily increasing thirst, were fast becoming intolerable, and it was not long before my head was again raised above the grass. Not an antelope was to be seen.

I sat up and closely scanned the hill, then slowly rose to my feet and looked around. Not a living thing was in sight. I waited a moment, shouted, then fired my rifle, but no answering shout or shot came back to me. I began to be suspicious; and half sick and almost blinded by the intense, quivering heat, I started for camp. I walked slowly at first; then, as I recalled the snicker and grins of Tex's companions, and the bewildered look on the cook's face, my pace increased.

MISS McKENNA. Taber photo.
Daughter of the United States Attorney General.

As I was painfully climbing the little hill on which our camp was pitched, I heard voices, and paused awhile to listen. The evident jocularity of the speakers ill accorded with my mood just then. I began to have an uncomfortable suspicion that I was the object of their mirth.

"High, low, Jack; who's got game?" It was Tex's voice.

My appearance was greeted with a roar of laughter, and I lost what remained of my temper.

"Don't git mad, Ol' Virginy," said Tex, patting me on the back, "I studied that same derned jography that you did. Them jographies 'll fool a feller in more'n one way ef he sticks too close to 'em."

And, as the years roll by, I incline more and more to the belief that Tex was right.

KNICKERBOCKER'S FIRST CHRISTMAS.

PAUL SHOUP.

THE snow went swirling across the platform and drifted over the rails beyond. The tops of the pines that clung to the opposite side of the canyon were turning white, the wires were singing in the wind, and the sky was dark with the promise of a stormy Christmas eve. Gracie pressed her face against the little office window. The nearest neighbors were up at the mines a mile away, and the big mountains, somber in their dark evergreen coats, seemed very solemn to the little lassie, but she had her mother and George and—Knickerbocker.

"Do you think," she asked anxiously, as she tugged at her mittens, "that the train'll get in to-night?"

George, who was station agent, operator, and express agent at Emerald Gulch, opened his key for a moment and looked down smilingly at the face of the little girl. "Oh, yes, little sister," he said; "8'll get in before dark, I think. The boys'll get off and push if they have to, for they are just as anxious for a Christmas as you and Knickerbocker are."

Knickerbocker was a very wise doggie, even though to those whose eyes are merely mirrors he seemed to be all ears and feet and appetite. He could beg and shake hands and knew the engine whistles almost as well as Gracie herself. He never mistook the hoarse shrieking of the "hog" engine, which pulled the fast freight, for the shrill note of 1111 that rumbled proudly by at the head of the Express.

The Christmas tree was all in readiness in the little house up at the foot of the mountain, and all afternoon Gracie and Knickerbocker had kept George company and listened for the whistling of 1111, for the presents were coming on the Occident Express, and it was long overdue.

Knickerbocker raised his head and watched Gracie depart with much disapproval; then settled down by the roaring fire and laid his head on his paws and dozed, with one ear lifted to catch the first faint sound of 1111's whistle When he heard 1857 come coughing and rumbling up the grade with 47, the way freight, and its way cars, empty box cars, coal flats, and two or three loads of lumber, he did not stir. It was the wrong train going in the wrong direction.

As the red eye of 1857 came glaring into the darkness of the yard, George noticed that the bell was not ringing. He heard some one open the door, and thinking of the smiling face of Conductor Murphy, who usually swung in with his lantern under his elbow, he called the dispatcher to report the train's arrival.

"Qx Qx Qx Qx Qx Qx Qx Qx Qx Qx Qx Qx."

As he closed his key he heard a slight noise and turned his head to look straight into the speaking end of a revolver. Back of it was a tall man with a heavy beard. A mask covered the upper part of his face. Beyond the counter, which, with the screen on top, separated the little office with its shaded lamp from the unlighted waiting-room, were three other masked men, armed with rifles.

"Train robbers!" flashed through George's mind, and he instinctively reached for his key.

"Hands up! None o' that," said the nearest highwayman, sharply. "We kin do the lightnin' jerkin' ourselves, I reckon. Here Bill."

In another minute George's hands were tightly tied behind him. Bill sat down, and, with practised hand, continued the calling of the dispatcher's office, Qx. The dispatcher answered and the sounder clicked forth: "Ii-ii Qx."

Meanwhile the tall robber was speaking. "It'd looked s'picious if we'd run by a reg'lar stop, but we needn't loaf any here. We'll corral this chap with the crew in the caboose. Report us in 'n out, and we'll pull our freight."

Bill blew on his fingers and sent rapidly: "O S No. 47 a 5:02 d 5:11." The sounder clicked forth the dispatcher's acknowledgment, "O K."

The train robbers had laid their plans well. At Rock Creek they would get the order that 47 held to run through to Rapid City annulled under some pretext, and have the dispatcher order them to wait there for the Express. He would do that very quickly if he thought there was danger of the freight not being able to reach Rapid City before the Express was ready to leave, for the Occident Express was the pride of the road and entitled to the right of way over the rest of creation. Then at the lonely station of Rocky Creek a hold-up would be easy. They had laid their plans well. But they made one important omission. They failed to take Knickerbocker into consideration. With eyes wide open he crouched quietly under the stove.

The operator at Rocky Creek was humming "Sweet Marie," and thinking of the old home back in New England. He could see the stockings hanging about the big fireplace, and the apples sputtering before its cheery light. Back in the shadows were the faces of the old folks and of the boys and girls—faces very dear to him. Another face appeared in the picture, a girl's face—

"Hands up!"

Before the bewildered operator could collect his faculties he was a prisoner. With a sardonic smile Bill took his place at the telegraph table and began calling, "Qx Qx Qx Qx." It was blowing furiously now and the snow was flying by in clouds. The commercial wire and the second railroad wire had succumbed long ago, but the heavy copper division wire was put up to withstand just such weather. The answer came back plainly, "Ii Qx." Bill reported the arrival of 47 and then added: "1857 won't mk steam. Can't get out 4 sm t. Betr annul 47's order 2 run 2 Km (Km is Rapid City) & let 8 cm thru." Eight, the Express, had been making up time, so the dispatcher answered: "A rt." Then he called up Km and started to send an order addressed to both the freight and the Express, which would annul the order held by the former to run to Rapid City and instruct it to wait at Rocky Creek until the Express arrived, at the same time instructing the latter to pass the side-tracked freight at Rocky Creek. A way freight can always wait.

George's mother and Gracie were not uneasy because he did not come to supper. He was often delayed by late trains, and they could see the light burning clear through the depot window. But about this time Knickerbocker was getting very restless. He discovered all at once that he was the only living thing in the whole wide world. Then he felt lonesome and said so. "Bow—wow—wow—wow—WOW!!"

That didn't do any good, so he scratched at the door a while. He stopped suddenly when the telegraph instrument began to click loudly. Being well up in the railroad matters, he felt certain it had no right to do that when George was away. He looked longingly at the table. Then by dint of much effort he crawled up on the cushioned chair. With the aid of his big paws it was not a hard matter to climb on the table. He eyed the clicking sounder distrustfully. Then he barked at it furiously, but it paid no attention, so he put both paws around the handle of the key and gnawed at it systematically. All at once the clicking stopped. He had opened the circuit by opening the key. Much pleased at the result, Knickerbocker put his nose between his paws and went to sleep on the telegraph table.

The train robber at Rocky Creek and the operator at Rapid City, thirty miles apart, were copying an order that would deliver the Occident Express into the hands of the robbers, when unexpectedly the sounders ceased working. Bill rattled his key violently again and again, but there was no response. Then he rose to his feet with a white face, for without an order the Express would not leave Rapid City.

"The line's down!" he said, stepping close to the tall man. "Don't b'lieve it. Think some feller suspects somethin' an' has opened his key. We'd better slide out." The captain wouldn't give up so easy. So Bill applied his ground wire and found the break was toward the dispatcher's office, the circuit to the east being all right. He talked with the operator at Km, and asked him, in desperation, if there wasn't some way of sending the Express on, saying he would hold the freight. To which the young man in Rapid City replied that the Express would stay there until he received a "complete" order for her. Evidently there was no chance to hold up the Express that night. A panic seized the robbers, and climbing on 1857, they disappeared down the track, thinking only of escape.

A little later George succeeded in working his arms loose, and in a few minutes the freight crew were at liberty. It did not take long to tell the

news when George's fingers came in contact with a key again, but it was a good deal later when the Occident Express, under guard and under flag, pulled into Emerald Gulch. Knickerbocker was still sleeping beside the open key.

The train was snowed in and stayed at Emerald Gulch that night, and it was the merriest Christmas eve that Emerald Gulch ever knew. The tree was brought down to the depot, and the passengers all joined in decorating it. A good many had Christmas presents with them, and it was loaded with gifts, ranging from dolls to gold watches. The men patted Knickerbocker on the head and called him "good doggie," and the women hugged him and Gracie impartially.

Knickerbocker is a big dog now, who upsets chairs and things when he turns around, and you must keep out of reach of the sweep of his tail if you would maintain your standing in the family circle. He wears a silver collar with an inscription from a trainload of grateful passengers, and has an annual pass over a certain railroad; and if you will watch him as he stands all attention, listening to the telegraph instrument, you will know as Gracie knows, that he understands it "just as well as anybody."

CONSERVATIVE VIEWS OF CURRENT EVENTS.

The Durrant case is still agitating the minds of lawyers and judges, while editors are displaying great legal learning in its discussion. Of course, Judge Bahrs rushed matters too much when he only gave the criminal forty-eight hours to prepare for death, but equally, of course, the Supreme Court "slows up" too much in their treatment of the case. It is to be regretted that the highest legal body in our State lacks the moral courage to deal with lawyers who trifle with them and the law, as Durrant's attorneys are doing. Durrant will eventually hang, but the law, or rather its enforcement, has received a black eye.

Whew! what a mess our political bosses are making of the proposed new city charter. Why cannot these gentlemen who voluntarily take from the general public all governmental cares agree amongst themselves? Just think of it—after Mayor Phelan had kindly relieved us of the necessity of electing Freeholders by the appointment of one hundred "good men and true" to frame a charter, and after that century of talent had labored for months and had finally prepared a most wondrous instrument, lo and behold, out pops Curry, Rainey, and Spreckels and say, "We will not accept this work." And then out pops Kelly and Ruef and say, "We want a finger in the pie," and then the fight begins. The *Call* shouts and the *Examiner* roars and timid men run to cover. Well, we will be happy yet with the old charter for many a year.

We sympathize with Dr. Rottanzi and his organ, *The Post*, in their grief over the "innocuous desuetude" into which the Anti-High-Hat Ordinance seems to have fallen. We suggest to both a new field. Let them enforce by precept, example, and law, the Anti-Expectoration Ordinances. Leave the women alone, dear Doctor and Editor, and try to cure men of the beastly habit of spitting their foul tobacco juice upon sidewalk, street car, ferry, and depot floors. There is a cause worthy your best efforts. More dresses have been ruined, tempers spoiled, and purses depleted by this spitting of tobacco juice than the mind can conceive. The inconvenience of a high hat at a theater is for a few moments only, but a dress spoiled is a permanent loss. Come, good Doctor, come, good Editor, start the crusade against this filthy habit of men, and if successful you will receive plaudits from all. But ah, we forget, women cannot vote—men can—hence some people can fight one and apologize for the other.

PRINCESS KAIULANI. *Taber photo.*

From her latest photograph, taken recently, while en route to her Hawaiian home, after an absence of eight years abroad.

San Francisco enjoys the unenviable renown of being the city where more wills are attacked than in any other place. Why is this? This fact furnishes food for the thoughtful lover of our fair city—are we more litigious than other people over dead men's money? Are our lawyers more able to pick flaws than other disciples of Blackstone? Are our courts more prone to see errors? Are our people less willing to work and more anxious to get something for nothing than in other parts of our country? We don't know. We will think this matter over and give our views more at length at some future day.

Did any one feel the earthquake shock caused by Judge Coffey's threat to resign? Outside of the *Bulletin* editorial column no human being in all San Francisco was disturbed by the wail. The grand-stand play of this seeker after applause was a total failure. When Coffey resigns his office the end of all things earthly will have been reached. We shudder when we reflect upon how defenseless the widows and orphans of San Francisco will be when Coffey dies or resigns—that is, according to Coffey. Seriously speaking, it is too bad to see an otherwise good judge ruin his career by too much egotism.

The merry war for the Democratic nomination for Governor grows hotter each day. When Maguire shied his hat into the ring and flourished the shillelah of his so-called anti-corporation record, he thought he had scared away all opposition. Instead, it would seem that he evoked it. Already "Farmer" Ostrom—"Honest old Dan" of Yuba—has pushed his hat on the back of his head, shoved his hands deeper than usual into his own pockets, and sworn by "debris" that he will win. And the tall pine of Shasta announces with his mellifluous lisp that Shanahan is to be counted in, and that the North must be represented on the ticket by his not unhandsome form. From Sacramento sloughs rises the deep bass of Railroad Commissioner La Rue, filling the State with notice that the Grangers are for him, and he is for himself. And from various parts of the commonwealth other aspirants are heard. Let them all work and toil, for some new man will probably win the prize.

We cannot understand the action of Hearst in refusing to come into court and answer the charges made against him by our townsman, Claus Spreckels. It seems cowardly for Hearst to attack a man through his newspaper, and then refuse to explain his reasons for the onslaught in a court. Surely he cannot be afraid that Spreckels will own the new building Hearst has erected as the result of the trial. Every newspaper man in California—yes, in the United States—is interested in this matter, for this conduct of Hearst is injuring the profession of journalism. Don't hesitate any longer, Editor and Publisher Hearst, but come forward, relieve your employees of their responsibilities, and either substantiate your remarks about Spreckels or take your punishment like a man. We hope Grove Johnson will find a way to make Hearst appear in court, whether he likes it or not.

Some men are never happy unless they are finding fault with some other man, or with some working of the governmental machine. A short time since Deacon Fitch tried to reform the Board of Supervisors. So far he has failed. Now comes Deacon Denman with an effort to reform the County Clerk and his office. We have but little faith in the spasmodic movements of these self-constituted reformers. Grant that Supervisors and County Clerk are bad, and that their offices are improperly conducted, the regular method of remedy by election seems to us the best. We congratulate Deacon Denman that he has learned wisdom by Deacon Fitch's experience, and does not propose to Mexicanize his way through the long limbs of Curry. Will a new charter cure all these misfits? Perhaps, and then again perhaps not; and if the same influences predominate in antagonism to the proposed charter as were successfully exerted over a year ago, we will probably not get that.

This, That and the Other

LILLIAN FERGUSON.

There must be a superabundance of brains to the square mile over in Berkeley. On this side of the bay we have more or less difficulty in scrambling through life with the meager supply of gray matter allotted us, and therefore it is with wonder not unmixed with awe that I observe the prodigality, I might say the wanton wastefulness, of brilliancy in the journalism of the university town.

They have a paper there called the *Daily Californian*, which is somewhat larger than a postage stamp and somewhat smaller than a pocket handkerchief. In fact, if the entire original matter of each issue cannot be tucked into a half page of THE TRAVELER I will eat my winter hat, and it's a big one. Now witness the effervescence of the Berkeley brain. To run this enormous journalistic enterprise the services are enlisted of an editor-in-chief, five associate editors, thirteen assistant editors, a business manager, two assistant business managers, two associate dittos, a managing editor and an exchange editor, the names of all these literary persons and their co-workers appearing in large type on the editorial page; and, by me sidecombs, friends, 'tis an imposing array. I note the omission of the name and title of the office boy. I regret to observe that the printer's devil has been entirely overlooked, that both the religious and sporting editors are ignored, and that no mention whatsoever is made of the office cat. These evidences of carelessness in the sanctum pain me. One expects such things in metropolitan journalism, where the hours go with a whiz, where brains are few and far between, and where the luckless scribe hustles every day in the year in order to hold his job. But in the rose-embowered, peaceful glades of Berkeley!

If the duties on the *Daily Californian* be evenly and impartially divided, each of the editorial staff has an average of five lines to write daily. There's luck for you! If the *Californian* were published in San Francisco now, what a difference there would be, what a wholesale, slaughtering reduction of the staff! And when it had been cut down to one man, he would get the paper out alone every day in the week, have time to go out to the Chutes besides, and read a chapter in the Bible up at the Press Club every night with the rest of the boys.

Before I get off the Berkeley campus I wish to warn the public that they have been agitating the subject there of a brand-new yell. The old one having done all the damage, I presume, that it could, it has outlived its usefulness, and will be replaced by a fresher and more dangerous verbal explosive. The competitive contest was to have closed some days ago, the yells being submitted to a committee with cotton-stuffed ears. Of course it is only a question of days and hours when it will break loose in San Francisco, and I hope some kind friend of THE TRAVELER will warn this office by telephone when the cyclone is impending, that we may seek safety in the cellar until the worst is over.

Were Madge Carr Cook, a clever actress known on two continents, and now with the Frawleys, to be asked what started her upon a metropolitan career, she could truthfully and seriously respond, "It was the cat." Indeed, if that particular cat had not come back, the lady's entire theatrical fate might have been changed. And thereby hangeth a cat's tale.

The scene of the lucky episode I am about to relate is laid in London, Drury Lane Theater of olden renown being the place, and the late famous manager, Augustus Harris, one of the principal dramatis personæ. The cat was nameless, houseless, and unknown, notwithstanding the importance of its role. Now, Mr. Harris was one of the most superstitious men who ever ruled the dramatic roost, and among his cherished beliefs was the theory that disaster would surely follow the turning away from the theater's doors of anything in feline shape. Drury Lane Theater being in the vicinity of Drury Lane Market, the neighborhood swarmed with cats of every imaginable breed, age, size, and color that made their exits and entrances unmolested at the stage door, where a free lunch was served them daily, Mr. Harris paying the expenses of the four-footed boarders' meals. At rehearsals they preempted the stalls and viewed the proceedings gravely from the front, promenaded the stage, or explored the cellars and underground passages that honeycomb the earth beneath the old theater. In short, Drury Lane during the reign of Sir Augustus was a cat's paradise, and I doubt not but that the manager's death was followed by much hunger and premature dissolution among his strangely assorted pets.

One day, when Madame Ristori was rehearsing with the company the play "Elizabeth," in which she was to make her debut in English for the first time in London, a stage-struck cat wandered from the wings, and purred against the gown of Miss Amy Steinburgh, an actress of considerable note who had been engaged to play Lady Ann Burleigh. Leaning over, Miss Steinburgh stroked the animal's fur. At this, Madame Ristori, already nervous with her undertaking, lost her temper. Summoning Sir Augustus, she excitedly demanded that Miss Steinburgh be dismissed instantly.

"I come here for the sake of my art," declared the queen of tragedy, "and she comes to play with cats.

MADGE CARR COOK. *Marceau photo.*

Let her go home and play with cats. I shall have no such trifling conduct at rehearsal. She cannot appear in this company."

The star's word was law. It became necessary to replace the recalcitrant Amy at once, and the actress called upon to take her part was Madge Carr Cook, whose work had already given such promise that she was regarded as one of the coming women of the stage. Among the "hits" made by her subsequently was Lady Dolly in "Moths," and ever since the cat's kindly intervention her reputation has been established.

It is doubtful, however, if anything in the way of a hit has equaled those made by Mrs. Cook during her first engagement on any stage, at the somewhat tender age of three years. Child actresses did not grow as plentifully then as now, and so the small Madge was obliged to take a part in Macbeth some half-dozen years its junior—that of Fleance, son to Banquo, who enters in the second act with a torch, and has three speaking lines. A three-year old treble was not to be trusted, so lines and torch were omitted, Fleance merely walking to his father's side and retiring again. This was Madge's debut, and she had been offered everything imaginable that she wanted, as a reward of merit if she did not cry or get frightened. With visions of promised prizes before her round eyes, she advanced to Banquo's side. As he proceeded with his serious soliloquy, "A heavy summons lies like lead upon me, and yet I would not sleep," the infantile Fleance wriggled her fat little fingers from his palm. Toddling down toward the footlights she commenced a rival soliloquy. Shaking a tiny forefinger emphatically at the convulsed audience she gravely announced:

"I'se got lots an' lots of oranges and tandy an' ginger beer and fings at home, 'cause I'se been good."

And that brought the house down with all its feet.

Miss Madge's second great triumph occurred shortly thereafter in "Pizaro," in the scene wherein Rollo and the Chief engage in argument and struggle over the possession of a child. The latter is snatched by Rollo from Pizaro and held aloft over his shoulder, wearing a leather belt about its little body by which it is rescued. Rollo cautioned the baby actress not to be frightened, and to catch his hair, he having a very bushy head of it, with her small fists and hold on tight. Madge mastered this bit of stage business to perfection, and all went well until one night Rollo was indisposed and another actor substituted. The scene referred to is the most intense and enthralling one in the play, and the audience sat with breathless attention as its climax approached, the child's rescue. Faithfully performing her part, Madge's small fists dove into Rollo's hair. The entire play was spoiled and the house shrieked with hysterical mirth. Why?

Rollo number two was bald and wore a wig.

Apropos of theatrical incidents, perhaps you never heard how Roland Reed lost a silk hat in Texas? It was during a tour when Madge Carr Cook played leading roles in his company. In order to fill in the time between the large towns in which they were billed, they played a number of one-night stands en route. To reach one of these small frontier places in particular, the entire cast had to cram into a caboose which ran to the "town" in question. The other passengers were typical Texas cowboys, some half-dozen in number, and Reed was trying to peruse a newspaper just in front of where they sat, by the light of a smoky coal-oil lamp. His head was covered with an impressively shiny chapeau, the aristocratic presence of which the cowboys resented goodnaturedly. Presently they began to discuss the matter sotto voce.

"I'll bet I can do it," said one.

"Hold on, let's all pepper it at one volley," said another, and forthwith their guns which they carried in their belts in the center of which on each man was a bull's-eye lantern, were leveled at the offending headgear an inch or two above the actor's head. Reed's hair began to rise, for he had heard the conversation, and having no wish to do the William Tell act then and there, quietly removed the silken tile and laid it beside him. When the town was reached he didn't dare put it on, so wrapped his cranium mumps fashion in a handkerchief, and next morning borrowed an out-of-date apology for a hat to travel away in. What became of the tiled beauty? Why, those cowboys hung it up in front of the nearest saloon for a target, and when they got through with it you might have mistaken it for a nutmeg grater.

At another one-night stand some scenery had to be hauled about on the stage to improvise screens behind which costumes were put on and make-up applied sans mirrors. One door leading in was the sole exit and entrance. Through this wandered a fierce-looking person with a belt stuck as full of pistols as a pincushion of needles. He ignored the ticket taker and seated himself, the firstcomer, in the front row. The manager followed him in and tapped him gently on the shoulder.

"You haven't paid admission," said the managerial voice, persuasively. One is not apt to be aggressive with a cowboy who is a walking arsenal.

"Oh, that's all right," replied the audience of one.

"No, it isn't," mildly expostulated the manager. "You must pay at the box office."

The spectator rose. "See here, pardner," he said, slowly, "I've come to see this here show. If I like it I'll pay for it. If I don't I won't. Now you mind your business."

The manager retreated. It is the safest plan in Texas. The show went on. At the conclusion of act one the stranger rose and went outside.

"Where's your box office?" he inquired. Then he addressed the ticket man. "How much is this show?"

"One dollar."

He planked down the coin so hard that the windows rattled. "It's a —— good one, and worth the money," he politely observed, then went back to see it out.

NEW GOLD.

CHRISTMAS CHEER.

[*Written for The Traveler by Juliette Estelle Mathis.*]

Once more December calls to Christmas cheer
Where winter chills us not. nor fields are sere.
Judea's happy hills no brighter shone
On that long promised, long expected dawn,
Than glow these sunlit slopes and seas anear.

No tempest threatens their wide peace to mar.
What though the precious Christ was born afar
Where ripen at immortal summer's kiss
The fruitage of eternal bloom ? All this
Is here, and they who will may see His star.

Not in the East, but in the radiant West,
Where gladness is the long abiding guest,
We keep the feast divine of love's white birth,
The love that sanctifies the life of earth ;
The love that seeketh not his own as best.

A SONG OF THE SEASON.

[*Written for The Traveler by Ella M. Sexton.*]

Ring the bells, the Christmas bells—
Though winter's surely straying,
For over grassy slopes a sky
Of cloudless turquoise arches high,
And sunshine pours in floods of gold,
While June's red roses sweet unfold,
December stern gainsaying.

Ring the bells, the Christmas bells
In glad exultant chorus,
O'er shining sea and purple hills
Their silver chiming echoing thrills;
"New joy, new hope, the Christ-child brings,
Rejoice to-day," each joy-bell rings
Through sunlit spaces o'er us.

Ring the bells, the Christmas bells,
And violets wreathe with holly,
Both hand-in-hand these golden days
Make glad our crowded city ways.
Why question life when summer's rose
Here conquers old December's snows ?
Nay, banish melancholy !

HOLIDAY REFLECTIONS.

[*Written for The Traveler by Lillian Ferguson.*]

I had a suitor once upon a time
And coldly said him nay,
Whereat he vowed (this is a truthful rhyme)
His heart would break straightway.
There's no denying, men are very queer.
He married happily within a year.

Another said to me with husky voice
And darkly rolling eye,
That if his rival proved to be my choice
One of the two must die.
My nerves were quite unstrung. How odd men are !
He treated him, instead, to a cigar.

And once a man assured me that his life
Would be a dreary waste
Should I refuse point blank to be his wife.
I own I liked his taste
But loved him not, and frankly told him so.
A week, and he recovered from the blow.

I recollect another instance when
This inky hand of mine
Was sought by a distracted specimen
Who swore that he in wine
Would drown his disappointment. Did he stop
In time ? Of course. He never drank a drop.

Two more there were upon the marriage list,
And each declared that he
Would hate all women if by me dismissed.
What strange misanthropy
Our lovers preach at us ! Why, both of these
Adore their wives; have youngsters at their knees.

And so, dear sisters, sigh not overmuch,
These bright December days,
For lives once briefly with your own in touch,
Now gone their hopeless ways.
Men's hearts are quickly mended. Never fear—
The wounds will not be there this time next year.

THAT REMINDS ME.

Copyrighted by Wm. V. Bryan.

"Some people," remarked the cannibal chief, as he passed his plate for a second supply, "Have a mission in life, while others have only a missionary."

"I came across one of your old letters to-day, George, in which you said you would rather be in endless torment with me than in bliss by yourself," said Mrs. Nagan to her husband.

"Well, my dear, and haven't I had my wish ?" said the brute.

"Do you laugh when you write a joke ?" inquired his friend.

"No," replied the humorist, "but I smile when I sell one."

Wants a good deal—the card player.

Professor—Give me the names of the bones that form the human skull.

Medical Student—I've got them all in my head but I can't recollect their names.

"I think Nell's new photographs must look exactly like her."

"Why ?"

"She hasn't shown them to a living soul."

"How shall I enter the money the cashier bolted with," asked the bookkeeper, "under profit and loss ?"

Banker—No; suppose you put it under running expenses."

Patient—Doctor, I don't think I can use the battery any more. Will it be necessary to shock me again ?

Doctor—Only once more. I'll send in my bill tomorrow.

John W. Carmany, No. 25 Kearny Street, leading shirtmaker and men's furnisher. Fall styles now ready.

Many people do not realize that in order to get the full benefits of a country outing it is really necessary and much more enjoyable to visit a resort that is some distance from large cities. Klamath Hot Springs at Beswick, Siskiyou County, is one of the most attractive of this character, being 2700 feet above sea level. It is open all the year, the scenery is beautiful, and the trout and salmon fishing unequalled, to say nothing of the various kinds of sport in the hunting line.

Klamath is celebrated also for its hot steam, sulphur, and mud baths, which are noted for their cure of neuralgia and rheumatic complaints. The climate is perfect, and, most important of all, the rates are reasonable.

Returning now from summer resorts and coming from the hot interior districts, people find the cool atmosphere of San Francisco a pleasant change. But 'tis not so easy as might be imagined to find a rooming-house without some objectionable feature. No one, either lady or gentleman, need hesitate for a moment; however, about locating at "Hotel Ramona," 130 Ellis Street, of which Mrs. Kate S. Hart is manager. The management giving instant assurance of the high character of the house.

Besides which it is most centrally and conveniently located, right on the edge of the business section and within a short walk of all places of amusement, yet sufficiently removed from the hubbub to be free from street noises. There are one hundred and fifty fine rooms, including some beautiful suites, and the rates are very reasonable. Try "The Ramona."

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It is with pleasure we wish to announce to you the re-opening of the

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During the past few months it has been completely remodeled throughout, and every modern improvement known to the BEST hotels has been adopted. The rooms have been enlarged, newly furnished from top to bottom, and it is conducted on strictly first-class principles as formerly. We should be pleased to have you bear us in mind when you visit LOS ANGELES.

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THE EVOLUTION OF THE CLOCK.

EDWARD R. SWAIN.

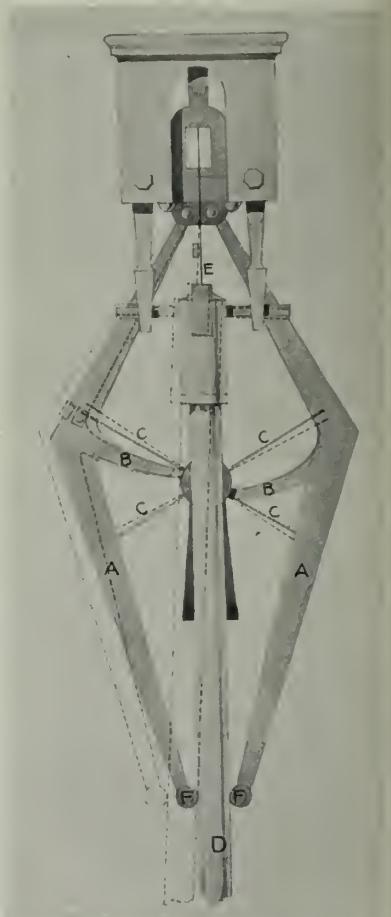
"FROM old Eternity's mysterious orb
Was time cut off and cast beneath the skies—
The skies which watch him in his new abode,
Measuring his motion by revolving spheres,
That horologue machinery divine."

One of the earliest means of marking the hours was by a pillar of stone, which, rising from the ground, cast a shadow of varying length and position, denoting the various times of the day; the Sun-dial, or Gnomon, being a development of this primitive time-piece. Water clocks (Clepsydra) were used by the Egyptians, also by the Greeks and subsequently by the Romans. The principle of the water device was simple; the water issuing drop by drop through a small hole in the bottom of the vessel that contained it, fell into a receiver, on one side of which was marked a graduated scale, and the rising surface of the water, as the receiver filled, indicated the hours upon the scale. One of the earliest examples now extant of mechanical contrivances for the measurement of time, with water as a motive power, was in the monument of Andronicus Cyrrhestes, or the tower of the winds, at Athens. The stream which gave motive power to this time-piece had its spring in the cave of Pan on the flank of the Acropolis. Portions of the artificial channel by which it was conveyed to the reservoir are still to be traced in the intermediate space. That portion of the monument which contained the reservoir, also the walls and roof, are at present in a good state of preservation. Channels are marked on the floor which no doubt connected with the machinery, but in what way is not known precisely. The hour-glass in which sand took the place of water was a modification of the Clepsydra; these time measures were called Clepsammia.

UNION DEPOT CLOCK DIAL, THE LARGEST IN AMERICA.
From a drawing furnished by the architect.

The first wheel clock is said to have been made in the early part of the fourth century, and first placed in churches one hundred years later, by command of Sabinianus. Candle clocks were among the various methods which were used by men in past ages to measure and apportion time. Alfred the Great adopted a simple expedient, using six candles, each twelve inches in length, with the divisions of inches distinctly marked upon it; these being lighted one after another regularly, burned four hours each, at the rate of one inch for every twenty minutes. Thus the six candles lasted for twenty-four hours. Through the intervening centuries, with the aid of superior machinery and improved methods of manufacture, clock making has kept pace with kindred mechanical arts and sciences and has reached its present state of perfection. America has a very extensive system of clock manufacture, which is carried out on the factory system, chiefly in Connecticut, one of the most extensive plants being in the city of New Haven. The greatest bulk of clocks are designed for European markets, the Yankee clock largely superseding the old Dutch and German time-pieces.

The great clock in the Victoria tower of the Houses of Parliament, at Westminster, England, was made from the designs of Mr. Edward Denison (afterwards Sir E. Becket), the inventor of the "Denison Gravity Escapement," of which an accompanying illustration is given. This escapement was first applied in this clock and has since been used in all large tower clocks in various parts of the world. By a coincidence, the diameter of the outer dials on the tower of the Union Depot and Ferry House, San Francisco, is the same as the great dials of the Victoria Tower Clock. The outer dials on the tower of the Ferry Building are 22 feet in diameter, the inner or illuminated dials being 12 feet in diameter, placed at a height of 114 feet above ground level. The rule that is usually observed in proportioning a dial at a given height is that the diameter should be equal to one-tenth of the height that the clock face is placed above the ground level, but an increase in excess of this proportion is not objectionable so long as the dial is in scale with that portion of the facade on which it is placed. This dial is the largest in America; there are others in Europe larger, notably the dials on the tower of the Cathedral of St. Rombold, Mechlin, Belgium, built in the fourteenth century; the dials are 43 feet 2 inches in diameter.



A—Impulse Lever.
B—Lifting Arm.
C—Legs of Gravity Escapement.
D—Pendulum Rod.
E—Pendulum Spring.
F—Impulse Rollers.

THE "DENISON GRAVITY ESCAPEMENT."

The power or impulse is given to the pendulum (D) at each swing by the descending of the impulse levers (A) by their own weight; the levers being lifted alternately by the clock movement, when not acting on the pendulum, thus rendering the force applied to the pendulum absolutely equal and independent of the power applied to the clock.

In many cases the numerals on clock faces are made too large and the hands of not enough importance. The reverse should be the rule, as the time when read from a distance is told by the position of the hands in the circle, the individual character of the letters having no significance, except as spots which divide the circle into twelve parts. At a great distance the position of the hands could be more readily distinguished if there were no characters whatever.

The movement to be used in the Union Depot Tower Clock is manufactured by the E. Howard Clock Co. of Boston, Mass. The force operating the clock work is obtained by means of a 900-pound weight, placed in a corner of the tower; this weight is suspended from the ceiling by a wire cord which passes on pulleys across the ceiling to a point directly over the center of the works and down, being connected with the barrel or drum, on which is mounted the great wheel, or first wheel of the clock, and which is connected by a series of wheels and pinions, called the train, to the escapement which it drives. The cord with the weight is to the movement what the spring is to a clock, each requiring to be wound up at intervals. This clock requires to be wound up every seven days, which is accomplished by means of a crank fitted to the axle or arbor of the great wheel; an arrangement called the maintaining power keeps the clock going during the five minutes consumed by the operation of winding. The works will be placed in the middle of the floor space on the eighth floor of the tower; the center of the dials being ten feet above floor level are connected with dial wheels, which operate the hands by means of an upright shaft on the movement; this shaft caused by the movement to revolve, engages with the connecting rods to which the hands are secured. The minute hand is 11 feet in length, the hour hand 7 feet 6 inches. The pendulum is 14 feet in length, and the force which impels it is given by the impulse levers of the "Gravity Escapement" described in the illustration. By night the inner dial will be illuminated; the numerals will not be visible by day, being placed on the inside of the dial, but will appear distinctly at night relieved by the illumination. An electrical device is operated by the movement which will control the lighting and extinguishing of the lamps; also regulating the time the lights are on, to the length of the dark hours. In addition to the above there will be electric contacts for giving time signals and operating auxiliary clocks.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL.

PRICE TEN CENTS. JANUARY, 1898. SAN FRANCISCO AND LOS ANGELES, CAL.

THE OLD SALT'S EXPLANATION

Hotel Del Monte

NO ONE picture or group of pictures can do more than serve as a suggestiou of the great attractions of Del Monte. There is such a wide variety, and everything is on such a broad scale, that from no one standpoint can the story be told; and while we have attempted in the above cut to illustrate interesting bits of the grounds, hotel, etc., there are scores and scores of other sceues of equal interest and attractiveness. It is yet to be placed on record that any stranger has visited this resort and been other than agreeably disappointed. Everythiug is up to (and beyoud) the brag. The grounds and flowers are a revelation, the eighteen-mile drive around the ocean shore and back through the sweet-smelling pine forests is a marvel, and the hotel itself is as near perfection in all its appointments as it is possible to reach. It is little less than criminal for strangers visiting California to miss seeing Del Monte.

THE TRAVELER.

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THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

WM. V. BRYAN, Editor and Proprietor.
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THE last faint sound of the parting bell that has so vigorously announced the closing of the old year has just died away, but we have attended the obsequies and the last rites, not with the usual deference, respect, and regret that attends those we will miss, but rather with a certain irreverential joviality and a relief to think that we have at last buried the final year of five that have carried us through the greatest depression, distrust, and discouragement that this country has ever before seen. This is not the age of resurrection, and if the signs of the times do not fail, the year 1898 is the first little rivulet that will carry us down the stream of prosperity. Since the year 1893 we have experienced a gradual depression, amounting in the end to a national calamity, more serious than the most pessimistic dared to predict; and however much the press of the commonwealth have supported a radical change in the conduct of the United States Government, yet the startling and significant fact remains that the depression began with the administration of Grover Cleveland in 1893 and ended with the accession of Mr. William McKinley in 1897. Mr. McKinley was heralded during the campaign as the "advance agent of Prosperity," but however prophetic this war cry may have been, who can say but that it was a wise prediction and substantiated by circumstances as they remain to-day. "Give the Devil his due" and "Let well enough alone" are two trite sayings, and cannot be better applied than in the condition of affairs as they now exist.

IT IS a sad spectacle indeed to note the apparent increasing tendency of our daily press toward the sensational and the risque, and perhaps it is a mooted question whether this is in response to a growing demand or emanates strictly from mercenary motives. Probably both; but as the daily newspaper is to a certain extent an educator and a molder of public opinion, it is all the more reprehensible that it should promulgate a salacious and sensational character of news to whet the appetites of the morbid, and offend the taste of the well-balanced mind.

Not long ago one of our great dailies in San Francisco, whose attractive headlines and moribund sketches meet the eye at the breakfast table like the tom-toms of the military drum corps, abandoned from its Sunday issue one of its redeeming features in the shape of its literary department, and one of the ablest and most interesting features of the paper. The object was not only to make more room for the melodramatic, but with its elimination the powers that be dictated a general policy of increasing prominence to the already sensational character of the sheet.

The vicious, the criminal, the spicy events of the day are served with elaboration, a nauseating attention to detail with almost prohibiting phraseology and with pictorial accompaniment that would be disbarred from the United States mails if under the cover of our so-styled "yellow covered literature."

Aside from these features there is no such thing to-day as patriotism of the average daily newspaper, particularly in large cities. It can be bought, however, for one dollar per line. The element of good common sense is likewise sadly lacking when local events whose publicity can do no good to the reputation of a given locality are portrayed with a vividness, zeal, and conspicuousness that is as harmful as it is censurable and unpatriotic. If we have an earthquake, a windstorm, or any other occurrence through the vagaries of nature, it is announced to the world not only prominently but with the usual coloring of exaggeration withal.

The so-called "liberty of the press" and the laxity of our libel laws need restriction and a clearer definition. Until some modification therein is effected this state of things in modern journalism will continue, and from bad to worse.

THE situation in the Orient at the present writing has probably more significance than the casual reader would imagine. The triumvirate, Russia, France, and England, with the Mikado's Empire an interested observer, seem to be rapidly drawing toward a focus where "something's got ter break." Thinking men who have closely studied the foreign dispatches for the past five years will have noted in the Russian Government an attitude of aggression of a somewhat sinuous and unostentatious nature. For a long time the Czar has gone quietly about his business, made comparatively little stir in international affairs, but the reports of the War Department indicate an astounding increase in force and equipment in every branch of the army and navy, until to-day Russia can probably put more men in the field within a period of thirty days than any one nation on the face of the earth. This fact has gained her the respect of other powerful nations, and a position among the powers that commands subservience among many and respect among all, and Russia has not been slow to take advantage of her progress and power as has only recently been attested. The Chinese Empire is the natural prey of the Russian Government, and with the completion of the great Siberian railway she will be in a position not only to secure a goodly slice of the coveted domain but maintain it as well. History has given us many instances of the coalescence of Continental monarchies for the preservation of the "balance of power," but if there was ever a critical period when it was needed that period has about arrived now, and we will venture to predict that unless some affiliation of the powers that be is effected whereby they can safely say "hands off" the Czar of all the Russias will dominate over the nations of the world within the next five years to come.

A PAIR OF SAN FRANCISCO CHERUBS. *Elite photo.*

SONGS OF THE MERCHANT MARINER.

CARLETON H. JOHNSON.

LIMITED are the opportunities of sea rovers for the study of music, yet aside from professional or other musicians devoted to the art, there are no men so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of song, or into whose daily lives rhyme and melody enter so frequently and fully, as those who pass their lives upon the ocean in the service of the merchant marine.

By this it is not meant that the sailor is a romantic creature continually rhyming forth his soul to the accompaniment of the music of the elements. Jack is a strict utilitarian, and, while in his brief hours of ease on shipboard he hugely enjoys the rendition of a jolly ditty or sentimental song not too classical for his appreciation, in the main he applies his music to help him in his work.

These work songs or "chanties" (pronounced and sometimes spelled "shanties") are peculiar to the sailor, are not of the kind composed on shore, and are rarely heard and impossible of appreciation elsewhere than on the high seas. Jack has no knowledge of the average run of so-called "sailor songs" which are sung by young people in comfortable drawing-rooms, or on moonlight boating trips, from the deck of a luxurious yacht, cruising safely in smooth waters, or flippantly chirped from the vaudeville or operatic stage. He scoffs at them as having been written by landsmen who were never within sight or sound of old ocean. They are never heard in the forecastle and are typical only of the glamor through which landfolk in general view a sailor's life and all things pertaining to the sea.

The origin of the chanty as an institution is lost in the mists of antiquity. It has much of the character of ancient minstrelsy adapted to a seagoing life. Some sort of sea-songs were sung by the ancient Norsemen when they voyaged to the edges of the then known world. The use of chanties to assist in the working of a ship is a custom which has developed with the size of the vessels and the increase of their running gear. While peculiar to no country, they have probably attained their highest favor on ships of English-speaking nations. The tunes have been transmitted from generation to generation of sailors, and largely from country to country, but the words have undergone constant change to suit the fancy or language of the singers.

Chanties are usually made up of a refrain of a varying number of lines carried by one voice joined at intervals by a chorus. The soloist is called the "chantyman"; the chorus must be so simple in words and tune that all hands can sing it. Whether there is any sense in the words or not doesn't matter.

If you have sojourned in a seaport town within hearing of the sounds of harbor life, and have been awakened in the early hours of morning by a strange concourse of voices floating across the waters—

"Oh! Sally Brown was a Creole lady,
Away, heigh! Roll and go";

and then, farther away, slowly receding, the harsh notes softened by distance and made musical by the magic influence of air and water—

"For seven long years I courted Sally,
Spent my money on Sally Brown,"

you have perhaps wondered what on earth—or on the water—was disturbing your slumbers. It was merely a merchantman getting out to sea, the song that of the men as they walked around the capstan, heaving up the anchor.

And if you were there in Jack's place you would appreciate it. Rout a man out at three in the morning to take advantage of an outgoing tide or a favoring breeze; order him from a warm bunk into a cold, drizzling rain; set him to scurrying about in the darkness overhauling wet ropes, everything half frozen and stiff with disuse in harbor; start him on a treadmill walk with his hands and breast against a capstan bar heaving up an anchor fast imbedded in the mud and a chain that seems endless—this with an empty stomach and a head perhaps sore from too deep libations of the previous night, the last night ashore; before him a strange ship and the uncertainties of the voyage, behind him the pleasures of the port, and you cannot expect to find a cheerful and willing worker. But when the chief mate calls out and says, "Come, boys, let's have some music," and some one starts up—

"Good-by, to you all, for my money's all gone
And a hooda, and a hooda;
My head is broke and my clothes are in pawn
And a hooda, hooda, day,"

a change at once appears. And as the chantyman draws on his imagination and dilates on the dangers and perils that beset Jack ashore in contrast with the safety and comfort of life at sea, the voices take on a cheery tone, the shuffling feet step lighter and quicker, the stirred blood warms the benumbed fingers grasping the capstan bars, the pawls of the windlass clink merrily round, and the anchor comes up to the cat-head with a run.

And to the sailor bound for his home port how sweet the sound—

"We're homeward bound, across the blue sea,
Good-by, fare ye well! Good-by, fare ye well,
We're homeward bound to a fair countree,
Hurrah, my boys! We're homeward bound."

Chanties used at the halyards or in hauling at the running gear differ in form from those sung round the capstan or at the pumps. In hoisting sails the entire strength and weight of all hands are required to be thrown upon the rope at the same instant to be effective. To secure this an abrupt change of time is made in the chorus and a certain word is the signal for all to pull, thus—

"A Yankee ship came down the river,
Blow, boys, blow,
Her masts and yards they shine like silver,
Blow, my bully boys, blow."

"At the word "blow" all the hands give a short, sharp pull.

There are a great number and variety of topsail halyard chanties. "The Dead Horse" is one of the favorites:

"Oh, poor old man, your horse is dead,
And we say so, and we hope so,
He died for the reason that he was so seldom fed,
Oh, poor old man."

Another form, used only in bad weather, is that sung in hauling aft the fore or main sheet. The foresail is a storm sail and is not reefed unless it be blowing a gale. When the sail is reefed the heavy ropes which hold the lower corners of the sail, called the "tack" on the weather side and the "sheet" on the lee, are loosened up and must be hauled taut again after the reef is taken. This is easy enough on the weather side, but on the lee the pulling is done against the force of the wind. It is then that all hands are summoned. Even the cook is called out of his galley and put at the end ot the rope, for it is "All hands on deck," and every muscle on the ship must be strained, and then, faintly piercing the terrific roar of the gale overhead, the thunder of flapping canvas, and the overwhelming wash of water, rises the refrain of the chantyman in the darkness—

"Haul away the bowline, the good ship is a-rolling,
Haul away the bowline, the bowline haul.
Haul away the bowline, the wind it is a-howling,
Haul away the bowline, the bowline haul."

At the word "haul" ending each couplet a tremendous heave is given, and inch by inch the big rope comes in until the sail is in place, or, in seafaring vernacular, "sheeted home;" and then the order "make fast" comes to relieve the bended backs and weary arms.

Chanties sung at the pumps are of a rambling style and allow great latitude on the part of the chantyman. In every ship there is more or less pumping out of the water in the hold to be done daily, depending upon the tightness of the vessel. In old wooden ships in bad weather the timbers may become so strained that pumping ship becomes a heartrending and wearisome task. It is then that a good chanty helps the work, with a long rope stretched from the pumps at the mainmast to the top of the fore and aft houses, where the sailors are compelled to retreat from the wash of the water on the main deck. When a ship arrives in port and is docked the last work usually performed by the crew before going ashore is to pump the hold dry of all the water that has accumulated during passage. In an hour, perhaps, the crew will be at liberty. The chantyman must arise and do justice to the occasion—

"The sails are furled with a harbor stow,
Leave her, Johnny, leave her.
So shake it up my bully boys, this night ashore we'll go,
'Tis time for us to leave her."

If he knows his business he will duly review in his farewell song the ship he is about to leave, her merits and demerits, the events of the voyage, peculiarities of the "old man" or "skipper," as the captain is known on board, the members of the crew, quality of the salt meat and "hard tack," not forgetting to pay his respects to the cook and the "duff" made by him on the trip. It is the first time he has had the freedom to express his opinion on these subjects and he does not miss the opportunity.

Negro sailors are the most enthusiastic chanty singers. On men-of-war the hoisting is done to the sound of the fife or the boatswain's whistle and becomes a mechanical act. It is on the merchant ship that the chantyman has been developed, but his glory is fast passing away, for the advent of steam vessels into the service renders his songs useless, and even on sailing ships his refrain has been largely supplanted by the clatter of the donkey engine.

THAT 'COON HUNT.

BOURDON WILSON.

"AS, SUH, 'deed he kin whup er 'coon. Come heah, Tige, an let de gemman see yo' good pints. I jes wouldn't take er million dollahs for dat dawg," the old negro went on. "He's got mo' good pints dan any 'coon dawg in de 'Flat Foot Settlement.'"

"Yes," I remarked, "I can see some of them quite plainly, but why is there no skin on them?"

"Oh I don' mean dem places whar he's been er scratching. Jes look at 'is nose an' jaws. See dem tushes? An' den dese laigs an' aftah parts—jes de dawg to fin' er 'coon an' den ter whup 'im."

"I'd like to see him in a fight," I said, patting the brindle cur on the head, thereby making a friend, not only of the animal but of his master as well.

"You's fum de norf, ain't you, suh?"

"Yes," I replied, "I am."

"Well, suh, it's dis er way," the negro continued, hesitatingly. "De cullud folks er gwine ter hab er little juberlation on de New Yeah's day, an' dat night dars ter be er gran 'coon huntin tunerment in Bar Tail Bottom, Dar wusn't ter be no white folks 'mitted, but ef so be as you'd like ter 'ticerpate, I reckon me an' Tige can pass you in."

The invitation was gladly accepted and at the appointed time I was at the rendezvous.

"New Yeah's gif', suh," cried Uncle Jack, my African friend, as he advanced to meet me. "Hit's er mighty col' night, an' er powerful fine one fur 'coons. Ah, *dats* de stuff," he exclaimed, eagerly uncorking the bottle I had handed to him. Then the bottle, followed by several pairs of envious eyes, was slowly raised and glued to his lips. I turned around to take a look at the assembled hunters, and as I did so, heard a voice exclaim, "Sho he *is* er generman—han's you 'is bottle, an' den turns 'is back."

Very reluctantly Uncle Jack withdrew the bottle from his mouth and passed it to the one nearest to him.

"Dat' suttinly is good licker. Brung dat fum Memphis, didn't you, suh?" When the bottle was returned to me it was empty, of course, and I tossed it into the heap of burning logs around which we were standing.

"Dat's de prize, suh," Jack said, handing me a cow's horn that had been scraped to almost the thinness of paper. "Hit's sho er fine hawn, an' it's er gwine ter be mine befo' mawnin'."

The rules of the hunt were briefly explained to me and I was appointed referee. The rules were:

Both canine and 'coon should be allowed 'go as you please' privileges.

No dog could be given other than oral encouragement.

The dog scoring the greatest number of points to be awarded the horn.

The points were: "Fust nip," "Fust blood," "Fust rastle," and "Killin' de 'coon."

The preliminaries of the hunt having been thus arranged, Uncle Jack took a long breath, placed the horn between his lips, and "to-oot, to-oot, to-oot, to-ooooot," the mellow notes, so sweet to the hunter's ear, rolled out. Immediately and from all sides, the horn was answered by a medley of barking and howling, and a motley collection of dogs came bounding into the fire light,—hounds, curs, terriers, a "bench leg Fice," and dogs of every other breed and description.

"Whoop, go on dar," Uncle Jack shouted, and the dogs, with one accord, sprang in front of us and quickly disappeared in the darkness of the forest. We followed them.

It was not a great while before an excited yelp came from one of the dogs and was followed by the chorus of the entire pack. Wild shouts of encouragement burst simultaneously from the throats of the negroes, who set off on the run in the direction taken by the dogs, I following as best I could. A cry of warning from the foremost ones reached my ear, but was not understood, and a moment afterwards I went full speed against a barbed wire fence.

"Hurry up, suh, de dawgs done treed," said Uncle Jack, who was helping me extract the barbs from my clothes and skin. A pandemonium of yelping and barking arose from a point a few hundred yards away, and pushing and tearing our way through a dense jungle of vines and cane, we at last arrived, panting and breathless, at the dog encircled tree.

"Hit's er powerful big tree," Uncle Jack remarked, as he surveyed its gigantic proportions; "an' I'm er bettin' it's er mighty po' little coon. Er big tree, little 'coon—little tree, big 'coon."

In a few minutes a large pile of brush and limbs, the top of a fallen tree, was brightly ablaze, lighting up the leaflees tree tops, and casting weird and wavering shadows against the dark background of cane. Two lusty negroes, ax in hand, stepped to the side of the tree, and the chips began to fly.

"When dat tree falls it *sho is* gwine ter make er lumberation dat 'll be heard clean acrost de bottom," said Uncle Jack. "An hit's er mighty good thing fur us dat Mist' Bloodsaw aint at home ter night, kase he don't 'low no huntin' on his lan' sence he put dat bob wiah fence eroun it. But he's in Memphis ternight," he continued, "an dey aint nobody ter hender us. He'll sholy rar an' cuss when he fin's dis heah tree done been cut down," he added, chuckling.

"Look out, dar she goes," some one cried, as the forest giant slowly careened. "Hol' dem dawgs tight," shouted one of the axmen as he hurriedly sought a place of safety. The tree moved slowly at first, then with a shuddering groan leaped from its stump and rushed downward. With a thundering noise that waked the forest echoes for miles around, it struck the earth. The moment the swaying and threshing of the limbs ceased the dogs were released, and with savage growls and whines they poured into the tree top. Soon, one of them gave a yelp of mingled surprise and pain, then another one yelped, and then came a squall from the 'coon.

"Fust nip fur Tige," shouted Uncle Jack, joyfully.

In a small opening, clear of brush and limbs, was the 'coon, and around him a circle of whining, snarling dogs. The 'coon, a very large one, was seated on his haunches and dealing out blows whenever a dog ventured within reach. A dog would become bolder than his mates, and make a rush, only to be met by the never failing blow from the 'coon's paw, and then hastily retire, whining and rubbing his torn and lacerated nose. Occasionally, however, the impetus of the onslaught would carry the dog within the 'coon's guard, and a squall would announce that the 'coon had been bitten. It soon became evident that the dogs did not relish the manner in which they were being handled, and one by one they slunk away, heedless of their masters' reproaches, until but two were left confronting the 'coon—my brindle friend, Tige, and a stocky, bench leg Fice.

"Go in dar Tige an' git dat fust blood," urged Uncle Jack excitedly. Tige made a feint which distracted the 'coon's attention from the other dog, who, taking advantage of this opportunity, made a rush, and catching the 'coon by the hind leg, tore a long rip in his skin, through which the blood began to trickle. A howl of delight came from the throats of the owner of the bench leg and his partisans.

"Bonypart gets de fust blood."

"Go in dar, Tige, an' fetch me out dat hawn," said Uncle Jack reproachfully, slily giving his dog a gentle push with his foot. Tige made a charge at the 'coon, who rose on his hind legs to meet him. The animals clinched, stood swaying for a moment and then fell, locked in one another's embrace, scratching and biting; then they separated and each resumed his first position, blood freely flowing from each.

"Ya, ya, ya, ya, bully for Tige," shrieked Uncle Jack.

"Hol' on dar, Jack," exclaimed Bonypart's owner, menacingly, "dat rastle don't count, kase you kicked Tige in, I seed yer do it."

"You's a liar, I didn't kick 'im," Uncle Jack replied hotly.

"I don't 'low no Ockinsaw coon ter call me er liar," the other exclaimed, advancing threateningly. Uncle Jack met him half way and they clinched. The 'coon, alarmed by the movement of the men, turned to run, but Tige grabbed him and their fight was renewed, Bonypart going to Tige's assistance. A squall from the 'coon, a canine yelp of pain and a confused mass of dogs and 'coon rolled and tumbled about; and then between the feet of the struggling negroes, tripping them and throwing them to the ground. The other dogs, excited by the noise of the biting, swearing, snarling mass, came bounding up to investigate, and then plunged into the fight. A writhing, struggling heap of dogs, through which occasionally protruded a cowhide boot or two, was all that could be seen.

"Here, boys, let's stop this," I cried, as I began throwing dogs right and left. The 'coon sprang to my back, thence to a small tree, and disappeared, just as the double report of a shot gun not far away rang out.

"You black rascals, get out of here," a voice shouted.

"Fo' de Lawd, it's Mist' Bloodsaw," came to me in an excited undertone. Negroes and dogs took to their heels and I lost no time in getting out of the circle of fire-light.

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The next day when I called at the Post Office for my mail, I found the Postmaster waiting on a man who had preceded me. "Nothing for you Mist' Bledsoe," I heard him say; and then resuming a conversation which had begun before my entrance, he asked; "An' yuh didn't ketch ary one o' the niggers?"

"No, suh," the other replied, "nary a one, an' I don't care if I didn't. It was the derndest 'coon fight I ever saw, an' was wuth a dozen trees."

To conclude seriously, there is no better sport in the world than a 'coon-hunt, especially if you have well-trained dogs and are blessed with a typical moonlight night. The very fact that it is an after-dark chase only adds a natural fascination to its indulgence.

OUR THEATERS.

AND IT came to pass late in the year of our Lord '97. that a trio of San Francisco's leading playhouses fell, as it were, under the managerial rule of the firm known as Friedlander, Gottlob & Co. Wherefore out of the earthquake upheaval the voice of the public was heard saying: "It is well." Mine own voice pipes a modest amen. Apropos of this interesting shake-up and the readjustment of things theatrical, if Messrs. Friedlander Gottlob & Co. expect to give ear to even one-half the gratuitous advice they have received from various sources, private and professional, as to how they should run their business in tuture in order to please the world, the flesh and the critics—which isn't, of course, saying that the latter are synonymous with his majesty the Devil—the gentlemen who control our theatrical destiny now and perchance forevermore would better slice at least a week out of the new year in which to digest aforesaid advice. On second thought I doubt if they could review it all in a week.

FLORIDA KINGSLEY, *Marceau photo.*
A talented member of the Alcazar Stock Company.

For my own part, I do not envy these courageous gentlemen the task of pleasing everybody, for, be they never so wise, they will encounter dissatisfaction somewhere: and be they never so public-spirited and painstaking their efforts will be met with chilly disapproval by those serenely self-satisfied souls, the persons who think they know it all. But I venture the opinion that the intrepid triumvirate—including the Co. which forms the tail of their kite—will travel the even tenor of their way and court success, aye, win it, and that too, in a town which suffers an evil reputation abroad as a show place; a town which has decidedly a big contract ahead of it if it hopes to live down that reputation.

The Frawleys will lose a valuable member in Harry Corson Clarke, the exceedingly clever comedian whose interpretation of old men characters has been so natural and perfect that few among his audiences realize that he is a young and fine-looking man. Mr. Clarke is very popular in society circles. Two important events in the local theatrical world are the fact that this ambitious actor will shortly star with his own company, and will in the near future wed a charming San Franciscan, Miss Alice Deming, a society girl of many accomplishments and a lovable disposition. She is of the willowy type, graceful and pretty and one of the best-gowned young women in the city. Her father, Mr. E. O. Deming, is a representative and highly respected citizen of wealth, and the wedding, which will probably take place in the early spring, will be the event of the season. The young couple are being felicitated everywhere. Their honeymoon trip will doubtless include Honolulu, where Mr. Clarke expects to take his company and where he is assured a flattering welcome. After a much needed rest in this city he will secure the best talent obtainable in the East, and will give Western theater-goers such entertainment as in his opinion they want—good, clean, snappy comedies. The new enterprise is to be launched in San Francisco.

EDITH HALL, *Thorn photo.*
In leading roles at Tivoli Opera House.

"At Gay Coney Island" is having a fast and furious run at the Columbia, billed as a "farcical fete." Its fun is just the sort that best beguiles in the merry holiday time. It is seen here for the first time and will be continued all next week. The jolliest attraction of the previous month at the Columbia was the "Milk White Flag," and the present piece of funniness is playing to quite as good business. Its songs are tremendously popular, for the public adores a rattling tune and turns its unclassical ear in rapture to drink in the catchy melodies that scatter dull care. Among these are the new songs: "He Struck It Rich at Klondike," "Say Yes," "Abel Skinner," "My Love is a Gamblin' Man," "Coney by the Sea," "A Jay in New York," "Shooting the Chutes," "Merry Fisher Maidens" and "The Gentle Foot Ball Players."

Returned from a thirteen-performance trip to Honolulu—13 is, by the by, their lucky number—the Frawley Company are concluding a fortnight's successful engagement at the California, prior to an extended tour of the East. Readers of THE TRAVELER will remember a strikingly beautiful portrait of Miss Eleanor Robson which appeared in this department in the October number, Miss Robson having then just joined the Frawleys in engenue roles, entering upon a stage career with comparatively little or no preparation. Her advance has been remarkable, for in the brief interim she has shown such talent that she has been assigned —and has delightfully filled—roles formerly played by Gladys Wallis.

The attraction of the past fortnight at the Alcazar has been "The Girl I Left Behind Me," a piece admirably staged, costumed and acted, full to the brim of American patriotism. As a rule the Alcazar runs a piece for the week only, but when the hit is unusually pronounced, the exception of a continuance is made. Manager Thall has been exceedingly successful since he became the guiding star of destiny at this house—or, to be more exact, the house has secured a mascot in Manager Thall. Miss Venie Castro is a new and already popular member of the stock company.

Holiday glitter at the Tivoli crystalized this season in "Mother Goose, or the Strange Adventures of Jack and Jill," a spectacle well up to the Tivoli standard. German ballads and romances, song and lecture recitals, will be given on Thursday and Friday evenings, January 6 and 7, and at the following Saturday matinee, California Theater, by the renowned soprano, Miss Villa Whitney White. The Baldwin under the new regime opened gaily last Monday night, with Stuart Robson in "The Jucklins." A bombardment of congratulatory telegrams evinced the good will of the public toward the incoming management. Next Monday Robson will be seen in his famous role, Bertie, the Lamb, in "The Henrietta." Booked for the weeks of the 10th and 17th is "The Man from Mexico," followed by "The Girl From Paris." Nellie McHenry will be at the Columbia for a week, commencing on the 10th, in "A Night at the Circus"; then comes Marie Dressler with two weeks of "Courted in Court," John C. Rice and Sallie Cohen and the Black Patti Troubadours, a rollicking company of fifty people in musical farce comedy.

JOSIE DE WITT,
A celebrated violinist in "Gay Coney Island," the Columbia.

The Orpheum opens the year to splendid business. Press Agent Avard J. Moore has some attractive announcements for next week up his sleeve, including Mlle. Patrice and company in their sketch, "A New Year's Dream," Jessie Millar, the captivating cornetist, and Kittie Mitchell, songstress. The popularity of this place of amusement is well deserved.

ON A NEW YEAR'S EVE.

HENRY C. WHITNEY.

"TO WITH the New Year you are going," wrote the woman, ' out of my life. Very well, let it be so. I do not complain. I suppose, after all, it is what I had to expect some time; only I did not think it would be so soon. Yet there is one thing I would ask you. I want to see you just once before it is all done with. Do not be afraid. There will be no 'scene.' I am not one of those women who load a man with reproaches. But I should like to see you to say good-by. We have been good friends. Let us part as friends do. To-morrow begins the new life, as you put it, with the New Year. But the old year is not dead yet. Let us bury it together—to-night. I shall be back from the theater by eleven—you known I am not on in the last act—and I want you to have supper with me; we will see the old year out together, and then you will wish me good-by. Do not refuse me this little thing. Call it stupid, theatrical, a woman's fad—what you will; but humor me and come. It will not hurt you, nor *her*. And I think, under all the circumstances you can afford to humor me."

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The carriage stopped outside a little house that stood within high stuccoed walls. The man alighted. From between a gap in the curtains of a window on the top floor a pink light streamed out across the garden, as he followed the trim servant into the house. She is changing her frock, he thought. She need not have bothered to do that. He was conscious that it would have been easier for him to say good-by if she had appeared in her ordinary morning dress, just as she came, with her hair perhaps slightly ruffled by her veil, from the theater. For a mere formal occasion like the present, evening dress, in which she always looked her best, seemed to him to show a want of due feeling for the situation. When a man is about to say good-by to a woman for ever, he does not want to be reminded that she has the finest shoulders in London.

Yet, as he followed the servant up the stairs, he almost unconsciously glanced in a mirror that hung at the side, and paused for a moment to see if his tie was quite straight, his hair unrumpled. If, after all, it is to be an affair of state, he thought, as he passed into the little drawing-room, I must not fall below the occasion.

The room was empty when he came into it, and in the brief moment that he stood there waiting her coming, he noted the extraordinary profusion of flowers that decked every available receptacle, and made the atmosphere as scented as that of a hot-house. An affair of state undoubtedly, he thought; I ought to feel honored.

There was a rustling of skirts, an opening door, and she stood before him. For a second a pang of regret swept over him that to-night it would all be over. The next, he remembered that for the future they would not even be casual acquaintances, and was talking to her calmly, to all appearances unmoved by the splendor of her beauty.

For, indeed, she was very beautiful. A woman tall, well proportioned, but withal perfectly graceful. Her low-cut dress, of some white gleaming fabric, fitted her to perfection, the blue black of her polished (that, indeed, was the effect it gave) hair contrasted admirably with the delicate clearness of her creamy skin. There were flowers in her hair, and at her breast, and long strings of pearls, one of his own presents to her, swung lightly from her neck.

Of what he talked to her he did not exactly know. His answers to her questions were confused, disjointed, and he welcomed with a relief the announcement that supper was awaiting them.

"You must give me your arm," she said, laughingly.

He gave it, mechanically, and so they passed into the dining-room.

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' You are silent," she said, half an hour later, as she handed him her cigarette case and lit one herself. "Do you know I am quite tired with the exertion of getting you to talk. Yet you have really nothing to depress you. You are going to be married to the woman of your own choice, a very charming woman, too, I believe, by all accounts. Perhaps you are sorry you came? But, after all, it is surely better that if we are to part, we should part friends. You have been good to me. I bear you no ill will. I hope you bear none to me."

He shook his head. "None whatever; why should I?"

"I don't know. Men are so strange. They will always blame the woman, if they can. To do you justice, I believe you are different."

"I hope so."

"We have been very happy, haven't we, dear?"

"Yes."

"And you are not sorry it will be all over, that you will begin your new life—New Year, in"—she looked at the clock face that peered out from among a cluster of white roses on the chimney-piece—"ten minutes."

"It had to stop," he said, evasively. Then, as if conscious that the answer was not the one he intended to have made, he added quickly, "You are not keeping your promise. You know it was part of my conditions of coming that we should meet merely to say good-by, that there was to be no discussion."

"I am sorry, dear; it was stupid of me, I must admit. Forgive me."

From the church at the bottom of the road a bell rang out in short quick jerks. It was as if the bell-ringer resented having to work at such an hour, and was venting his displeasure on the bell. The woman looked down the street. A few people were passing in at the church door. "I thought no one had these watch-night services now," she said.

"At least," said the man, "they need not ring like that. It's hideous."

"Death is nearly always hideous, and they are ringing the death of the New Year," she said. "Indeed"—she looked at the clock again—"it's pretty well dead now. Only one minute—and the old year will be gone. Let us drink to the New Year as it comes."

She went over to the sideboard, and from a flagon of green Bavarian glass poured out two glasses of some liquor. "You will humor me this last time, won't you?" she said.

He raised the glass in his hand.

The church bell ceased abruptly, to be succeeded by the deeper notes of the clock as it struck out the hour.

One, two, three———

"To the New Year!" she said, raising the glass to her lips.

"To the New Year!" he echoed. But even as he reached to put the glass back on the table he staggered, and clutching at the air dragged her down with him in his fall. Like a flash it dawned on him what she had done. A horrible feeling of numbness came over him. He tried to speak; his lips chattered idly.

The woman, with a desperate dying effort, twined her arm round his neck and moved her lips toward his. "Oh, my love, my love," she murmured, "I found after all I could not let you go. Forgive me, I love you so. There was no other way. I love, I love———"

The voice ceased.

From the church across the street the bells pealed forth merrily, proclaiming the birth of the New Year.

MISS ALICE DEMING. *Taber photo.*

A San Francisco society favorite, whose engagement to Harry Corson Clarke, the popular comedian, was recently announced.

A congenial coterie of local celebrities, Paul Neuman, now a Honolulu lawyer and formerly Attorney-General to Liliuokalani, among them, had assembled at a French caterer's for the purpose of dining. The banquet was so slow in being served that some one suggested that if their appetites were to be appeased they would be obliged to fall to and eat each other. With mock solemnity they drew lots as to the selection of the victim, who happened to be Mr. Neuman. He rose from the table, gravely proceeded to unstrap one of his nether extremities, and laid it on the banquet board.

"Gentlemen," he said, balancing himself on the back of his chair by one hand and indicating the dismembered article with the other, "you may begin on that." It was a cork leg.

A TRIP TO THE ORIENT.

THE TOURIST.

THE following is the fifth of a series of interesting descriptive articles under the above title, taking the reader through the charming City of Kioto and the famous rapids. Yokohama is revisited and Nikko explored. The attractions and environs of the latter city, including its magnificent temples, make an intertaining chapter.]

We are up betimes this morning. The sun is shedding its warmth and brightness over Maruyama's wooded crest, upon whose sloping sides are grouped in irregular shape the many buildings of this our temporary home. Yaami Hotel is situated on holy ground, and there is much that is interesting and historical in the trees, plants, buildings and surroundings of this lovely spot. Here is the original tea house, altered in shape, where the leader of the forty-seven Ronins played the drunkard for two years while perfecting his plans to avenge his lord. Here also is an ancient monastery which originally belonged to one of the Temples, somewhat changed in appearance, but forming a part of this cluster of dwellings, beneath whose roofs the foreigner receives good cheer. From the balconies of these detached structures we obtain a fine view of the charming City of Kioto, lying below, spread out upon a plain, and divided by the River Komogawa, a wide, shallow stream, whose banks are connected by long substantial bridges. The morning meal concluded, our party are once more in rickshas for a day of sightseeing. We visit many factories and witness in their different stages the manufacture of embroideries, cloisonne, bronzes, carvings, woodenware, and porcelain. It is a delight to linger in the modestly small workshops, watching the nimble fingers, keen sight, artistic taste and wonderful skill of these unobtrusive little yellow men, and take no heed of time until reminded by the declining sun that the day is far advanced. We are then wheeled rapidly through the streets to our comfortable quarters for the night.

Our second day opens as brightly as the previous one, and having breakfasted early we descend to where our rickshas await us, each with two men equipped for a lengthy ride of eighteen miles to the Katsura-gawa River, where we expect to have an enjoyable time shooting the rapids. All being in readiness away we speed down the hotel's approach into the busy streets of the city, with a bustling mass of scantily clad people of cheerful mien, flitting here and there; across the long bridge and again into the active marts of trade and travel, continuing on until the outskirts of the city are reached and we enter the farming region. Here, too, our interest is kept alive watching the men, women, and children working in the small but symmetrical pieces of ground, around the edges of which the tiny levee is thrown up to retain the water for irrigation. After several miles of level road we begin to rise and enter the broken country, and it is here our second man comes into service as a pusher, helping the little fellew in the shafts who is quietly straining every muscle as he pulls us up some of the steep and heavy reaches. In due time we arrive at the village of Hozu, on the banks of the river, where we arrange for a ride down the rapids. After a short delay the boats are ready. They are light in build with high sides and flaring bow. We take our seats, shove off from shore and point down the stream. The current is swift and we note the angry torrent ahead. Soon we approach the first rapid, our frail craft has entered the current and is tossed and buffeted like a feather. The cool pilot in the bow is keeping us clear of the ragged rocks as we tumble and twist over the boiling surface until we emerge in safety and pass into the quiet waters a long distance below. Seven times more we pass through this excitable and enjoyable experience, and in the intervals become enraptured at the loveliness of this grand gorge, with its steep sides clad in verdure from top to base, the deep green of the pine, the lighter shade of the chestnut, and still more delicate tint of the underbrush, and bright sunlight shining on mount and stream, blending all into one harmonious, magnificent scene. Again we are directed to look forward, the current becoming swifter as the channel is contracted. We see the beautiful mountain ahead and are told that beyond that lovely slope commences the ninth, the longest and swiftest of this series of rapids. All eyes are now bent in the direction of the lovely wall of green that apparently blocks our course. Rocks are scattered in every direction, the white caps tossing upon their rugged sides. Rapidly are we drifting down, passing at times uncomfortably close to some of these huge boulders, and our interest therefore becomes more intense until awakened from our suspense we suddenly come to a sharp turn in the River, and see before us the commencement of the last of the rapids. Into the swirling, seething breakers we go, the bottom of our frail craft bending under the irregular pressure from below. The nervy pilot in the bow never fails to steer us clear of the multitude of dangers, and with quick and timely thrusts of his staff he sends us to the right and then to the left, heeling over in this lashing sea of foam, clearing the rocks by a scratch, the spray tumbling into our vessel as we speed down the agitated waters. Hurled about by riotous waves we clutch the sides of this flexible little ship, and with anxiety watch the cool, intrepid movements of the yellow man, upon whom depends the safety of our party. He is equal to the task. With unerring aim he guides us through the many crooked reaches. In safety we pass out into the placid stream below, and immediately go on shore, where we do justice to a plentiful lunch, after which in rickshas we pass through a pretty country, and at nightfall are again at the Yaami Hotel.

Next day we are again on the move, visiting many ancient temples, among them the San Ju San Gen Do, the temple of one thousand guilded images, to the great Diabutsu, or great Buddha, the great bell, to the Honwanji Temple, a new and splendidly furnished structure, to the ear mound beneath which were buried the ears and noses of Coreans slain in battle in the sixteenth century. Thus are passed the days in this lovely city and vicinity, visiting workshops, stores, theaters, shrines, the palace grounds, the beautiful Lake Biwa, and the celebrated village of Otsu, where an attempt was made on the life of the present Czar of Russia; Karasaki, famous for its enormous pine-tree, to the exposition and many other places of interest, until the 28th, when we take the train for Yokohama, stopping on the way at the historical City of Shizuoka, where we visit the ruins of the celebrated castle built by Ieyasu, and where he passed the last hours of his life; also the residence of the last of the Shoguns. We visit shops and see the workers making the beautiful and delicate shaped bamboo baskets, also note the manufacture of lacquer ware. The next forenoon we are once more locked in the car, our train passing through a pretty and well-cultivated country toward the City of Yokohama. Arriving at about five P. M. we at once proceed to the Grand Hotel, where we are cordially received by that prince of hotel managers, Louis Eppinger, who by his courteous and watchful care for the comfort of his guests has won for his house the well-merited reputation of the best appointed and best managed hotel in the far East. We remain in this city several days, visiting many places of interest to the stranger, which we were unable to see on our outward visit because of the shortness of our stay. Among the interesting sights is the process of curing tea; commencing at what is called firing. In a large basement room are double rows of iron cauldrons, set in brickwork with a furnace under each, and numbering in all probably four hundred or more. Into these heated kettles are poured about twenty pounds of tea, which is kept constantly stirred by hand until all the moisture is removed from the leaf. It is a curious sight to see the movements of the double rows of women, girls, and boys, each over the heated vessel, stirring with their hands the leaves until they are sufficiently dry, the process being repeated about every twenty minutes. The tea is then taken to an upper room, assorted and graded, then packed into boxes for market.

The following day we take the train for Nikko, arriving after dark; are at once on board the convenient ricksha and hurrying through the long street to

KATSURA-GAWA RAPIDS.

the hotel for dinner. On the day following we witness the annual festival in which the sacred palanquins containing the divine symbols are borne in procession. These palanquins are very heavy, each requiring about fifty men to carry them. The procession is headed by the chief priest clothed in white robes and mounted on horseback, followed by other priests of lesser rank, then the sacred horse led by two attendants, an enormous dragon, and many followers clad in ancient armor of all ranks, making an imposing spectacle. Walks in the neighborhood consume the rest of the day to the sacred bridge,

ENTRANCE TO NIKKO TEMPLES.

a red lacquered structure spanning the Daiyugawa River, built more than two hundred and fifty years, and closed to all except the Mikado, then up the river to where a large number of stone images are ranged in a row along the river bank, said to have been placed there some thirteen hundred years ago. We enjoy the mountain scenery and regret the early setting of the sun.

The next day is devoted to a visit to the mortuary temples and tombs of the first and third Shoguns of the Tokugawa dynasty; climbing stone stairs and shaded approaches, with shrines and sacred places at intervals, all of historical note and commanding deep reverence from the pilgrim as he passes upward to the holy temples. Rambling slowly through these somber avenues, lingering here and there to gaze on the many different structures of various shapes, all of great age and erected in honor of the illustrious dead, we come to a beautiful gate of the most elegant and artistic finish. Carvings that required years of labor by the most eminent artists of the land stand out in bold relief, a marvel of execution. Passing through this gateway we find ourselves in a fine courtyard with three handsome buildings, where are stored all the sacred relics and treasures of the temple. Proceeding further we come to the magnificent mausoleum, a wonderful and superbly finished building. The carvings and lacquer work, inside and outside, are of the finest texture and design, the paintings and bronzes by the most celebrated artists of the time. We ascend the two hundred stone steps to the tomb of Ieyasu, the first Shogun of the Tokugawa dynasty, and probably the greatest of Japan's rulers. At the top of these steps we see the granite fence enclosing the tomb, a single bronze casting shaped like a small pagoda. The entrance to this enclosure is through a bronze gate which is never opened. He lies beneath this bronze tomb, surrounded by a wealth of magnificence and solemn grandeur, with the stately cryptomeria trees, that for two hundred and eighty years has sounded the solemn dirge over the remains of the revered soldier. Returning down the stone steps and into the courtyard we are shown an immense tree said to be the identical one carried in a flower-pot by Ieyasu, also the sacred horse housed in a magnificent stable. We wend our way through an imposing avenue of trees to the mausoleum of Iemitsu, the grandson and third Shogun of his line. The surroundings, temples, tomb, and shrines are of the same gorgeous and brilliant character as that of his illustrious grandsire. Throughout the whole of these sacred grounds a solemn and dazzling splendor meets the eye, which the storms of more than two and a half centuries have failed to obliterate, impressing the visitor with the force of the Japanese proverb, "Do not use the word magnificent until you have seen Nikko."

(*To be continued.*)

OLD PLAYS AND NEW EXPONENTS.

S. H. FRIEDLANDER.

At first glance no subject could be more attractive, no title so tempting. Was essayist ever afforded such opportunity to blend encyclopedic lore with original idea, to embellish pedantic fact with sparkling fancy? What a delightful labor it will be to unite famous plays of the past with equally famed players of the present, to ransack neglected dramatic tomes and explore latter-day dramatic journals, to bring the furbelows and face-patches of the Woffington into direct comparison with the balloon sleeves and Psyche knot of the Wainwright!

Thoughts such as these were mine when I began the task of preparing this paper. But, alas, they fled before I had proceeded very far with the task. I quickly found myself in a position somewhat similar to that occupied by the Hibernian historian to whom had been assigned the duty of writing a chapter on snakes in Ireland. He found plenty of Ireland, but no snakes. I was almost as badly handicapped by lack of material. Old English comedies were plentiful enough, but their modern exponents were startlingly scarce. My diligent inquiry and research were rewarded by the discovery of less than half a dozen American players who are so heroic, or so stupid, as to endeavor to popularize the antique British comedies in the United States. And I also ascertained that there is no prospect of the number of actors thus employed being increased. This discovery started a great wave of indignation surging through my mind, but a practical study of cause and effect gradually quelled it, and now only a feeling of pity remains.

I do not think the American people should be censured for their disinclination to encourage the stage production of plays written at least a century ago, nor do I regard their apathetic reception of such productions as evidence of a non-appreciation of dramatic art, but rather consider it an indication of advanced culture. Any person who has witnessed a comedy by Sheridan Knowles must confess that it was a patience-taxer, despite its brightness of dialogue, its intricacy of plot, and quaintness of situations. Take for instance, "The Love Chase," as presented here several months ago by Marie Wainwright and company. The comedy is a daintily drawn picture of English high life during the middle period of the last century. William Sheridan Knowles conceived the illustration, sketched the figures, and outlined their environment, and his work doubtless created a tremendous sensation when it was first presented to the public for whom it was written. But it is not up, nor can it possibly be elevated, to the taste of the American public of this closing decade of the nineteenth century. It never received better treatment than was given it by Miss Wainwright and her people. They clothed its antique charms with many modern graces, and thereby enlivened situations that might have been dull, and also lent luster to a text that was prone to prosiness. They brought out all the brightness that the long-drawn dialogues were capable of yielding, made the very most of the infrequent opportunities for interesting action, and even succeeded in disguising to some extent the protracted "asides" that were spoken behind fans or hats while the speaker's vis-a-vis was supposed to have been suddenly and inexplicably changed into mental abstraction. And the scenery and costumes were elaborate and beautiful, the stage at times being suggestive of an eighteenth century fashion plate, but there was still something wanting to make the performance as acceptable as an average up-to-date comedy would have been, if played by the same company—and with similar devotion to artistic detail.

The people who live to-day and for to-day are decidedly difficult to bring in touch with the atmosphere that environs the old comedies, and these workaday folk are the critics to whom American players must cater. The late Mrs. John Drew was the oldest exponent of ancient British comedy before the American public, and she appeared only when necessity drove her to it. Joseph Jefferson, another old school actor whose age destines him to shuffle off the coil mortal, alternates Bob Acres with his Rip Van Winkle when he condescends to play at all. While he no longer possesses the physical elasticity of youth, the years have not dimmed the luster of his art, and his Acres is a wonderfully vigorous characterization. Ada Rehan occasionally impersonates a Sheridan heroine, and the role provides her with ample opportunity to display both her charm of person and wealth of talent. Little Julia Marlowe is prolific of promise of what she is going to do in the way of reviewing some of the shelved English comedies, but thus far she has failed to fulfill. Sol Smith Russell attempted Bob Acres last season, but the critics slated him in the part, and he, too, arrived at the conclusion that it is better to give the people what they admire than to endeavor to make them admire that which they have no predilection for. But the old English comedies will live in literature, if not upon the stage. They are imperishable appeals to the best intelligence of every country and every age.

Won't somebody get a large, a very large chain—a log chain of the mammoth saw-mills of Maine will do, but nothing less—and tie up that modern Bombastes Furiosa, Eugene Deuprey, ere he eats up Judge Bahrs for supper some of these fine winter days? We understand that after reading of the terrific threats made against him by Deuprey the Judge made his will, insured his life very heavily, and bade a weeping farewell to his sorrowing family. We open our morning and evening paper each day with fear that we shall read of the sudden immolation of Judge Bahrs upon the angry sword of Lawyer Deuprey.

Seriously speaking, did any one ever hear of such senseless talk as was poured forth by this Lawyer Deuprey when attempting to explain the changing of his affidavit in Judge Bahr's court? It is charity to believe that Deuprey didn't know what he said, nor mean what he said, nor intend to say anything any way, except to keep his name in the paper, for to believe anything else is to—well, we won't say what. Judge Bahrs can be relied on to defend himself, either in or out of Court.

Nearly everybody interested in the equality of the sexes is feeling jubilant over the reported dual life of Miss Zwald, the cashier for Macondray & Co. Not that any one is pleased at learning of the girl's alleged wrong-doing, but because her actions show that women can tread the paths of the "wicked tenderloin" on other people's money all the same as men. No longer can the masculine gender assume all the airs of vice or boast that there are some things that women cannot do, for Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde are equaled, nay, excelled, by the San Francisco lady cashier.

We presume that the air of Alameda caused the peculiar movement of her brain; hence, all honor to the Athens of America. It has stimulated the imitative faculty of lovely woman, if nothing else comes from it.

MISS GIBELMAN. *Taber photo.*
A well-known hostess in San Francisco Society.

A pilgrimage to Mecca is the duty of every Mussulman, especially if he desires to dally with the houris and to bask in the smiles of a Mahommedan paradise. A pilgrimage to Washington in these days is the duty of every Californian, especially if he wishes an office for himself, his relatives and friends, or desires to clasp the hand of "the advance agent of prosperity."

George A. Knight has just performed this pleasing labor, and rumor has it that while he did not by himself alone secure the confirmation of "Judge" McKenna—although George intimates a great deal—he did get a good grip on an office for his son.

We are glad of it. George has worked hard for the party, and the few offices with large salaries for small work he has had do not reward the family. More power to your Knightly pull, my boy. Stick to them. Get a strong hold, and then, like our common friend, Jackson, "never let go."

"Evil communications corrupt good manners," runs the old proverb, and its truth is made manifest every day, notably so in San Francisco. The bad example set by Hearst in hiding in New York to escape the service of process in civil and criminal cases, and leaving his subordinates to suffer for his misdeeds in California, has been followed lately by his managing editor, A. M. Laurence. When Laurence a few days since was, after many delays interposed by his counsel, forced like any other criminal to stand up in the Police Court and plead to a complaint, he did as his employer has done, ran to cover. Taking the witness stand in his own behalf he laid all the blame for the atrocious libel perpetrated upon Claus Spreckels upon Charley Aiken, the "scissors" of the *Examiner*. O Andy! Andy! You once did prate of your courage, but Hearst has made you a coward like himself. The law, however, we are certain, will teach both Hearst and Laurence that they are mere ostriches, covering only their heads and leaving other portions of their anatomy more susceptible to pain to be appropriately and severely whipped.

If Superintendent Vining will address a letter to the Board of Health calling its attention to the violation of the city ordinance regarding expectoration in the Ferry Depot he will receive the thanks of a long-suffering traveling public. We really think Mr. Vining should have individuality enough to enforce the rule himself. His courage should be equal to the occasion. Let him forget for a moment the pursuit of economy, and devote his time to making the Ferry Depot a fit place for women to walk with pretty dresses. Perhaps Vining has nothing to do with the Ferry Depot, but, any way, his position gives him a right to speak; hence we say, "Speak, Vining; speak in favor of cleanliness."

It was very bad taste for the newspapers to make so much of Miss Zwald's escapade. Such rot as was published by the column about the "pretty cashier" is enough to turn the heads of many another woman following the same business. Either the employee of Macondray & Co. was guilty of embezzlement or she was not. If she was, then she should be treated in like manner with other criminals; if she was not, then her life is her own, and the newspapers in either case should let her private affairs and her form and face and figure alone.

Score one for the Police. They have really brought Bennett, the cowardly assailant of his wife, back from British Columbia. Now if they will only keep him and try him and convict him, we will forgive many of their transgressions. We will mildly suggest that some punishment should be meted out to the Policeman who permitted him to escape, for, so far, we have not heard of any reprimand even being administered to him by those three wise men who serve as Police Commissioners.

While on this business we will further suggest that the parties who aided Bennett to escape are guilty of a felony and should be prosecuted. We will wager, however, the Palace Hotel against Ben Naphtaly's promise of reform that nothing will be done to them, although the Police boast that they knew them. Great is a pull in San Francisco.

What a fraud the holiday issues of the "great" daily papers was most people know, but few are willing to admit. Each one praises the other for its "enterprise" and "achievement," when the real truth is that they were mere schemes invented to compel merchants and professional men to open their purses to the rapacious hands of those who control the press of San Francisco. Time was when the old Sacramento *Union* and San Francisco *Bulletin* published a New Year edition replete with a resume of the doings of the year and useful information, without calling upon quasi-advertisers for money. Now, the first, last, and only thing contemplated is, "how much can we make this merchant, that doctor, and this lawyer pay for a 'write-up' for our big edition?" There is no doubt but what the money exacted was obtained in nearly every case unwillingly, and in many instances by implied threats, from the business and professional men of San Francisco, who paid about all the expenses of the late holiday editions of every daily paper in the city.

Campbell, the poet, and Turner, the artist, were dining together with a large party. The poet was called upon for a toast, and, by way of a joke upon the great professor of the sister art, gave "The Painters and Glaziers." After the laughter had subsided, the artist was, of course, summoned to propose a toast also. He rose, and, with admirable tact and ready wit, discharged the debt of his craft to the author of the "Pleasures of Hope" by giving "The Paper-stainers."

Rogers used to relate this story. An Englishman and a Frenchman fought a duel in a *darkened room*. The Englishman, unwilling to take his life, generously fired up the chimney and *brought down the Frenchman*. "When I tell this story in France," added Rogers, pleasantly. "I make the *Englishman* go up the chimney."

Mr. Hare, formerly the Envoy to Poland, had apartments in the same house with Mr. Fox, and, like his friend Charles, had frequent visits from bailiffs. One morning, as he was looking out of his window, he observed two of them at the door. "Pray, gentlemen," said he, "are you *Fox* hunting or *Hare* hunting this morning"?

This, That and the Other

LILLIAN FERGUSON.

Petaluma's amateur theatrical talent decided to give a performance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" recently, and meeting with no opposition from the authorities went ahead with the performance. Luck was against the company, however, from the start. The only dog in town that came anywhere near the requirements of a bloodhound to pursue the fleeing Eliza across the ice unfortunately fell into the clutches of the poundman the very afternoon of the play, and an understudy had to be pressed into service in the shape of a skye-terrier. The latter was so small that he nearly lost his life by being inadvertently stepped on behind the scenes by Uncle Tom. His agonized yelps disconcerted both audience and cast, but ejaculations of pity gave place later to shrieks of laughter when Simon Legree's whiskers came off and a voice at the back of the hall audibly commented upon the quickness of his shave. Owing to a scarcity of furniture, St. Clair, who happened to be an extremely tall youth, was obliged to die uncomfortably on a parlor divan with his legs hanging over. The lights went out at the wrong time, the curtain caught fire, and Marks the lawyer stubbed his toe so severely that he limped for a week afterward. With these trifling exceptions and the fact that the bloodhounds were conspicuous by their absence, the terrier positively refusing to go on, the entertainment was a great success.

Are you a connoisseur in marmalade, oh, reader of THE TRAVELER? And are you an advocate of home industry and the exploiting of California's products? Then will you rejoice with me when I declare that it has remained for a Los Angeles woman, Miss S. Allen by name, to discount merrie old England in the orange-marmalade she is placing on the market; I have always wondered why we couldn't give those Britishers cards and spades in marmalades. We have such oranges as were never dreamed of in their philosophy, don't you know. Well, Miss Allen is an artist in amber. Go and sample a glass jar of her "Perfection," if you don't believe me. An orange leaf in colors is the genuine label. Then tell everybody about it who is marmalade mad. That's the practical way to encourage home industry.

Apropos of California products, if I had the giving of prizes to grocers for holiday window displays I should take the next car out to Montgomery Avenue and Union Street and present it to Mr. Joseph Stulz. Not that he would particularly care about it. Mr. Stulz has so many medals already that he thinks no more of them than a Klondiker does of a coalhodful of nuggets. But his window display was as pretty a bit of loyalty as I have seen. Everything edible that California can produce for a grocer to sell was on exhibition. "Steps to California's Prosperity" was an excellent idea; the steps leading upward to the Golden Gate were glass enclosures of dried fruits. That window was an object lesson to those who do not realize the marvelous resources of our State. Yes, I'm really sorry that I can't drop another prize into Mr. Stulz's hat.

THE LITERARY HOUSEKEEPER.

When Jemima asked me for a day off that she might spend it in entertaining a cousin of hers from the country, I readily and obligingly acquiesced. A day at the domestic wheel, thought I, would be but a trifling inconvenience. Really I doubted if I should mind it in the least. It might, indeed, prove an agreeable change from office environment; upon second thought it would perhaps be an actual relief not to have somebody continually pottering about the house.

I had frequently wondered how Jemima managed to put in her time, anyhow. And she had an unpleasant prospensity to interrupt my inky meditations at the most inopportune moments, a fault which I had long since despaired of ever eliminating from her otherwise acceptable galaxy of virtues.

So when she approached me for the favor already mentioned, I dismissed her with a nod and a generous flourish of my then unoccupied fist, while I diligently blotted my manuscript with the aid of the other. In another hour Jemima had disappeared around the corner, garbed in her Sunday-dry-goods best, a stout specimen of rainbow magnificence whose girth and good nature were far more ample than her skill in the art culinary, or her ability to wash china without chipping it.

It was a charming morning and I felt particularly at peace with the cold, heartless world that I at present live in, for the postman had brought me news of the acceptance of a story that I had been sure wouldn't go, and one of my acquaintances had sent me per money order the sum of five dollars, borrowed three years ago, and given up as a hopeless loss for many moons. With faith in the gratitude of human nature once more restored I set about the task of writing another story.

A preoccupied hour went by in which my pen traveled over paper at a fast and furious pace. Then the doorbell pealed commandingly, and I hastened to respond, confronting a clarion-tongued peddler of persistent mien, who sought to enforce my attention by blocking the door with one of his brogans, while he extolled the beauties of a succulent potato, and drove straightway from my alleged brain the only idea really

A BIT OF CHINATOWN. *Elite photo.*

worth perpetuation that I had conjured up that morning. It hasn't yet returned.

While I was studying over the completion of a sentence snapped in two by this interruption, my thoughts were sent a-glimmering again by another summons of the bell. For the ensuing three-quarters of an hour I was certain that all the peddlers in town had formed into a continuous procession of loudly insistent itinerants bent upon the destruction of my peace and the ruin of my temper. From the man who wanted to clean carpets on the floor while I waited, to him who had the only sure-thing bug-exterminator on earth, they made life miserable for me to the best of their combined ability. I began to think more kindly of Jemima than I ever had before. The girl earned more than her wages answering that doorbell, I concluded; and then I fell to wondering that she could have been content to stay under my roof without once asking for a raise of pay.

Meanwhile my manuscript suffered, for, entirely divorced from the plot of the story, I jammed it into a pigeon-hole, savagely said no to a mild-eyed man who wanted me to subscribe for the *Fireside Incendiary*, and observing that it was lunch time, went into the kitchen to prepare my solitary repast. I was decidedly hungry from the amount of physical exercise taken over the hall carpet to the front door and back again to the desk of my den. Resolving upon cocoa and two hard-boiled eggs as the simplest fare of a nourishing kind that the pantry afforded, I set about the preliminary preparation of them and lit the gas stove.

Just then a rhyme popped from somewhere into my thinking apparatus and I hastened to my desk to place it on paper, lest it go on a still hunt for the missing idea of the morning.

At the interesting point where I was thoughtfully coupling the octave to the sextet, I was startled by an explosive sound in the rear portion of my domicile. It was quickly followed by another, then a great rattle of tinware and something falling.

Good heavens, could it be possible that a despondent ashman or butcher boy had seen fit to choose my kitchen doorstep as a suitable spot whereon to blow out his brains? It was extremely annoying. Nobody engaged in the hewing out of a sonnet wants to be diverted, even by an exclusive suicide. Upsetting the inkbottle in my nervous haste, I flew to the culinary regions whence came a strange odor.

No wonder. The milk intended for cocoa was bubbling madly and burning itself in a lacteal mass on the stove. On the floor lay the shattered remains of two exploded eggs, and a porcelain kettle ruined for life.

I opened the windows and for the next half hour held close communion with scrubbing brush and soapsuds. In the midst of this rite the bell rang shrilly in my ears and I went to the door to meet a neighbor. Having in the perturbations of the forenoon and its unhappy incidents neglected to exchange my breakfast negligee for a suitable house gown, and presenting what must have been a flustered appearance, with a baptismal deluge of soapy water escaping down my left sleeve, I have not found it in my heart to resent what this thoughtless, prejudiced person afterward said in the neighborhood about the untidiness of writing women in general and my hapless self in particular. How could she have known that I needed sympathy rather than deserved blame?

While in the bathroom removing traces of my fray with scrambled omelette, the bell again sounded its persistent tocsin which I was obliged to ignore.

I learned afterward that it was a messenger with an order for 5000 words at extra rates. Had it been a boy with matches to sell, of course I would have been in readiness to see him.

The afternoon remains to me a feverish memory of countless, irritating disturbances, during which I alternately struggled with them and "copy." At its close came a party of friends whom I had once casually invited to drop in and dine with me when they should come to town. That they decided to "drop" on that particular day was the last straw. It did not break my back, but broke my purse, which was a much more serious matter, for the entire party had to be taken down town for dinner, where we were badly served at unreasonable prices; and having unfortunately paid a bill that morning I was wretchedly apprehensive that I might be obliged to leave my watch with the restaurateur for hostage.

When Jemima returned that evening I amazed her by increasing her monthly stipend. If she ever dares ask me again for a day's liberty—well, something will happen, that's all.

WHEN YOU AND I WERE FRIENDS.

Sometimes a song, the perfume of a flower,
  Recalls your voice, your absent face I see,
And live again each far-off, happy hour
  When you were all the wide, wide world to me.
And when I chance upon some little token
  My heart to yours a loving message sends,
Forgetting that the old, fond ties are broken,
  And you and I no longer meet as friends.

Adown the lane where once we roamed together
  Perchance the steps of others go and come.
For me the dew shines not upon the heather;
  The brook is silent and the birds are dumb.
In every sound I hear a note of sadness,
  And since your life with mine no longer blends,
My pulse thrills never to the old-time gladness
  It knew long, long ago, when we were friends.

The days pass by, or fast or slowly creeping,
  And though I go my way and give no sign,
Sometimes when all the weary world is sleeping,
  There springs within my soul a hope divine.
And then my eyes behold a happy vision,
  For face to face, before their journey ends,
Two travelers meet; and in that dream Elysian
  Heart beats to heart, and you and I are friends.

A Run Through the South

Few people, except those who have been there, realize the charm and delight of a trip through Southern California in winter. This is the time of year when the lower half of California shines at its best. The climate is superb, warm, comfortable, and sunshiny, and withal, nature is decked out in her very best garments to complete the picture in this Southern Paradise.

If you want to take an outing anywhere from two to four weeks, let me give you a few suggestions.

If you are from the North, take the train through the San Joaquin Valley, making your first stop at Santa Barbara, by the sea. Here will be found one of the prettiest spots in this section, and one of the best conducted hotels in the South, the Arlington. This hotel is situated on a delightful incline, just far enough out of town to be quiet, and near enough to be convenient. It is a splendidly conducted establishment, as from this point one can enjoy the attractions of Santa Barbara to the fullest extent. Santa Barbara is celebrated for its beautiful drives, among which may be mentioned the ride to Cold Springs Canon, the Hot Springs, the Hope Ranch, etc. Surf bathing is likewise indulged in but a short distance from the hotel.

Leaving Santa Barbara, the route for a long distance lies along the Coast, where the Ocean is in sight for many miles.

Los Angeles is, of course, the metropolis of the South, claiming now something over one hundred thousand inhabitants. It is a bustling city, and at this point it is well for the tourist to make it his headquarters, radiating therefrom to the various points of interest thereabouts.

Los Angeles boasts of some splendid hostelries, the four principal ones being the Hollenbeck, Nadeau, Van Nuys, and Westminster. The first two are located in the central part of town, and are popular with both tourists and business men.

The Hollenbeck has recently been overhauled and extensive improvements made, but this is nothing new, as it has been the policy of the management since its inception.

Mexican Boundary Monument. Sea Bathing. Point Loma. Old Mission.

SAN DIEGO VIEWS.

The Nadeau is likewise a well-managed hostelry, and is first-class in every particular.

But one block below Spring Street stands the Van Nuys. This is undoubtedly one of the finest equipped hotels on the Coast, and is conducted on both the American and European plans. Mr. Potter, the proprietor, gives every detail his personal attention, and the consequence is faultless service.

Just across the street from the Van Nuys is the "new" Hotel Westminster, which is run under the direction of Mr. F. O. Johnson. Not far from $100,000 have been spent on this structure since last June, and it is said to have the finest office of any hotel west of Chicago. Its rooms throughout have been completely remodeled and refurnished, so that in every sense of the word it is a modern hotel, and will no doubt enjoy a splendid patronage during the season.

For those who wish a quiet location, with reasonable rates combined, we cannot do better than mention the Abbotsford Inn, at the corner of Eighth and Hope Streets, Los Angeles. It is a strikingly homelike hotel, and is run under the management of Mrs. C. A. Tarble.

Only two blocks from Spring Street is located the California Hotel, likewise a very desirable house. It is distinctively for families and tourists, conducted on the American plan, and the service throughout is fully up to the standard. It is now under the proprietorship of A. C. Watson, with F. B. Prussia as manager.

For those who desire very reasonable rates, coupled with good accommodations and convenient location, there is no hotel in Los Angeles that will fill the bill better than the Natick House, under the management of Hart Bros. These young men not only understand their business in all its branches, but enjoy the distinction of a personal popularity, which in that line is really half the battle. They are progressive, and are continually making improvements throughout the house. Hart Bros. are likewise fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Hess as chief clerk.

For $4.10 a ticket can be purchased for a trip on the Southern California Railway around the "Kite Shaped Track." The journey can be made in one day, but it is hardly wise to do this, as many points of interest would have to be neglected. The points covered on this excursion, taken in their order, are, first, Pasadena, the representative of picturesque California. Here will be found the largest hotel in the South, the Green. The new annex, in process of erection, will be completed sometime during the early spring, and the entire institution is under the management of Mr. J. H. Holmes, one of the most genial, affable and capable men in the hotel line. With the advantage of being only eight miles from Los Angeles, and "in the country" at the same time, the Hotel Green offers many inducements to the tourist of which some other locations cannot boast.

Further on the route is the delightful town of Pomona, the principal hotel being the Palomares, under the management of B. F. Nance. It is only a couple of minutes' ride from the depot, is surrounded by a beautiful garden, and is more than popular with the tourist element.

At San Bernardino the Hotel Stewart is the only one worth stopping at, and is patronized almost exclusively by both the commercial and tourist trade. One of the features of the hotel is a complete telephone system in every room.

This trip likewise includes the pretty towns of Redlands and Riverside, the center of the orange belt; so that, taking it all in all, it is a ride that should not be missed.

In going from Los Angeles to San Diego, the journey over the surf line of the Southern California Railway is both unique and pleasant, the train passing, as it does, almost along the beach for many miles.

In the pretty town of San Diego there are three good hotels. The Brewster, familiarly called by those who know it well as the "Little" Brewster (not because of its size, but because of the pleasant and affectionate relations entertained toward it), is situated in the very center of the town, where one is struck at once with its remarkable neatness, and its rooms are sunny and equipped in the very finest style. Some time ago Mr. O'Brien, the proprietor, established an all-night cafe in connection with the hotel. The charges are very reasonable, and, in a word, no one will ever regret a visit to this well-known hostelry.

Just upon the hill, and overlooking the Bay of San Diego, is the Hotel Florence, under the management of E. E. Nichols & Son, who may be likewise recognized as connected with the Cliff House at Manitou, Colo. It has an air of cheerfulness and comfort that many hotels do not, and those desiring to make a lengthy stay at San Diego would do well to consider this pretty place.

A little from the main center of the city is the Bay View Hotel, situated on the old electric car lines. It is a very large and comfortable structure, and is conducted on both the American and European plans, under the proprietorship of Mr. J. V. Collins.

Across the bay from San Diego, and occupying a ride of but twenty minutes by ferry or electric line, is the famous Hotel del Coronado. Within the past few months this came under the management of A. W. Bailey, who is widely known in his connection with the celebrated Glenwood Hotel at Colorado Springs. Mr. Bailey is a most genial and affable host, and has the capacity of handling very large propositions with wonderful success, which lies in his executive ability and his personal attention to every detail. Mr. Bailey is a firm believer in making his guests both happy and comfortable, and this feature cannot but be recognized as good business policy as well as conducing to the personal enjoyment of the guests. Hunting, fishing, swimming (both surf and tank) are among the chief features of a stay at the Coronado. If you go to Southern California without seeing this wonderful hotel you can truthfully return and tell your friends that you have not seen Southern California.

FACTS GLEANED BY A FLORIDA TOURIST.

J. M. SCANLAND.

THE supply of alligators in Florida waters is growing less every season, and tourists now find little sport in that line. Year after year the sportsmen have been slaughtering the 'gators until the streams which were alive with them are now almost exhausted. The saurian has a commercial value, as his hide is made into shoes, grip-sacks, pocket-books, and various other useful and ornamental objects. But the 'gator is not killed merely for his hide. The sportsmen slaughter him out of mere wantonness, and leave the body floating in the stream. If perchance a darkey or a white hunter passes along, he rescues the body of the saurian and takes the hide to market. In addition, 'gators are trapped by the darkeys and sold to tourists as "curiosities." All sizes are trapped, from the baby 'gator to the twelve-foot king of the bayou. These are brought to the cities in wooden tanks half-filled with water and sold to the curio dealers, who retail them to tourists at fancy prices. As the 'gators eat little or nothing they are not expensive. A chunk of meat every few days seems to be sufficient. They seem to live upon air, like the often quoted toad in the dungeon, but do not overlook the flies that may pass within reach, and there are many in this section.

In the curio stores one sees small and large tanks filled with alligators of all sizes, lying torpid in the muddy water, lazily blinking at the visitors, and occasionally snapping at imprudent hands thrust into the tank. The baby 'gators are preferred by the ladies who seem to think that the "horrid" things are "really charming," and purchase them as pets. These "pets" are put in wooden boxes partly filled with water and are shipped to their Northern homes. Boxes of them are seen on the hotel piazzas as carefully guarded as if they contained rare specimens of minerals. Here the 'gators bask during the days under a tropical sun, and live for weeks with little or no care, yet out of their native element, the muddy bayou. Bayou is a local term for a stream with little or no current, and which runs either up or down, according to the wind.

At the rate this wholesale and almost cruel devastation of the saurian is carried on in Florida, streams will in a few years become depopulated, and with them one of the chief attractions of Florida will have disappeared. If the trapping and killing were confined to the large 'gators there would be little or no diminution of the supply, but it is the trapping of the smaller ones that is exhausting the streams. There is no excuse for this, as it merely cultivates a taste for "pets," or rather encourages a queer fad, to the ultimate detriment of sport and of commerce, for the hides of the little 'gators, after they have been petted to death, are, of course, valueless. It may be that legal measures will be taken by the legislature to preserve the saurians from extermination.

The wild ducks and wild geese are also disappearing very rapidly. Sportsmen found very little good shooting last season, and the early sportsmen report the supply much scarcer this season. There will not be the usual tall stories of bringing down entire flocks, and the hundreds of tourists with their breech-loading guns are destined to have more hunting than game this season. Besides, nearly every citizen and even the small boy of the family has a breech-loader, and makes war upon the saurian, ducks, geese, turkeys, and even upon the "razor-back" hogs which run wild in the pine barrens. There is little protection for anything that walks, crawls or flies, and the smaller boys who are not large enough to manage a breech-loader are provided with "sling-shots" and make war upon the doves, pigeons, and even take shots at the ducks and geese. About one-tenth of the surface of Florida is water—lakes, rivers and bayous, and while these marshy streams are prolific with game, the onslaught is so great that the supply is rapidly diminishing with each successive season. Florida can no longer be considered the "Sportsman's Paradise" unless there is a cessation in this wholesale slaughter, especially of the innocent baby 'gators.

The Seminole Indian, another of Florida's attractions, is also disappearing, but not under the influence of the sportsman's breech-loader. On the contrary, the sportsman does not care to go in the vicinity of the Everglades, the home of the Seminole, for the noble red man may have imbibed too much of the pale-face brother's whisky, and consequently, or incidentally, may be on the look-out for the sportsman. Only about five hundred of this once powerful tribe remain. They have been driven back into the swamps, or the Everglades, and there they will remain until the last of this remnant passes away. They live by hunting, fishing and making curios for the tourist trade. They visit the towns near the Everglades in their native dress and are objects of considerable interest to the tourist who has never seen an Indian, and whose ideas of the noble red man have perhaps been formed from his school-books, or Cooper's novels.

Osceola, chief of the Seminoles, is an interesting character in history, and, with his capture by treachery, the seven years war ended in 1842. Three years later Florida was admitted into the Union.

A DAY'S RAMBLE IN WALES.

GEORGE A. ADAM.

When the Californian has thoroughly exhausted the sight-seeing possibilities of his own land—supposing such a feat is possible—and is bent on seeking pastures new, he could hardly select a more promising field than Wild Wales. It is a country that has been written up and written down, extolled alike in verse and prose, yet it has charms peculiar to itself and such as appeal, perhaps more than any other foreign spot, to the western American. Touring at his ordinary rate he can "do" the entire country in a few days. It will be better for him, however, if he can spare the time to go more leisurely about the business.

A good point to start from is a little station on the London and Northwestern road called Bleanan Festiniog which lies buried among hills slate colored and slate quarried. The town itself being uninteresting, the language of the natives Babel-like, and the thunder of blasting in the immediate vicinity unendurable, let him shoulder a small knapsack, get directions to the summit of Moelwyn and start on his travels as soon as possible. Moelwyn is not one of the Welsh giants, for, though a rather formidable looking double-peaked pile, its height is less than 3000 feet; that, however, is sufficient for a day's climb, particularly as you have eight miles to walk to your night's resting place, Beddgelert. Unlike many of the mountain roads in Wales, that leading to Moelwyn is happily devoid of dangerous morasses. After following a narrow-gauge railroad track as far as a townless station blessed with the euphonious name of Tan-y-Grisan, you ascend a turfy slope, seamed with dry depressions of old water courses. The rarified air and the slipperiness of the grass make the ascent rather difficult, but these annoyances are more than offset by the grandeur of the scenery. The first point of interest on the road is Lake Orttim, in which the dual peaks of Moelwyn are mirrored and on whose sloping banks you are glad to recline for a breathing spell. The lake is very beautiful in its grand solitude, and, weather permitting, serves as an ideal bath tub; but anglers regard it with supreme contempt, as it is almost, if not quite, fishless.

An hour or two more of laborious climbing up the slippery slope and Moelwyn's crest is reached. The air is agreeably refrigerated up here and it is with a feeling of intense luxuriousness that a man flings himself on the heather and lies staring at the zenith, fully conscious that his labor merits the reward. The neighboring peaks are visible far and near, as are the pale green oases of the valley with the glitter of rivers in them and the broader silver plane of the sea to westward. Nowhere in the world, perhaps, can be enjoyed more restful, picturesque beauty.

Across from Moelwyn stands Cynicht, which has been called the Welsh Matterhorn, though, of course, it is a sorry little sample of the famous rock of Zermatt. Its triangular summit is, nevertheless, a striking feature of the general view. Just beyond Cynicht is the world-famed Snowdon, the desecrating dwellings on whose lordly heights are just distinguishable from this point through a good field-glass.

But the inertia induced by the rest must be cast off and a start down the western ridge made. In less than an hour you pass the village of Cwn Croesor, full of quarrymen's cottages, then turn, by an old mountain track, toward Beddgelert. This is the most enjoyable part of the trip. Your way lies over heathery uplands. Behind you is the ever varying and impressive Cynich and ahead are the hills of Portmadoc and the long mass of Moel Hebog. Except the mountain sheep, who bleat at your intrusion, you are not likely to meet an animate creature, though you will hear the cuckoo calling from distant spruce forests, the coloring of which, if you have anything of the artist in your make-up, will cause your soul to leap ecstatically. Soon you come to another village with a name which, in mercy, I withhold, where the villagers at their cottage doors gibber in their strange tongue and the quaintly dressed women curtsey respectfully as you pass.

It is growing late and you reach Aberglaslyn in the gloaming, passing through the enchanting defile of the Glaslyn, whose overhanging rocks, with their rich panoply of firs and pines, have the Corsican character. Indeed it is easy for the least imaginative to conjur up visions of bandit hordes lying in wait above the narrow road, and it is with some relief that, at a sharp turn in the road, a welcome gleam of lights is seen and the cozy little inn of Beddgelert beckons you to supper and bed.

As you enter the pretty hamlet the river murmurs a welcome, or rages furiously, tossing big rocks around like marbles, if in an inhospitable mood, and the most ardent of the love-making blackbirds pipes his final notes. The inn, with its thatched roof and rude exterior, is as clean and comfortable as the most exacting guest could wish, and if the conversation of the trim damsel who serves your delicious supper is bewildering to your American ears, her pretty eyes are polyglot. The chances are that later in the evening the rain will fall in torrents, but its splash against the diamond paned window of your exquisitely neat bedroom only serves as a lullaby, and the impression with which you succumb to its music is that Wild Wales is Earth's paradise—not even lacking its angels.

OUR HOLIDAY EXCHANGES.

Town Talk put on Christmas garniture of red and green and is among the most welcome of holiday visitors to THE TRAVELER'S sanctum, as well as one of the handsomest. The literary matter of this enterprising weekly is selected with care and printed artistically. Forty pages of illustrations, fiction, musical criticism, dramatic reviews, society chat, and politics constitute a highly readable number. George E. Lask recounts an amusing "Dramatic Recollection," Robert Tolmie discusses "Evolution in Pianoforte Playing," and Sarah Williamson, a local writer of much talent, tales a dreamy tale of "Old Lima."

The Argonaut, according to custom, did not issue a special number. This high-class publication pursues the even tenor of its literary way from week to week, a recognized authority in the world of letters.

The *San Francisco News Letter* has published many beautiful Christmas editions, but the issue for 1897 is far superior to anything ever before accomplished. The number consists of one hundred pages of excellent literary matter, and twenty-five engravings drawn especially for the number by the best local painters. It is a handsome contribution to the holiday literature of the year, and will be prized by every lover of the beautiful, in art and literature, at home and abroad. Mailed to any address in the United States by the publishers for fifteen cents per copy.

One of the handsomest and most elaborate special editions of a daily newspaper that we have seen is the Incorporation Edition of the *Redlands Daily Facts*. It is comprehensive, profusely and beautifully illustrated, contains ninety-six pages, and is a credit both to the publisher and the lovely City of Redlands, one of the gems of Southern California.

SO COZY AND HOMELIKE.

Guests of Hotel Ramona, San Francisco, frequently stay longer than they intended, simply because they say "one does not feel strange and lonesome as at many city hostelries," but "you feel just as if you were at home," and the longer you visit the less you are inclined to leave, for there is an indescribable something that makes such a house attractive and induces visitors to return and to tell their friends how welcome everybody is made by the genial manager, Mrs. Kate S. Hart. The Ramona is located at 130 Ellis Street.

Travel to California this season from the East is by far heavier than has ever been known. The Limited trains on the Santa Fe route are so crowded that the management has finally decided to put on a third train, which will be placed in service on January 17th, and will probably run until March 1st. This will make the third Limited train per week with dining cars and buffet cars through between Chicago and California in both directions.

John W. Carmany, No. 25 Kearny Street, leading shirtmaker and men's furnisher. Fall styles now ready.

THAT REMINDS ME.

Copyrighted by Wm. V. Bryan.

Downer—I'm glad its good form not to wear a watch with a dress suit.

Upper—Why?

Downer—Because I never have my watch and my dress suit at the same time.

"Young man," said her father, "you no doubt feel that in refusing you my daughter's hand I am doing you a wrong?"

"I do, sir."

"But I am not, my boy. Maude is the exact counterpart of her mother."

"Your wife's sickness was very long and expensive wasn't it, Taddells?"

"Yes, it was expensive, but I reckon that on the whole I saved money by it."

"How was that?"

"She couldn't get out of the house at all during the Christmas shopping season."

Many people do not realize that in order to get the full benefits of a country outing it is really necessary and much more enjoyable to visit a resort that is some distance from large cities. Klamath Hot Springs at Beswick, Siskiyou County, is one of the most attractive of this character, being 2700 feet above sea level. It is open all the year, the scenery is beautiful, and the trout and salmon fishing unequalled, to say nothing of the various kinds of sport in the hunting line.

Klamath is celebrated also for its hot steam, sulphur, and mud baths, which are noted for their cure of neuralgia and rheumatic complaints. The climate is perfect, and, most important of all, the rates are reasonable.

"Dearest," he said, "I live upon my love for you."

"Then," she coldly returned, "I suppose you've been eating cloves merely to throw others off the scent." And when he got outside he knew the last words had passed between them.

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AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL.

PRICE TEN CENTS. *FEBRUARY, 1898.* SAN FRANCISCO AND LOS ANGELES, CAL.

MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

Taber photo.

Hotel Del Monte

NO ONE picture or group of pictures can do more than serve as a suggestion of the great attractions of Del Monte. There is such a wide variety, and everything is on such a broad scale, that from no one standpoint can the story be told; and while we have attempted in the above cut to illustrate interesting bits of the grounds, hotel, etc., there are scores and scores of other scenes of equal interest and attractiveness. It is yet to be placed on record that any stranger has visited this resort and been other than agreeably disappointed. Everything is up to (and beyond) the brag. The grounds and flowers are a revelation, the eighteen-mile drive around the ocean shore and back through the sweet-smelling pine forests is a marvel, and the hotel itself is as near perfection in all its appointments as it is possible to reach. It is little less than criminal for strangers visiting California to miss seeing Del Monte.

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AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

WM. V. BRYAN, Editor and Proprietor.
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conducted in connection with THE TRAVELER, will furnish, *without charge,* reliable information about any hotel, summer or winter resort, railway or steamship line, country lands, guides, etc. Call upon or write to us at any time.

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AMERICAN people are lovers of amusement, but while laudatory in a way, the past two decades have indicated almost an alarming increase in holidays, fetes, fiestas and jubilees that cannot be otherwise than harmful in their influence upon the current of commercial trade. You cannot direct a stream from its natural channel through an abrupt bend or a small arc and restore it within a short distance to its original course. It must take a longer sweep before it can resume its highway. Neither can you divert the great waterway of commerce from its wantoned route without material and prolonged interference with its natural direction. In Australia there are thirty legal holidays per annum, more than an average of one every two weeks; in the United States there are practically six: New Year's, Washington's Birthday, Decoration Day, Fourth of July, Thanksgiving and Christmas. These are recognized all over the country. There is no such thing, however, as a *National* holiday, each State having the sole power to observe them as they see fit. The consequence is that in addition to the above days that are universally recognized by custom, many States have included Labor Days, Admission Days, Arbor Days and all kinds of special anniversaries, until, in some instances, we have almost equalled the Australian record.

This proclivity to amusements has perhaps been most striking in our institutions of learning and we certainly hear more about the athletic qualifications of college students, their victories and defeats on the campus and the stream than we do of their intellectual attainments and progress. They are given an unwarrantable prominence, and while all fair-minded men and women applaud a due indulgence in recreative sports let us realize the fact that the ratio between business and pleasure is not so great as it used to be and that we may profit by the downfall of the Roman Empire resulting mainly from this very condition. We don't want to be considered as pessimistic in our views on this subject, but it is simply a suggestion to put on the brakes before we gain a momentum that is beyond our power to control. It is worth thinking about.

THE question is often asked, Who is the greatest lawyer in the United States? We suppose the answers would differ in as many particulars as is their number. J. C. Carter of New York is considered by many to be the most prominent lawyer in the country. By others, Joseph H. Choate is considered the most conspicuous figure of the American Bar. Alfred Heminway of Boston, Wm. B. Hornblower of New York, Randolph Tucker of Virginia, and Thomas J. Semmes of New Orleans would be favorites with many. Out of twenty men active in public affairs in New York, nine agreed that James C. Carter was at the head of the bar in that city, four voted for Choate, two for Elihu Root, two for Frederic R. Coudert, one for C. C. Beaman, and one for General Tracy.

It would likewise be interesting to ask the question, "Who is the greatest lawyer on the Pacific Coast?" But the point is, what constitutes greatness? Is it the ability to turn and twist the King's English so that you wouldn't recognize your own mother—to be able to convince you that once one is two—to delay an inevitable execution of justice? Or is it a voluminous knowledge of jurisprudence, shorn of its quibbles, its hair-splitting possibilities and absurd interpretations, with the tact to present them at the right time and place? We think the latter. As a matter of curiosity and of local interest we would be pleased to invite our readers to vote upon the most efficient and capable lawyer on the Pacific Coast, and we promise that no names will be published except those of the candidates. The votes will be recorded in our next issue as so many for Attorney Smith, so many for Attorney Jones, etc.

Let us have an expression of opinion on our local members of the bar.

A CONSIDERABLE stir has been occasioned in postal circles during the past couple of weeks, through the instructions received by Postmaster Montague from the Postmaster General, to submit a plan whereby the carrier force of San Francisco may be reduced thirty men. It virtually adds insult to injury in view of the fact that our local postmaster has been endeavoring to devise some means to have the number increased to meet the already inadequate service under which we are now running. As a matter of fact we have not had a single new carrier within the past five years, while in the meantime the population has been increasing, and several great office buildings have been erected, requiring not less than one man to each. To meet this necessity carriers have been transferred from some of the residential districts, and in consequence the latter are suffering the inconvenience.

RURAL SPORTS. *W. J. Hynes & Co. photo.*

It is claimed that the Postoffice Department is a losing branch of the Government. Perhaps it is, and perhaps not, but in any event it is the most important branch of our National Government, and one in which every man, woman, and child is vitally interested. Our Government should be conducted as a purely business concern, and, admitting that the Postal Department is a losing proposition, we would suggest that the matter of retrenchment could be better applied to the millions we are wasting each year on the so-called pensioners of the late war. The bounties paid to fraudulent claimants alone would cover the alleged deficiency in the Postal Department many times over. And now that the work on the new San Francisco postoffice has been stopped, because of an alleged stratum of quicksand, pending the investigation of Government experts, we have additional troubles to worry over. What are our Senators and Representatives doing that this long-winded farce cannot be terminated? We don't hear a word from any of them except Congressman Loud, and he's on the wrong side.

THE ISLAND OF HELIGOLAND.

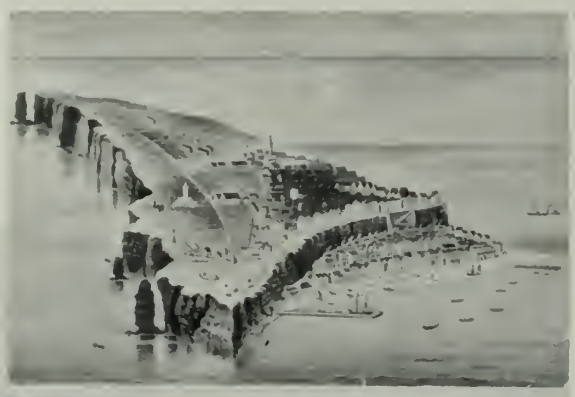
J. W. LAING, M. A., F. R. G. S.

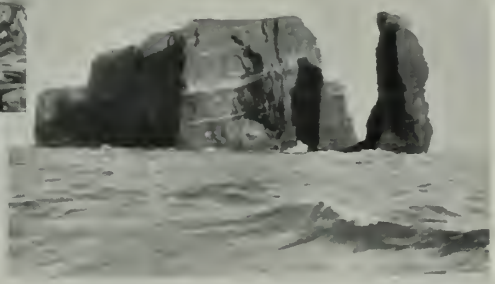
SITUATED in the North Sea, or German Ocean, about twenty-five miles from the mouth of the Elbe, and a little further from the mouth of the Weser, is the Island of Heligoland. The name means Holy Land, and was probably given to the island in consequence of the readiness with which the inhabitants embraced Christianity when first preached to them by St. Willebrod. In those times the inhabitants probably did not number more than three hundred. Until piracy was swept from the North Sea, Heligoland was usually in the occupation of sea-rovers. After the pirates had passed away it fell into the hands of the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, and as a part of that Duchy became subject to the King of Denmark.

Only once has Heligoland had any serious historical importance, and that was in the opening years of the present century. While Great Britain was engaged in her fierce struggle with Napoleon, the command of the seas was indispensable to her. The Danish fleet was a very efficient one at that time, and the British knew that it would not do to permit Napoleon to use it as a weapon against Great Britain. Accordingly Canning, who was then Foreign Secretary, prepared a fleet under the command of Admirals Gambier and Lord Cathcart, and sent it to Copenhagen. The surrender of the Danish fleet was demanded with the promise that it should be given back at the end of the war. The Danes refused to give it up, so Copenhagen was bombarded, the fleet captured and brought away. Heligoland was also seized by the British, and became a useful station for ships of war. In 1814 the British surrendered all that they had taken from Denmark with the single exception of Heligoland.

When the Duchy of Schleswig-Holstein became part of the German Empire the Germans wished to get Heligoland. The island is certainly much nearer to Germany than to England, and is much more frequently visited by German than by English people. On June 17, 1890, Great Britain gave up Heligoland to Germany in exchange for a strip of territory in East Africa. So much for history; let us now look at the island and its people. Heligoland is a triangle about one mile long and having a base of not more than a quarter of a mile. The three sides rise precipitously from the water to a height of about two hundred feet. The cliffs are of hard red clay and the island is often described by the epithet "red." The landing-place and small town are at the southeast end, most of the houses being built on the top of the cliff, though some few stand on the foreshore below it. Along the length of the island runs a walk, generally called Potato Walk, because potatoes are the chief product of the island. Besides the main rocky island there is another and smaller island distant from it a quarter of a mile called Sand Island, which, having a smooth, shelving beach, is much resorted to for bathing. There are very few trees on Heligoland; no horses, and only a very few cows, but there is a small flock of sheep. The inhabitants are chiefly fishermen, and the most important product of the seas round the island is the lobster.

About ten years ago the population was estimated at two thousand, but for three months in the summer it is nearly doubled. From about the first of June visitors, called "badegast," or bathing-guests, begin to arrive. The winter in Heligoland is long and gloomy, and it is said that insanity and suicide are not uncommon results of the dreary and isolated life. The visitors who go to Heligoland for the sea-bathing are chiefly Germans, and most of them come from Hamburg, which is about one hundred miles distant. The burden of taxation for local purposes is ingeniously shifted on to the visitors, but the whole amount required for the maintenance of the island is small.





HELIGOLAND ISLAND.

Showing its peculiar formation and the character of its inhabitants.

There is a popular belief that Heligoland is being slowly but surely destroyed by the sea, and that it is doomed to complete destruction, but the fact is that in a century the destruction for the whole circumference was not more than three feet.

For fifty years some remarkable investigations as to the migrations of birds have been carried on in Heligoland by Herr Gatke. For half a century he has observed the spring and autumn migrations, and, though he has found a surprising regularity in them, he admits that he has come no nearer than before to an explanation of the secret of bird migrations.

He has, however, established one interesting fact beyond the possibility of question, viz., that the young birds migrate long before the old ones. Young starlings, for example, travel six or eight weeks after leaving the nest, a fact which clearly disproves the theory that the route followed by the birds in their migrations is a matter of traditional knowledge passed on from generation to generation. The birds are born with some faculty which tells them that on a given day they must leave their feeding-grounds, and, instead of going to roost as usual, must fly high into the air and undertake a journey of hundreds or thousands of miles, ending in Africa or some other warm region. The birds travel at an altitude as great as twenty thousand feet, at which a man could scarcely breathe, and with extreme velocity. Even a little bird like the Northern blue-throat accomplishes its spring migration from Egypt to the north of Europe, a distance of sixteen hundred geographical miles, in a single night. The Virginia plover is known to fly regularly from its winter quarters in Labrador to Northern Brazil; it flies across the sea, vast flocks having been observed four hundred miles east of Bermuda; it must therefore accomplish the whole journey of thirty-two hundred miles in one flight, and if fifteen hours is the longest spell during which a bird can remain on the wing without taking sustenance of any kind, this would give the extraordinary speed of two hundred and twelve geographical miles per hour.

Herr Gatke thus describes the October migration as seen at the light-house:

"Under the intense glare of the light swarms of larks, starlings, and thrushes career around in ever-varying density, like showers of brilliant sparks or huge snowflakes driven onwards by a gale, and continually replaced as they disappear by freshly arriving multitudes. Mingled with these birds are large numbers of golden plovers, lapwings, curlews, and sandpipers. Now and again a woodcock is seen, or an owl with slow beatings of the wings emerges from the darkness into the circle of light, but again speedily vanishes, accompanied by the plaintive cry of an unhappy thrush that has become its prey. Such a migration-stream lasts through a whole long autumn night, and under specially favorable conditions may be repeated for several nights in succession."

Heligoland homes are mainly constructed of brick and wood, and the housewife has neither mud nor dust to contend with, the rain cleansing the slanting surfaces of the island paths until they are as spotless as the proverbial Dutch kitchen floor, and as smooth as an asphalt pavement.

AMUSING ANECDOTES OF WELL-KNOWN MEN.

TOLD FOR THE TRAVELER.

A BARREL OF FUN.

IF THERE be a more genial and deservedly popular man in San Francisco than W. Frank Pierce, president of the Blue Lakes Water Company, he has not been discovered up to date. Mr. Pierce resides in Oakland and has a handsome wife who can give him a pointer or two on popularity herself, being a social favorite and highly esteemed officer in the Order of the Eastern Star. Until recently, Mr. Pierce's business interests necessitated considerable travel over the length and breadth of these United States, and frequent visits to New York City. He had a little adventure in Gotham not long ago that is well worth printing, and, as I overheard him relate it, I will give it in his own words, trusting to his good nature, of which he has a generous supply, to forgive the liberty thus taken.

"I have on my list of valued friends," said Mr. Pierce, "a man in New York whom I always hunt up when there, and in whose company I have passed many enjoyable hours. He is an eccentric bachelor, belongs to the Tammany side of Gotham's political life, is wealthy and generous, and an all-round good fellow. His oddities offend no one, for, unlike the majority of peculiar people, he confines his vagaries to himself, excepting when the humor seizes him to play a practical joke on a friend or acquaintance, which is pretty often. He has three flats, furnished handsomely, and lives in each as fancy dictates, sometimes for a day, sometimes a month. When the mood for change is on him he will run over to Europe and no one will know where he is until a letter postmarked Carlsbad, or some other place, arrives. He is a genuine Samaritan, too. In passing along the street he will pick up an urchin in tatters, take him into the nearest store and buy him an outfit of clothes, give him some pocket money, and be off before the astonished little gamin has fairly recovered his breath at the unexpectedness of the windfall. Altogether, my friend is a 'character.'

"The last time I was in New York I went to his offices as usual. He had entertained me in handsome style on several previous visits, not permitting me to spend a nickel while with him, and his kindness had really begun to embarrass me. I determined that this time I should be allowed to stand treat.

"'Halloa,' he said. 'Glad to see you. Are you coming to dinner with me to-night?'

"'No,' I replied, 'I'm not. In the first place I have business to attend to for several days. In the second place, I will not dine any more at your expense. I shall have a day or two to spare, and insist upon repaying some of your kindness. It's all very well for a fellow to be generous, but you carry the thing too far.'

"He smiled. 'Oh, that's all right, my boy, don't get excited. You're stopping at the Gilsey House, I suppose? Well, I shall expect you here to-day at 4:30.'

"'You'll not see me,' I said, as I rose to go.

"'Oh, yes, I will,' he answered, with provoking coolness. 'You'll be here.'

"I transacted my business, and, shortly before four o'clock, returned to my hotel and sat down in the reading-room. Imagine my surprise when a big burly policeman of the Hibernian type walked in and inquired at the desk for Mr. Pierce, then came over, tapped me authoritatively on the shoulder, and told me to come along.

"'Oh, that's all right,' said I, thinking it a joke or a mistake, but feeling a trifle uneasy nevertheless, 'I'll see you later.'

"'No, sir,' said he, 'you'll come now, and save yourself trouble by not resisting an officer of the law,' whereupon he produced a genuine warrant for my arrest. Not caring to make a scene I thought I'd better go. We marched out and he walked me to my friend's office. Arrived there, the latter dismissed the policeman after commanding me to sit down, and made a pretense of doing some writing at his desk. After a quarter of an hour had gone by in silence he looked up.

"'Huh!' he ejaculated, taking out his watch. 'Think you're smart, don't you? Didn't I tell you that you'd be here at 4:30?'

"His Tammany acquaintances had stood in with him in making out the warrant.

"I got even, though," concluded Mr. Pierce. "Not long afterward, learning that my friend had taken one of his sudden pilgrimages and was in Jacksonville, Florida, I bought a barrel, filled it with brick, nailed it up and sent it to him by freight, C. O. D. It cost him $30, and I shouldn't wonder if it cost me $300 before I get through with it; but it would be worth it to have heard what he said when he opened that barrel of brick."

THE OLD MILL. *Blakesly & Peabody photo, St. Helena.*

A picturesque ruin near St. Helena, Napa County, once the scene of busy activity, now almost hidden from view under a mass of Virginia creeper foliage. The first mill erected in Northern California.

A LEGAL COMPLICATION.

Mr. W. H. Linforth, the well-known attorney, member of the firm of Johnson, Linforth & Whittaker, had an experience the other day which caused him considerable mental distress while it lasted. He was poring studiously over a musty tome, verifying a point in law, when a lady was announced. From the instant that he beheld her the attorney was on the alert for trouble of some kind, for, without a word, she hurried to the window and drew down the shade, passed to the other window and repeated the operation, closed the doors, and began to unfasten her bodice at the throat. Then Mr. Linforth rose in indignation.

"Madam," said he, sternly, "What do you mean by such conduct?" He started to open the door, but the lady detained him. "I must see you alone," she said.

"Say what you have to say in the presence of my partner," commanded the now thoroughly alarmed lawyer. Whereupon the lady became hysterical and explained that her husband had just given her a beating; that she wanted a divorce on the grounds of cruelty, and desired that the lawyer have proof of her story in the bruises with which her neck and arms were disfigured. It was several minutes before Mr. Linforth's breathing was regular and his pulse beats normal, and he in a condition to calmly listen to his new client's tale of woe.

WHY THE MESSAGE DIDN'T GO.

Ambrose Bierce, the Western satirist who London litterateurs declare is destined to more lasting fame than any writer in the present American field, once shocked a sedate spinster so severely that 'tis said she has not ceased to pray nightly ever since for his spiritual reclamation. It all happened as the direct result of Mr. Bierce's keen sense of humor.

Happening to be in a country town, and unable to keep an engagement to dine that evening with a party of friends at the Bohemian Club, he went to the telegraph office, wrote out a message and handed it to the austere lady of uncertain years at the window. She read it through, and handed it back with an air of virtuous indignation.

"It can't go," she announced.

"Can't go?" echoed the author. "Why not?"

"Because it is against the company's rules to transmit blasphemous language," was the answer.

Yet Mr. Bierce had merely written:

"God be with you—I can't come."

Was it his fault that the good lady inferred he had selected the Deity for his proxy? The reader will have to be the judge of that.

OUR THEATERS.

WHILE there is a spick, span newness over everything; while new management, new plays and new playfolk are the order of the day, I wish we might have a further change vouchsafed us. If kind heaven, alert to the eternal histrionic fitness of things, would only send us a few new critics!

The theatrical critic is like wood for violin use—of no value unless well seasoned. Critics are not born, but they are occasionally made. The critical faculty properly developed is an important possession to its owner and the public, for, despite the fact that theatrical criticisms are seldom read, or, if read, taken seriously, the competent critic (and if he be incompetent he is not a critic at all, but merely a pretender) is a source of delight to the intelligent portion of a community. It is an evolutionary process that makes a critic. A natural aptitude, much study, vast experience, impartial judgment and keen observation are absolutely necessary for his stock in trade. This is why so few critics are really worthy the name. It is not their fault that they are thrust into positions which they cannot fill. It is merely the result of newspaper accident. The dramatic critic of to-day may be a sporting editor to-morrow. Last week he reported City Hall proceedings, and possibly the Sunday previous was detailed to do the churches. He would indeed be a genius—or a freak—were he an adept in all these branches of journalistic usefulness.

The excitement of the past month was the Columbia Theater fire, which did such damage that it has kept a staff of upholsterers, carpenters, and furnishers busy repairing damages ever since. By the middle of February the playhouse will blossom as the rose in new decorative garb. It is not true that the flames were ignited in the roof for the purpose of keeping the girls of the "Gay Coney Island" Company warm. To be sure they were rather scantily attired, particularly in that sea-beach scene, but even that was nothing extraordinary in the matter of stage undress. Manager Gottlob covered himself with glory by telling the neatest fib of his life; for when the fire aloft began to eat its way in earnest, he made a nice little speech to the assembled audience about somebody being taken ill and money awaiting ticket holders at the box-office, and everybody trotted serenely out forthwith. Now who dares say that lying is not justifiable—on occasion?

The earliest attraction at the rehabilitated Columbia will be Harry Corson Clarke, February 14th, at the head of his own company, numbering eighteen clever people, mainly imported from the East, in that funniest of farce comedies, "What Happened to Jones?" That the piece hit hard in New York, and will repeat its big success out here in such capable hands, goes without saying. It ran to convulsed houses for three months at the Bijou Theater, and after being loaned to us for a week will return to Gotham for another whirl. Mr. Clarke, who has become a native stepson of the Golden West by his marriage with a San Francisco girl, makes his debut as a star in this city, his future home. His mother, Adele Clarke, known for many years as one of the most talented soubrettes on the stage, will appear here for the first time in seven years. Other leading members of the Company are captivating little Affie Warner, J. B. Polk, Charles Charters, John B. Allison, Clara Rainford, Nevada Heffron, Maude Allison, Charles W. Terris, Philip Calvert, and Marie Barney, an Oakland society girl, who makes this her professional debut. The play is as clean as it is amusing, and will take tremendously with our people. Interest centers in Mr. Clarke, who, appearing sans wig and other make-up traditions, impersonates an Australian bishop, and in the dual role of Bible seller and card sharp, does amazingly well in keeping up the deception that he is the expected clerical guest. Miss Warner wears a number of stunning gowns.

AFFIE WARNER, *Late photo.*
Engaged to play the leading feminine role in "What Happened to Jones," at the Columbia.

Black Patti and her Troubadours will be at the California February 14th. In private life this ebony warbler is Mme. Sissieretta Jones. The company is crammed with singers, comedians, dancers, and specialty performers, and the show is nothing if not niggery. As no evening affair nowadays, with the exception of a prayer-meeting, is complete without something coonlike, the combination will of course draw good houses. "At Jolly Coon-y Island" is the opening sketch.

With fun to her finger-tips, and terpsichore in her flying toes, has come "The Girl from Paris" to the Baldwin, a burlesque presented admirably by several dozens of people, and produced under direction of Frank Smithson, loaned all the way from London for that purpose. Mamie Gilroy, a shining light in Hoyt's farces, gives zip to the title role, and Fleurette is a noticeably bright attraction. Miss Lavine is another edition of Della Fox. The piece is funny, Frenchy, and delightfully fin de siecle, and the best that Rice has given us.

MAMIE GILROY,
Who plays Julie Bon-Bon in Rice's "The Girl From Paris," at the Baldwin.

Why doesn't Gustav Walter build himself an Orpheum that will hold the masses who clamor for admittance? The present week's bill includes Gautier and his wonderful trained horses, with a turn that is certainly the most thrillingly sensational of any horseback act seen here. The Nawns are repeating their success of a year ago. Other hits are the Jacksons, a colored team; the Berlin Brothers Damm, eccentric acrobats; Dolline Cole, female baritone; Carletta the human lizard; Al Wilson, German yodler; the American Biograph, and Almont and Dumont, instrumental Hussars.

Jubilee week for the theaters was a genuinely joyous one. Coin rattled merrily at the box windows and jingled expressively into the coffers of the management, and a very goodly contingent of left-over pleasure-seekers in town augurs well for the present week's business.

As it happened, the programs at the various houses were particularly suitable to the season. "Courted into Court" had a tremendous run at the California, and "The Girl from Paris" has been a humming success from the opening night. At the Alcazar "The Arabian Nights," a good, light comedy taken from the German by Sydney Grundy, a playwright who thoroughly understands his business, has given place this week to a stirring four-act drama by Henry Guy Carleton, "Victor Durrand." The piece is expensively staged and presented artistically. A word of praise in passing for one of the Alcazar people, Miss Juliet Crosby. Many amateurs have been tried on the professional stage and found wanting. Their footlight experience has been as fleeting as their sincerity, as limited as their fitness for the work they ill-advisedly chose. Of the number of debutantes, how many weather the battle for supremacy and come through victoriously? Miss Crosby made her beginning no better heralded than a score of others. As the months went by she surely, steadily gained a footing, making conscientious use of the unimportant roles that fall to a novice's share, and doing her small part well from week to week. Gradually she has earned her right to better roles and is filling them with credit. Her method has been modest and the result is commendable. She is a pretty girl, and if I mistake not, as sensible as she is talented.

"Brian Boru" at the Tivoli has satisfied the Tivolian heart to such an extent that even George Lask's smile has expanded to at least a degree beyond the ordinary; and jolly George's smile, as every one knows, is an Aurora Borealis by itself. "The Pearl of Peking," is the bill this week at the Tiv., after which in the near future comes "Madelaine, or the Magic Kiss."

Peary, the man who is trimmed with icicles the greater part of the years of his life, and who is never really comfortable unless he is freezing in the cause of science—Peary, I say, the great explorer, who intends to bring us back a basket of chips some fine day from the North Pole, will be at the California Theater within ten days or so, to tell San Francisco audiences about his icecream, pistache existence mid polar bears and Esquimaux. Peary will doubtless draw well in San Francisco, for just now the Alaska fever is pulsating under many a manly shirtfront, and agitating many a corseted enthusiast hereabouts. We shall await his coming impatiently. THE BOHEMIAN.

EARLY DAYS ON THE COMSTOCK.

ELAINE HOLLIS.

COMSTOCK is a name to conjure with. Desirous to learn something of the famous region as it was in the earliest chapters of its history, before the men who made their millions out of the mother lode had begun their mining operations there, I sought a well-known authority in mineral matters, Mr. J. D. Farish, whose brothers are experts on ore, and who knows more in a minute about mines than I have been able to acquire in the several years that I own to having been on earth.

Mr. Farish had just finished the last editorial for the week's issue of the *Herald of Trade and Finance*, when I requested him to turn back the leaves of memory a little less than four decades and give me his experiences in Virginia City, home of the great Comstock lode. He kindly dropped the years from the calendars and began at 1860.

"It was in the spring that I left Jamieson City in this State, where I was then residing, to go to Virginia and assume charge of a store which had come into our hands through the indebtedness of its owner. The way lay through Mohawk and Beckwith Valleys, the latter being named after a guide who came West with Fremont, hunted and prospected in that locality, and built him a cabin at the head of the vale, with mud to fill in the cracks. It was comfortable, though, with a fireplace fifteen feet wide, into which logs had to be rolled, for it could hold a small-sized forest.

"On foot and over the snow I traveled, the valley making a gentle rise to the summit, from which I descended into Long Valley, slowly covering the hundred miles that lay between my starting place and destination. Over the divide I reached Antelope Valley, a beautiful region, so-called because formerly many antelope used to go there to drink from its springs. I crossed Alkali Lake, white, hard, and smooth as marble in the winter season, but dusty in summer; traversed Truckee Meadows, where I battled with the fiercest wind I ever encountered and which few men could pass through without being bald for the rest of their days; crossed Truckee River on a ferry and went on through Steamboat Springs, where for a distance of forty miles away the steam could be seen puffing up from the ground as though sent from a boat's escape pipes; thence to Carson City. Here I made the acquaintance of John H. Kincaid, afterward Governor of Nevada, who was then conducting a store. Carson was rather quiet, the adventuresome class of residents having gone on to Virginia. I spent the night at Devil's Gate in a two-story hotel which had been built with an eye to economy, lumber being very expensive. The second story where I slept was floored with planks several inches apart, upon which airy level I rolled my blankets, paying a dollar for the accommodation, and later in the night sharing my covering with another wayfarer who assured me that he would freeze if I refused to go partners with him on the blanket question.

"Next morning I went on to Virginia by Devil's Gate road, a winding way which was later built, and made a fortune for the builder. I arrived hungry and tired and went into the nearest restaurant, where I gladly paid $1.50 for a meal. Here I was introduced to the customs of the camp, for I heard a pistol shot outside and the casual remark of a bystander, 'He's killed.' The mere matter of murder did not seem to create any excitement, and I asked the waiter how often that sort of thing happened. 'Two or three times a day,' he answered, nonchalantly, and I went on with my dinner, too hungry to be diverted by anything short of my own murder.

"The houses in Virginia at that time were small, with one main street, the camp crouching on a hillside at an angle of forty-five degrees. The big excitement did not come until the following year, but it was a lively place, nevertheless, with miners constantly coming in, prospecting holes being sunk in all directions and claims staked off. The Comstock lode is in the form of a bowl, the mineral deposits probably created by a convulsion of nature. No other lode in the world has the same material, or so many characteristic features peculiar to that section. There is constant movement in the ground that keeps the soil shifting and breaks the strongest timber in the mines, demolishing it sometimes within the space of three hours. It has been necessary to have men patrol the tunnels and drifts constantly to note this danger. The rocks and formation are different on the Comstock from any other locality, and no mining expert who has seen it says it has a duplicate elsewhere.

"Thrilling experiences? Well, I had several of them. It was a rough country, in the days before Mackay and Fair came upon the scene. Langton Brothers carried on an express and banking business at Downieville on a fork of the American River, running stages through Beckwith Pass to Jamieson City. In winter they kept the trail open by means of some thirty head of oxen, driving three abreast between stations to press the snow down and thus clear the way. The greater part of travel was via Beckwith Pass, the lowest known in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, the snow there never reaching more than six feet. I recollect meeting Mark Twain on his way home through Jamieson City.

"In those days the terror of the country was White-headed Ross, captain of a band of thirty or more desperadoes, whom he detailed to plunder and rob broadcast, but to avoid killing people. My store was one of the places selected. They bored a hole in the door one night, reached in, slipped the bolt, and going up-stairs where I slept with a man by the name of Wilson, chloroformed us. Then they tried to blow the safe open, but were frightened off by a butcher, Jack Nave, who, on failing to rouse me from my stupor, got the constable. Nothing was missing but my keys and pistol. Afterward a man was arrested in Sierra County for highway robbery at Rabbit Creek, now called Laporte. My keys were found on him and I was summoned to appear against him, but I received notice from White-headed Ross that I would not live to get there.

"When one is young, one does not fear danger. Such a command would now keep me discreetly at home. But I started in company with a letter-carrier, who, when he learned my errand and the threat against which I traveled, left me at Whisky Diggings. Ross altered his plans, however, and I was allowed to proceed with a whole skin, due to his personal good will toward me. He was a singular character, quiet and gentlemanly in manner, his language showing culture and education. He fairly intimidated the Mexicans in his band, one of his awe-inspiring feats being the ability to throw a knife thirty feet and strike with its blade a silver dollar piece. I have myself seen him do this. One of his men killed a banker at Downieville named Dow Colloney, and 'Pat' White, then Sheriff of Plumas County, made it so hot for Ross that he finally disappeared. I have since heard that he married and became a farmer.

"Yes, I had some encounters with Ross' gang that I remember. The treasure carried from point to point had to be taken by Rough-and-Ready, a camp that was a rendezvous for desperadoes and cutthroats, and to get it through in safety it was taken sometimes at midnight, and always at irregular hours, to throw these banditti off the track. The way led through Humbug Valley, once the scene of a rush for gold which proved a fake. To go another road necessitated climbing a steep mountain. I once had about $20,000 with me, a clean-up from Eureka Mills in gold dust and bullion, and was riding a race mule from Jamieson City to Rabbit Creek, a distance of sixty miles. My mule suddenly pricked up his ears, whirled about and began to run back. Then I made the pleasant discovery that three Mexicans were after me. A mile or so we raced until I reached a curve in the road, and knowing I would be overtaken unless I took desperate chances, I turned the mule down the steep bank that led to a creek, landing by a miracle without injury. The men fired several shots after me, but did not leap the embankment, and I followed the rocky bed of the creek until I struck a trail leading to Downieville.

"Grizzlies? Yes, I made the acquaintance of one when going on foot from Eureka to Nelson Creek. Descending a grade I came across a huge bear that had been wounded and was therefore very vicious. He gave me the liveliest chase I ever had afoot. Remembering the advice a hunter had given me, to follow the hill around in a straight line, I did so and saved my life, for the bear's great weight caused him to slip frequently on the incline, giving me valuable time. What were my feelings? Well, I had just one desire in the world, and that was to get out of the way. I did not stop to shoot, for unless hit in a vital spot a bear will only become maddened, and I didn't care to take chances. I returned to California and civilization in '63."

General Harney was an intensely dignified officer, and had an absolute horror of undignified haste. One evening at dress parade he perceived that he had forgotten his handkerchief, and, as the weather was hot, he directed his orderly to go for it. The orderly started, and soon remembering that that there was no time to lose, broke into a trot. "See that scoundrel running as if the Indians were after him! Here, my man," continued he, to another soldier, "go after that man and tell him to walk." The second soldier started after the first; but, as the first one kept on running, the second one saw that his only chance to deliver the message was to hurry up, so he, too, broke into a run. Harney swore. "Here, sergeant, go after that man and tell him if he doesn't stop running I'll hang him up by the thumbs!" The sergeant started out into a brisk walk, but as his predecessor had a good start, he, too, began to run as hard as he could. "If all three of the scoundrels ain't running like jack rabbits!" ejaculated Harney. "I'll show 'em!" And, taking his sword under his arm, he started in pursuit as fast as he could run, but suddenly remembering his dignity, he came to a halt, and walked stiffly and slowly back.

Euripides once said that three of his verses cost him the labor of three days. "I could have written a hundred in that time," said another poet of ordinary abilities. "I believe it," said Euripides, "but they would have lived only three days."

A TRIP TO THE ORIENT.

THE TOURIST.

THE following article concludes the series descriptive of a journey to the land of the Mikado, commenced in September, '97, and portraying graphically everything of interest en route. With the final chapter the reader explores hitherto unvisited points of interest in the great metropolis of Yokohama and vicinity, visits Tokio, the Empire's capital and largest city, Kamakura, and the Daibutsu or Great Buddha, then departs for San Francisco on the "Doric." The sojourn away from home having occupied fourteen delightful weeks.]

An early start is made next day for Lake Chuzenji, the road lying along the Daiyagawa, with the towering mountains on either side. Our three brawny ricksha men keep up a lively gait as we follow the meandering of the stream, varying the landscape at every turn and keeping an enlivening interest in the beautiful scenery as we speed along the level road. Coming to a point where the road is being repaired, we dismount, and as the water is low we cross the river on foot. Resuming our rickshas we commence the rise of the steep mountain, its verdure changing in appearance as we ascend; catching a glimpse of the river in its snakelike course through rocky gorges. At about half way up we stop at a beautifully situated teahouse, at which point, descending the side of a precipice, we obtain a fine view of the Kegon Waterfall, tumbling two hundred and fifty feet on the rocks below. Again we are on the move, the three muscular men bending every effort upward over a grade of one foot rise in five. This steep road cut out of the side of the overhanging mountain affords a magnificent view of cliffs and stream hundreds of feet below. The never-flagging men, three to each ricksha, perspiration rolling from their bodies, without a stop or utterance of fatigue, complete that heavy reach of two miles to the top of the mountain and at once start on a run over a short piece of level road, landing us at a fine hotel on the banks of Chuzenji's beautiful lake. We partake of an excellent meal, afterward walking in the vicinity, and by the banks of the lake, admiring the steep and rugged mountains, visit the village and temple, returning by the same steep and interesting route to Nikko. Next morning we take the train for Yokohama, arriving in the afternoon, where for a few days we will sojourn at the Grand Hotel.

The traveler in Japan usually selects Yokohama as his headquarters, and from this point will commence his journeying into the interior, returning from time to time to receive his mail and news from the Western world. Hence we find ourselves in this city, enjoying the days in rides and walks, and frequent visits to silk and curio stores, until we are again ready to resume our onward movement into the country. Calling our ricksha men, we enter the convenient little vehicle, and away we speed through the streets toward the railway station. Being ahead of time, we become interested here, as we have been at all the many stations we have passed through, at the multitudes of people of the lower class who are continually on the move. As soon as a train arrives hundreds disembark, their places being immediately filled by as many more, and the continuous clatter of the clogs, or wooden shoes, on the cement floor grates harshly on the ear, and we feel relieved when the train moves on and out of the depot. The fare, one cent a mile, enables these poor people to indulge their taste for travel, and thus swell the exchequer of the railway company.

JAPANESE TATTOOING.

Our train is passing through a fertile country, at times skirting the bay, varying the pretty scene, and in about one hour we arrive at the City of Tokio, the capital of the Empire, where, by the courtesy of a Japanese gentleman (whose acquaintance it was our privilege to make on board the "Coptic") we found a carriage in waiting, and were at once driven to the Imperial Hotel, a large modern brick structure situated inside the massive walls encircling the inner walls of what, in feudal days, was the castle of the Tokugawa Shoguns, but now the palace of the Mikado. The approach and entrance to this vast enclosure is by numerous bridges spanning a moat, and through huge gateways defended by towers, which, in early times, made the whole an impregnable fortress. Our first day is passed riding through many streets of this, the largest city of Japan, visiting stores and inspecting the many beautiful articles that never fail to capture the eye of the tourist. We visit the Ueno Park, celebrated for its temples and tombs of the Shoguns, as well as for the site of the last battle fought by the forces of feudalism against those of the Mikado. In the beautiful museum, filled with articles of great age, and of curious and costly manufacture, we see fabrics illustrating the customs of the aborigines of the far East; pottery, porcelain, bronzes, lacquer, embroideries, and manuscripts that are centuries old; ancient imperial state Bullock cart, royal robes, and the Imperial throne, with its silk hangings to shield the Emperor from mortal gaze; a model of the ancient state barge or Ship of Heaven, used by the Shoguns, with innumerable objects of art, dating back many centuries, the whole being an interesting and instructive lesson. Then to the Industrial Exhibition, filled with the product of the soil and workshop. Passing out, we again resume our rickshas, riding over smooth roads and avenues fringed with beautiful trees. Alighting, we ascend an elevation and a flight of stone steps, to a bronze image of Buddha, about two hundred years old. Further, on the opposite side of the road, is another elevation on which is erected a monument in memory of the soldiers of the Shogun who fell on this spot in the Battle of Ueno. It was here the remnant of that valiant army made its last stand, and went down under the powerful blows of the Mikado forces; it was here that feudalism received its deathblow, and the sun of the Tokugawa dynasty sank beneath the political horizon as the Shogun, the last of his line, retired to the seclusion of his quiet home in Schizuoka. In this park lie buried six of the Tokugawa Shoguns, with mortuary temples, shrines and tombs dedicated to their memories, all of rich and expensive finish. Continuing on, we leave the park, thence to the large temple of Higashi Hongwanji. This was founded in the year 1657. From here we go to the great Buddhist temple, Asakusa Kwannon, the Goddess of Mercy. The approach to this temple is through a short street of red brick stores filled with toys and other gewgaws. Entering the grounds, we pass through the two-story gate, on each side of which is an immense image to guard the temple, and a little further we ascend the steps, remove our shoes, and enter this large structure. We are amazed at the number of lanterns, shrines, and figures representing the various saints in the Buddha calendar; we pause and watch the earnest worshipers as they enter the sacred precincts, each and every one depositing one or more copper coins into a large receptacle that is prominently placed in front of the principal altar. We note the fervor of the supplicants in their appeals before the various shrines and afterward departing with an air of satisfaction. This temple is probably the largest in the city, and was rebuilt two hundred and fifty years ago. Thence we visit the Shiba Park, with its heavily wooded avenues, shrines, and mortuary temples and tombs of the remainder of the Tokugawa Shoguns.

It is a beautiful ride around the heavily walled grounds of the Imperial palace, and, thanks to our Japanese friend, we pay a visit to the theater, where we witness the play of the "Forty-Seven Ronins" by Japan's celebrated actor, Danjiro, after which we are conducted to the spacious residence of our generous and courteous friend, where we are royally entertained to a typical Japanese dinner. We continue our sightseeing in this large and interesting city, until we again take the train, this time for Kozu, thence to Yumoto, thence a mountain climb of four miles over rough road, but through a beautiful mountain range to Miyanoshita, a lovely summer resort, walled in by lofty peaks covered with luxuriant foliage, and imparting a fragrance that is truly invigorating. The hotel accommodations here are excellent, and we regret the time when we commence the descent from this lofty and picturesque spot. Journeying down these beautiful slopes we forget the rocky joltings in the enjoyment of the wild and varied scenery. Passing through hamlets and villages we return to Kozu, from which place we catch the train and again take up our quarters in Yokohama. Next is a trip to Kamakura, a locality filled with historical events and legendary lore dating from the twelfth century. As the capital of the country and the commencement of the Shogunate, with a population of half a million people, it has dwindled in size and importance to the dimensions of an ordinary village. The principal sights

are the Temple of Hachiman, the God of War, and the great bronze Daibutsu, or image of Buddha. Both date from the twelfth century. The approach to this temple is through a broad avenue lined with large and stately trees to a flight of stone steps. As we draw near we are shown a large tree said to be more than one thousand years old. The shrines and temple have suffered from fire and have been re-erected during the present century. The Daibutsu, or Great Buddha, stand alone, uncovered. It is an immense

PICNIC PARTY, TOKIO.

bronze image of excellent workmanship, seated on a bed of lotus flowers, fronting the bay, with a face of calm serenity. The interior is a spacious apartment, with a shrine or altar, where the pilgrims may offer up their prayer. We are amazed at its dimensions. Returning to the railway station, and, while waiting, we watch a game of baseball being played by a team of Japanese youths, probably twelve years of age. One of the number had a child not more than twelve months old strapped on his back in the usual way, and he in the field speeding after the ball, apparently unmindful of the little one. He takes his turn at the bat, and with some anxiety we watch the result, the baby's head is in direct range, away flies the ball, the bat arrests its flight, and off to the base rushes the player with the baby resting as quietly as in a soft pillowed cradle. Returning to headquarters, we pass the days in rides to the suburbs—to Goto's cloisonne factory—the village of Ota where the celebrated Makuza porcelain is made—around the bluff, and other interesting places. We witness the celebration of the Queen's Jubilee, an excellent display, accompanied with beautiful decorations, on shore and on the vessels in the harbor, and ending with brilliant illumination and fireworks.

And now our sojourn in this wonderful country has ended, and we take up our quarters on board the Occidental and Oriental steamship "Doric," a magnificent vessel of excellent appointments, commanded by a skilful and obliging sailor, and officered throughout by a staff of attentive, watchful, and genial gentlemen. At the appointed hour we bid adieu to one-half our party whom it was our pleasure to chaperon through this delightful trip, and as the launch moves off we feel the pulsations of the mighty engines and the "Doric" is underweigh. Passing out between the lights, we are heading down the bay, watching the familiar points in Yokohama as they gradually recede from view. We are soon abreast of Mississippi Bay, and are reminded that nearly three months ago it was pointed out to us for the first time. Slowly familiar objects become indistinct, and we realize that ere another sun has arisen, the land where we had witnessed so much that was new and novel would be far behind. Truly this has been called the land of the rising sun. The beauty of its landscapes, the grandeur of its mountains, the industry of its people, and their artistic ability, are by comparison wonders to the stranger. We are sensible that our bow is pointed toward our home and loved ones, and with gladness our thoughts take flight to the time when we will first get a glimpse of the rugged hills of our own dear land, and in our mind's eye the events of the last ninety days pass in review. The departure from home and friends; the life on shipboard; making new acquaintances; the visit to tropical Honolulu; the first experience in Japan; the sail through the Inland Sea; across to Shanghai, and the first glimpse of China; the pleasant run to Hong Kong; the delightful trip up the river to Canton and the interesting sights seen in that ancient city; the return over the same route and disembarkment at Kobe, and the journeying through beautiful Japan—all come vividly to mind as we steam rapidly down Yeddo Bay. And a pleasurable recollection comes over us; we are glad that we have seen these things; we are glad that we have participated in life on shipboard: we are glad that we have seen those far-off countries and have had a glimpse at the habits of their people; we are glad that we have witnessed their skill and watched their ingenious movements in shaping the marvelous works of art; we are glad that we have seen the mountains, the valleys, the lakes and rivers with their rapids and waterfalls, the beautiful blossoms and deep green foliage, the perfectly cultivated farms and the careful preservation of all the running waters; we are glad that we have seen those splendid avenues bordered with grand cryptomeria trees, whose birth is dated more than one hundred years ago; we are glad that we have seen the wonderful temples and shrines before whose altars the faithful have worshiped for many centuries; and we are glad that we have seen the last resting-place of many of the great men of bygone ages, and witnessed the reverence of the people for the memory of these heroic warriors of the past; all of these things are we glad to have seen and participated in; and we are also glad that now we are homeward bound. And thus we ruminate, as the spacious and speedy "Doric" is steaming out into the broad Pacific.

We shape our course on the great circle heading towards the northward, a considerable sea running with a fresh breeze. Our good ship is reeling off the knots, and we have again settled down to a life on shipboard, with its regular routine of excellent fare and pleasurable pastimes provided for us by the ever accommodating Captain and his staff. The days roll on. We are nearing the 180th meridian, and we are reminded that Monday, April 12th, dropped out of sight when crossing the same degree on our outward passage. We have expected that the day would be returned on our homeward trip, and here it is. Yesterday was Monday, July 5th; in the night we jumped over the meridian, and to-day it is again Monday, July 5th, the lost day restored and our time card balanced. The days pass in pleasant diversion, and the veteran Chief Engineer is keeping up the speed of the vessel for which she is so justly celebrated, and we are looking forward to a passage of a little over twelve days. The fine daily runs are maintained, and Saturday the 10th, the sun peeps out his head, the ship's position accurately obtained, and all confidently expect to enter the Golden Gate at an early hour the next morning. We note the flight of time as each two bells are sounded, announcing another hour past, with sixteen knots more to our credit, until the early evening, when the ominous sound of the big whistle announces foggy weather. Half speed and casts of the lead at frequent intervals is the order, which continue until past the noon hour the next day,

HUNDRED STEPS, YOKOHAMA.

when the fog lifts and we find ourselves opposite the entrance to San Francisco Harbor; receive our pilot and proceed, passing in through the Golden Gate, and letting go anchor at the Quarantine Station. After medical inspection we are again underweigh through the shipping to the wharf from which we departed three and a half months ago, and at this, the point of commencement, we bring to an end the delightful and instructive trip to the Orient.

An immense amount of nonsensical gush has been published by various newspapers regarding the late decision of the Supreme Court in the McClatchy contempt case. One unacquainted with the opinions of the Court would think that some new shield had been thrown around libelous and foul-mouthed editors. Such is not the case. Six of the judges found that McClatchy was in contempt of court and one doubted it. Three judges thought he had been given a full chance to explain, and four thought that Judge Catlin should have heard him further in his attempt to explain his malicious attack on the Court. That is the great victory for a free press that some editorial writers are glorifying over. Any man who believes in fair play cannot but come to the conclusion, after reading the opinions of all the Supreme Judges, that McClatchy was wrong, and that the Supreme Court was too easy with him. The free press that these editors desire is full license to abuse everybody to their heart's content, with freedom from punishment. The tyranny of newspapers in California—particularly in the cities—is almost unbearable. This decision in the McClatchy case is unfortunate, because it gives courage to libelers. It stimulates the meanest passions of those who regard the newspaper business as a means of blackmail and the gratification of their personal spite against individuals who do not own a newspaper. It was not, however, a triumph for the liberty of the press, but of a narrow technicality, based, one would think, upon the fear of an approaching election. The minority opinion is unanswerable in its logic, its law, its statement of facts, and its conclusions.

An expectant State, disappointed and disgusted, is asking day and night of Eugene Deuprey where is the sensation you promised in the Durrant case? Where is the proof of his innocence you so tragically claimed you would produce? As we predicted, all these loud protestations by this gallery-playing lawyer were mere bombastic utterances of a man who had no plan, no facts, no sensation, no proof, but was simply yelling to keep up appearances. Durrant is dead—he has paid the penalty of his crimes—let him rest in peace. But the lawyer who mouthed and fumed so much about what he could and would expose to the public should content himself with a very small space on earth hereafter. One explanation he could make that would relieve the strain upon the public mind, and that is to tell us who furnished the money to pay the expenses of all these legal movements and hurried trips to Sacramento, San Quentin, and Washington. Of course everybody knows that the Durrant family did not foot the bills; equally, of course, everybody knows the lawyers didn't; hence every one is guessing at the source whence flowed the stream of coin.

It is a laudable curiosity, Mr. Deuprey, and you should satisfy it. Come out from your seclusion, and tell who furnished the sinews of war for the last two years in this Durrant case and much of your peculiar conduct will be forgiven.

With this one clearing up of the transaction the case is ended. Let it forever remain closed. It was a gruesome story. It injured our State. We hope it will soon be forgotten.

And so Dr. C. O. Brown has once more appeared on the scene, and, as usual, in a spectacular manner. We are really concerned for him. Not because he needs any sympathy, nor because we condone his faults, but because he seems unable to exactly locate "where he is at." He has made a confession, and received forgiveness from one hand of the Bay Conference, and a most forceful slap of punishment from the other hand. Really, ye ministers of the gospel, what are you going to do about this matter so far as you yourselves are concerned? Are you satisfied with your past and present conduct? Did you do your full duty to your Brother Brown, your parishioners, yourselves, your church, and your Lord in the days when this scandal was before you for action? Sometimes it seems as though others besides Dr. Brown had manifested a weakness, not in the same direction as his, but in other ways.

We have scanned carefully the editorials upon Brown's recent confession and so far have failed to notice one word of sympathy for the chief sufferer in this unhappy business. Mrs. C. O. Brown, the innocent, loving, and faithful wife, is the one to whom and for whom all should have and extend sympathy and consolation. Poor woman, she is the one who has been punished for the sins unearthed in this matter, and still she was innocent of anything save a blind confidence in her husband. Ah, Dr. Brown, man need not punish you any more. Your own thoughts, your own heart must hourly scourge your soul, as you think upon the wife who has suffered for you, and who sought to bear your burden. God pity her!

Did any one ever see such a back-down as was made by the *Bulletin* when Colonel Trumbo arrested proprietor and editor for libel. Crothers and Older, like bold warriors, came charging down upon poor Trumbo and in the dust of the *Bulletin* article one lost sight of the Utah Colonel for a time. But lo, when the light of a Police Court investigation was thrown upon the scene the warriors dismounted from their gallant steeds—they kneeled in the dust—they shouted, "Bismillah, Bismillah, we have surrendered!" Then came the retraction, with a picture of Colonel Trumbo in its midst and honeyed words of praise. Bah! such editors, such newspaper tactics make the people very, very tired. Why on earth did the *Bulletin* print such a wicked libel without careful investigation? Then having printed it and being brought to court therefor and learning the falsity of all they published, why didn't the *Bulletin* editor and proprietor act like the high-minded men they claim to be and print a full and ample retraction, or else, like fighters, say nothing and take their "gruel"? We are afraid that the courage of the *Bulletin* is great when danger is far and decreases in exact proportion as danger approaches.

We care nothing for Colonel Trumbo or Crothers or Older personally; it is the principle of the thing that bothers us. We believe in newspapers and editors. We know they have done and will do great good to the country, but we also know that such episodes as this destroy faith alike in the honesty and moral stamina of newspaper men. We shall with interest view the amount of crow the *Bulletin* will eat, and listen with bated breath to its eulogiums upon crow meat as an article of food filling a long-felt want.

The procession on Jubilee Day in San Francisco was very good. It outclassed most of the parades ever seen in San Francisco. It was badly managed—there were too many stoppages; but in spite of these drawbacks it was so good that we all look back upon it with pleasure. The crowd on Market Street was very large and orderly, but it would leave the sidewalk and invade the street, thus cramping the marching columns and dwarfing the line. Why is it that people will rush like sheep clear into the middle of a street to see a procession that can be better viewed from the sidewalk? We suggest to the Police Department that the street be protected by ropes strung along from post to post on the edge of the sidewalk and thus mark a line for the sightseers to observe. This is done in other cities and works well. We suppose if this were done some monarch of the slums or yellow journalist would rise upon his ears and howl about the methods of despotism, but the men and women who want to see the moving columns would be pleased. The processionists would sing psalms of praise because they would have clear streets in which to march. Try it, Chief Lees, at the next big parade. By the way, the school children were the most attractive feature.

Theodore A. Figel is on trial charged with the murder of Isaac Hoffman. We shall not discuss the case. We call attention to it and bespeak a careful scrutiny of the evidence by the public. It is a peculiar case—it was peculiarly presented at the Coroner's inquest and the preliminary examination, and we expect the peculiarities to be more prominent in the present trial in the Superior Court—we shall express our views plainly when the verdict is rendered. Until then we shall do as we ask all others interested in law and order to do—watch the lawyers and witnesses and judge with great care.

Will we never have an asphalt pavement on Market Street? Twelve thousand men and boys with sore, sore feet from the Jubilee Parade are asking this question. Each day as their corns hurt them or as they suffer under the chiropodist's hands they grow angrier over the imposition practised upon them of being compelled to walk many miles for many hours upon hard, uneven, unyielding cobbles. Every horse and horseowner in our city is praying for the change. Why don't the rich men of the city move in the matter? Some one will get hurt yet holding in his liberal tendencies which impel him to do the whole work himself.

Are the people growing weary of good, pure plays? Do the thousands who visit the theaters go there only to see French nastiness pruned down to suit American ideas? Can we have a playhouse in San Francisco that will pay expenses without catering to those who revel in leg shows and vaudeville performance? We don't know, but we strongly incline to the belief that the day of "Old Homesteads" and "Pinafores," of "Romeo and Juliet" and "Julius Cæsar" has passed in America never to return. We do not set ourselves up as censors of the public. We may not like the present plethora of legs and skirt kickers but the people seem to enjoy them. Will some one express an opinion on this subject?

CALIFORNIA OLIVES.

HENRY G. TINSLEY.

THE GROWTH of the olive industry in the last half decade is one of the wonders in the realm of horticulture in California. The planting of olive groves this season promises to be more than equal to the combined plantings of orchards of all other varieties of fruit. Since 1891 over 2,300,000 olive-trees have been planted in California, and the nurserymen believe that fully 500,000 more olive-trees will be planted in groves during the next few months. It is closely estimated that over $5,700,000—reckoning the value of land, trees, agricultural implements and the appurtenant irrigation systems—are invested in the olive industry in the Golden State. The crop has been in process of harvesting for weeks. It is by far the largest ever grown in this country, and its value is estimated at about $200,000.

California is the only State in the Union that grows olives. Attempts have been made to grow the fruit in Florida, Texas and New Mexico, but, while the trees have apparently flourished, and put forth a luxuriant foliage they have never produced any fruit. Utah has been experimenting in olive culture for several years, and there are reasons to believe her soil and climate are adapted to growing a half-dozen of the most popular varieties of olives. As in growing oranges, lemons and other fruits, there are certain localities where each of these thrive to an unusual degree, and where more general and close attention is given to the culture of that particular variety of fruit. Thus, in the western part of Santa Barbara County olives have grown thriftily for some years, and the success of Elwood Cooper in his olive groves has been the cause of extensive orchards of this fruit all over that locality.

The age of the oldest olive-trees in California runs back over ninety years. These are six in number and stand about the San Gabriel Mission, still bearing fruit, living monuments to the wisdom of the Franciscan friars. The very oldest olive-tree in the country is that at Capistrano Mission, thirty miles south of Los Angeles. Its seed came from Barcelonia, Spain, in 1769, and the purpose was to provide food from the trees for the monks, who came from olive-growing regions in the same latitudes as Southern California, in Spain and the South of France. The old monarch has been photographed hundreds of times by tourists from the East. It is fifty feet high and has a trunk five feet in diameter.

The first manufacture of olive-oil in California, outside of the Franciscan monasteries, was that at Comulus ranch in San Buenaventura County in 1871. The product was sold at a good profit to druggists and others in Los Angeles and Santa Barbara. In 1892 the production of olive-oil had grown to 34,000 gallons, in 1893 it was about 50,000 gallons, and this year close estimates put the yield at about 75,000 gallons. The extent of the American market open to the California olive-oil makers can be realized in the fact that the Department of Agriculture reports there are over 850,000 gallons of olive-oil annually inported into the United States from Italy, Spain and France, and tens of thousands of gallons of olive-oil, adulterated with peanut, cottonseed and poppy oil, are sold every year in this country.

The Eastern people here often express wonder that olive growing in California has been so backward, considering its adaptability was demonstrated by the Franciscan monks many decades ago. The principal reason is because of the former slow processes of propagating olive-trees, and the many years that had to be spent in bringing the young trees into their bearing. People in the West, indeed all over the Union, do not care to give long years in preparing for a crop of fruit of any kind.

The present method of growing olive-trees for orchard planting was not known until about 1883. The method of producing olive-trees now in vogue among old-fashioned European olive-growers, and once so common in California, is to cut limbs as large in diameter as a man's arm from the trees, and from each of these start a new tree. An old olive-tree will not furnish more than three or four such limbs for propagating purposes. The process is expensive and limits the starting of new orchards to a few each year. Another method is the old-fashioned planting of olive seeds. This is the slowest manner of making an orchard, and by such a method bearing olive trees cannot be produced in less than eighteen or twenty years, and then only by extreme care and watchfulness. In California the method of growing olive-trees from small cuttings has for ten years been made a great success. Olive-trees for orchard planting purposes used to cost $7 and $8 each. They can now be had by the thousand for ten and fifteen cents each. A poor Pomona nurseryman named McLennon found by experimenting that olive-trees could be propagated from cuttings by starting them in the winter months in boxes of sand in the hothouses. The cuttings that come by the hundreds from a full-sized tree are about the size of toothpicks. The new method of propagating requires the most constant attention and much experience, but the plants are grown on such an enormous scale that the cost of each is very low. When the cuttings are rooted they are transferred, in the warmer months of Spring, to the out-of-door nursery where they become trees of three or four feet in height in twelve or eighteen months.

The practical fruit-grower plants the trees in his olive orchard forty feet apart so that there will be ample room for the roots to spread over a large area and to get all the sustenance possible from the soil. The olive has almost a human gift of adaptation to environment. It flourishes in a temperature that falls to fourteen degrees above zero, and in the inland valleys of California, where the thermometer reaches one hundred and twenty degrees, it grows, irrigated only by natural rainfall. It finds in the California foothills just such homelike surroundings as at its 4000 feet level in Algeria and its Italian elevation of 3200 feet.

The most popular olive in California is the Mission. It is smaller than the olive of commerce that has long been known in the Eastern States, and there are many objections to it by the most recent olive-growers, because the Eastern public, where the Californians are making their market, do not take to it. The Mission is that brought here by the Mission fathers. It has shown a ready adaptability to any soil in California, and is a prolific and steady producer. The olive nurserymen, however, say that the new varieties of fruit that have been imported from Italy and Southern France will in time become the most prolific, and therefore the most generally grown varieties of the fruit in this State, but they cannot as yet be relied upon to produce paying crops every year.

When the season of pickling and harvesting olives comes, the scenes in the orchards are lively indeed. Wagons that contain men and women, often boys and girls, drive under the wide-spreading branches of the trees. Several persons hold sheets of canvas, while others shake each limb and twig vigorously, so that the berries may fall in the outstretched sheets. The fruit that remains on the trees is picked. Padded rakes and stuffed clubs are also used to dislodge the berries, and at the same time to avoid harm to the patrician fruit-bearers. The observer of these operations is impressed with the Roman precept: "Do not strike or cut "Minerva's sacred tree." Then there comes a process of sorting the fruit, and separating the bruised or overripe from the hard, sound berries suitable for pickling. The Howland olive mill in Pomona is a good specimen of the modern process of getting the oil from the berries. Here the assorted fruit is piled into a trough or mortar at the olive-oil mill. A heavy stone is put into motion over them, with a slow, steady pressure of six or eight turns in a minute.

When olives have been reduced to a paste-like substance, the mass is packed by hand into round, fat manilla mats imported from Italy and Spain, known as bruscoles, so that each mat holds about half a bushel of olive pulp. The mats are piled one upon another to the height of a yard and placed in a powerful hydraulic press. The pressure upon them is gradual, continuing for several hours, until the pulp has been squeezed dry. The oil runs with the "water of vegetation" into the tanks below. The next process is filtering and separating the oil and water, and then comes a series of clarifications of the oil to suit the demands of commerce and to please the appetite of the consumers. The process of clarifying olive-oil requires about a week in a constant temperature of 55 degrees. Extreme care must be exercised in order to keep any odor or taint of atmosphere from the department where the clarification is in process, for olive-oil is unusually susceptible to attracting and holding odors and dust. The United States and England are the best markets for olives and olive-oil, and we produce the finest qualities.

This, That and the Other

LILLIAN FERGUSON

The Lady Journalist wiped her jeweled pen upon one of several hundred-dollar bills that littered her escritoire, asked her maid if her hat was on straight, and stepped into the carriage that awaited her in front of her palatial residence.

A few moments later, after a ride over the cobbles, during which her spinal cord was tied into a true lover's knot by the exercise, she dropped up seven flights of cobwebbed stairs and into the sanctum of the *Snorter's* Sunday Editor.

With a careless wave of the hand the man of shears motioned to an attendant slave to remove the remains of a dainty repast brought for his delectation from a high-priced French rotisserie near by, and glanced with a bored air at his visitor.

"I have here," she murmured, "a story of my personal encounter with a raging, roaring lion. I permitted myself to be swallowed whole by him, then, after jotting down memoranda of my sensations while in the beast's interior, stabbed him fatally to the heart with a hatpin and made my escape."

The editor looked thoughtfully at the pastepot.

"Not original enough. The *Snorter* had a hyena story last week, and is not desirous of becoming a menagerie bulletin. A woman interviewed the beast, hypnotized him by singing 'Ben Bolt' backwards, then rode him bareback around the block. We want something new."

The Lady Journalist produced a second manuscript.

"I have written up a suicide from the corpse's standpoint—that is to say, I jumped from the ferry-boat, was rescued and taken to the morgue, where I lay on a slab all night. My experience in the bay and the chamber of death are vividly portrayed ——"

"The *Snorter* wants live subjects," interrupted the Sunday Editor.

Just then the building rocked dizzily upon its foundation. It was not an earthquake, but vibrations caused by the violent slamming of the sanctum's door.

"These women make me tired," muttered the Sunday Editor. "Why can't they evolve something really sensational and interesting?"

Removing his feet from the editorial desk, and lightly flecking into a silver tray the ashes of an imported cigar, he adjusted his richly upholstered chair to a comfortable position, and pressing an electric button in the floor with the toe of his boot, ordered a beer.

The Eastern demand for California deciduous fruits is increasing. I have all of a woman's natural antipathy for statistics, but in the matter of figures which tell the tale of Western progress my interest embraces even statistical reports, as should be the case with every Californian.

According to a New York paper, which keeps its finger upon the pulse of trade on Gotham's side of the continent, the total sales at auction for the season ending January 1, 1898, in that city were 1582½ cars, an increase of 450 cars over the previous season. New York leads the market for our deciduous fruits. Chicago bought 1226 carloads, Boston, 701, Philadelphia, 269. It is quite evident that the City of Brotherly Love doesn't know a good thing. Even Boston might with better taste consume less beans and more fruit. Santa Cruz County, by the by, has sent no less than 100 carloads of apples—the Newtown pippin variety—to Europe this season. 'Rah for Santa Cruz.

Several thousand of you people who know a clever thing when you see it pictured in black and white have been amused and interested in the cartoons that appear with pleasant frequency in the *Evening Bulletin* of this city. But the several thousand of you most likely do not know—at any rate I'll wager a gingersnap you don't—that these well-executed drawings with "Foster" affixed boldly cornerwise across them are done by a girl.

Laura Foster, now at the head of the *Bulletin's* art department, is a typical Californienne in pluck, energy and ability. There isn't another artist in the local newspaper fraternity who works so hard as this lady. She has an unusual order of talent which she is putting to good use on a good paper. Moreover, she is immensely popular with all who know her. Some day—or I'm no earthly account at casting horoscopes off-hand—this bright little woman will be getting a flattering offer from *Puck* or *Judge* or some other New York publication with a weather eye out for western genius, and "Foster" will fade from our view. New York is always gathering in somebody from these shores.

Miss Foster's work first attracted attention on the *Wasp*, San Francisco's cartoon weekly, and the oldest periodical of its kind in the United States. Its columns afforded wide scope for her ability, and opportunity for fine detail work quite impossible on a daily newspaper.

A friend of mine recently returned from Dawson on the Klon——no, I won't finish that word. I know you are weary of reading it morning, noon, and night in the dailies. To begin all over again, my friend tells me of an amusing incident in which the laugh is on a pompous young minister who took a large supply of spiritual consolation up the Yukon, where he failed to dispose of it. The only thing in the spirit line that the miners seem to hanker for is the kind that comes bottled and not up a clergyman's sleeve.

Now this gentleman of the cloth, wrapped in his dignity and furs, with one eye on Dawson's morals and t'other on any old thing that might be lying around loose in the shape of a rich claim, was not at all dearly beloved of his brethren where he hailed from, and they were charmed when he tagged along with the Alaska procession. The ministry is occasionally invaded by this species of parson person, more's the pity, and for my part I heartily wish that they would one and all hustle themselves up there. Alaska is such a roomy place, you know. They wouldn't be so much in the way as down here and elsewhere. And they might be frozen up and put to use as guide posts or something. One that I know of would make a lovely danger signal; he's so spectacular you couldn't fail to see him.

But to go back to that incident. The missionaries along the Yukon River settlements have established schools and taught the Indian girls the conventionalities of civilization. Especially have they impressed it upon the simple minds of the guileless Indian maidens that they must never be alone in the company of a masculine stranger. And it was an unkempt, swarthy little Indian girl who took the Reverend Mr. Somebody down several pegs. He wanted to purchase a parkee, and her supply had run out.

"Have you no more?" he inquired, blandly, for he prides himself upon his manner with woman, susceptible woman, be she white or any other color.

"Yes," demurely replied the parkee vender, "at my house."

"Then let us go up there," suggested the clerical customer.

The little squaw cast her eyes modestly upon the Alaska snows at her feet.

"Oh, no," she answered. "They talk about me if I seen with you."

And who knows that she did not pray for him that night in her queer Indian way?

The youth who expects to light out for Alaska this month should take a course of lessons in cooking beforehand. Mammas of the future will probably teach this accomplishment to their sons in anticipation of the probability that they will some day be out of reach of the home pantry, and hungering on an icy trail for necessaries that they know not how to prepare for their concave stomachs. By all means let cooking be hereafter included in a boy's education. If he doesn't eventually emigrate to Alaska or any other place where cooks are an almost unknown blessing and luxury, worth their weight in nuggets, the time will not be wasted in which he has flirted with flying flapjacks, boiled the unpretentious but nourishing spud, and toyed with chop and gridiron not of the football kind. Oh, no. It will come in real handy to be conversant with these things when he has married his best girl, for the hired kitchener may leave in a huff, and his better half be taking care of the baby or out to the club when meal-time drifts round. Then will the head of the house don the first apron he finds, whistle a merry roundelay as he skilfully and deftly prepares the family dinner, wielding the rolling-pin with easy familiarity and turning out a pudding sauce with the aplomb of a chef. No man need go hungry or storm about the house until the doors and windows rattle and the cat crawls under the woodshed in terror, all because the stove is cold and the servant among the missing. He can avoid all this unpleasantness by learning the gentle art of cookery in the flower of his youth.

The appearance that an office makes after a fire and a hose cart have got through playing with it is that of as desolate and dismantled a place as can be found within city limits. On the morning after the flames had had their fiery fun with the gallery of the Columbia Theater and the headquarters of the management, I gathered my drapery out of the muck and ashes and little mud pies that I stood upon, and offered my condolences to Messrs. Friedlander and Gottlob, who were also surveying the ruins of what had been their official home. They were uninsured, and had lost the receipts of several performances—a trifling total of $8000. Very naturally I expected to find them out of temper and pardonably impatient with proffered sympathy.

"You are in a draught, I fear," thoughtfully responded Mr. Gottlob, drawing me aside from a breeze that cavorted through the blackened, open rafters and down my spinal column, while Mr. Friedlander made some smiling observations about the pleasant condition of the weather.

Talk about taking misfortunes philosophically! If I were a man who had just been burned and smoked and saturated out of thousands of dollars, and had cinders all over my clothes, do you suppose I would notice the trivial fact that a lady was standing in a draught or that the weather was pleasant? I rather think not.

Her eyes were sweetly, darkly blue,
Her hair a lovely golden hue,
And beautifully burnished;
Her clothes were worn in modish style.
I quite admired her, the while
I basked within her dazzling smile.
But, though she was both rich and neat,
In one thing she was incomplete—
Her head was quite unfurnished.

The information comes, through a journal called *The Sportsman*, printed I don't know where and by I don't know whom, that the world's elephant supply is running alarmingly short. Over in Africa they are being slaughtered at the rate of 65,000 a year, and consequently we are getting shy on the commodity.

While I feel no personal anxiety in this matter, never having had much of a penchant for elephants, I ought not to selfishly withhold intelligence that may be of vital importance to some of THE TRAVELER'S readers. I have no means of ascertaining just how many of them are engaged in making a collection of elephants, and those who are should certainly be advised of the shortage. There will soon be a corner on elephants in the market; indeed, the time is, I fear, fast approaching when none but the vulgarly wealthy can afford an elephant.

The same authority gives out the depressing news that the giraffe, too, is gradually becoming extinct. And although I am sure I could live and eat my meals regularly, though conscious that I should never gaze on a giraffe again in this world, with little or no likelihood of looking upon one in the next, I again feel that I may be doing some one an unintentional unkindness by suppressing this second bit of information. Everybody who is contemplating the purchase of a giraffe should lose no time in acquiring one, for a giraffe may now be had for from $5000 to $7500, which is dirt cheap compared with what the animal is likely to be worth by 1900 A. D., and considerably more than a good many of us would fetch at auction. Delays are dangerous. No charges for any advice given in this department of THE TRAVELER during 1898.

"The good old habit of blushing," says an Eastern journal with pessimistic tendencies, "is almost obsolete. It will soon be altogether extinct."

Nay, worthy contemporary. That were well-nigh impossible. Blushing will never become a lost art so long as sensational daily papers pursue their present policy. It would be strange indeed, could a woman read one of these incendiary publications through without blushing.

NEW GOLD.

HER TYRANT MASTER.

With cheeks aglow from kisses of the frost,
Blue laughing eyes, and shining hair, wind-tossed,
She comes in breathless, bright, a little late,
Fair as a dream, but pitiless as Fate.

She struggles with her rubbers on the mat,
Lays by her jacket and hangs up her hat,
Pulls off her gloves, and sweetly thoughtful stands
Beside the register, to warm her hands.

I look up at her soft "good morning"; then
I mumble "morning," and lay down my pen.
And then her task begins, and, like a Turk,
I keep her—how remorselessly!—at work.

She's my typewriter girl, and I'm her "boss,"
I hear her tell the bookkeeper I'm "cross,"
And "hard to please." Great Scott! that isn't it.
If she could only know how hard I'm hit!

Oh, yes, I scold you, dear; I nag and yell,
Only because you please me far *too* well;
Also, because I'd like to knock in two
The tall young fellow who walks home with you.

—*Madeline S. Bridges.*

TO MY MANDOLIN.

[*Written for The Traveler by Arthur Macdonald Dole.*]

I love to hold in fond embrace
Thy graceful form of dainty trace,
An ever-precious treasure;
The oval mouth upon thy face,
Sounds sweetest tones of foreign race,
All spoken for my pleasure.

Rich robes of light and darksome streak,
The rarest pearls that divers seek,
Thine elegance adorning,
Add beauty to thy 'talian cheek;
And long before I heard thee speak,
Sly Cupid gave me warning.

When thy acquaintance favored me,
I found sweet chords of sympathy,
My restless nature stilling:
And now I hold the golden key
To every heart-string owned by thee;
Nor seemest thou unwilling.

Thy notes with vibrant, silv'ry ring,
One moment joy, then sadness bring,
Thy charming power asserting:
Or with a witching ting-a-ling,
Thou'rt such a saucy little thing,
One fain believes thee flirting.

I love to take thee when away
On serenades, or with thee play
In viny wood and canyon.
Ah! thou hast brightened many a day,
When deepest gloom tried hold its sway;
My mandolin companion!

CUT IT SHORT.

If you've got a thought that's happy,
Boil it down;
Make it short and crisp and snappy—
Boil it down.
When your brain its coin has minted,
Down the page your pen has sprinted,
If you want your effort printed,
Boil it down.

Take out every surplus letter—
Boil it down;
Fewer syllables the better—
Boil it down.
Make your meaning plain—express it
So we'll know, not merely guess it—
Then, my friend, ere you address it,
Boil it down.

Boil out all the extra trimmings—
Boil it down;
Skim it well, then skim the trimmings,
Boil it down.
When you're sure 'twould be a sin to
Cut another sentence in two,
Send it on—and we'll begin to
Boil it down.

THAT REMINDS ME.

Copyrighted by Wm. V. Bryan.

He—What is the name of your wheel?
She—Do you mean the name the maker gives it or the names papa called it when he fell over it in the hall the night before last?

Many a tear can be dried easier with banknotes than with a handkerchief.

If every woman dressed to please the average man she wouldn't spend half so much for clothes as she does now.

Lawyer (investigating client's story)—Now, you must keep nothing from me.
Client—I haven't. I paid you every cent I had in the world for your retainer.

A flirt is a rose from which everybody takes a leaf; the thorns remain for the future husband.

Visitor—Does mamma give you anything for being a good boy.
Tommy—No, ma'am; she gives it to me when I ain't.

Fond Mother—What does it cost to have my baby photographed?
Photographer—Three dollars, madam, but I make a reduction on a dozen.
"Don't be rude, sir; this is my first."
"I mean, ma'am——" She leaves the gallery in a temper.

A gentleman whose knowledge of French was limited to a few words, and who was ignorant of the meaning even of those, called in at one of our French restaurants a few days since for his dinner.
"Vat will you have, sare?" said the attentive French waiter.
"I'll take some of that filet of what do you call it?—same as I had yesterday—some French dish or other."
"I do not recollect, sare, vat you did have day before this."
"Oh, some fried dish or other; let's see—fried fille de chambre, I believe that's what they call it."
"Grilled chambermaid for one," shouted the waiter.

An Italian prince, who had a Sicilian cook, was once traveling to his provincial estates, taking with him his cook, together with his entire kitchen force, without which he rarely if ever traveled. At a point where the narrow path along the precipice turned the angle of a projecting rock, the prince, at the head of his long cavalcade, heard a shriek and the splash of a body falling into the torrent far below. With a face white with horror he pulled up, and looking back, exclaimed, "The cook! the cook! Oh, do not tell me it is the cook!"
"No, your excellency," cried a voice from the rear; "it is Don Prosdocemo."
The prince heaved a sigh of intense relief.
"Ah, only the chaplain! Thank goodness!"

OPEN

HOTEL WESTMINSTER

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

REBUILT AND REFURNISHED THROUGHOUT.

ELECTRIC LIGHT AND STEAM HEAT IN EVERY ROOM.

THE MOST ELEGANT HOTEL IN CALIFORNIA.

F. O. JOHNSON,
PROPRIETOR.

When You Go Riding

You want to look as swell as you can for a reasonable price. If so, order your rig from the

PANORAMA STABLES,
320 SOUTH MAIN STREET,
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

We have Hacks, Coupes, Tally-Hos, and all styles of Light Livery Rigs.

Tally-Ho rides to Pasadena, Baldwio's Ranch, Alhambra, Old Missioo, and other interesting places.

Telephone Main 542. W. M. BUDINGER, Prop.

Your Wife

told us the other day that the reason she dined with us was because of the air of refinement surrounding our restaurant together with splendidly served viands of the best quality. She brings her friends, too, because the prices are reasonable. Come and see for yourself

"SWAIN'S"

Table d'Hote, $1.00 5 to 8 p. m. 213 SUTTER STREET, NEAR KEARNY, S. F.

SAN FRANCISCO BUSINESS COLLEGE.
1236 Market St., S. F., Cal.

The only College in the city devoted exclusively to business training. 200 positions secured in 1896.

FREE SCHOLARSHIP GIVEN TO ONE PUPIL IN EACH COUNTY. WRITE FOR PARTICULARS.

BOOKS ON MEXICO.
AGRICULTURE,
INDUSTRY, TRAVEL, LAW, ETC.
Send for list.
F. P. Hoeck, 1st San Francisco 12, City of Mexico

WANTED. Trustworthy and active gentlemeo or ladies to travel for responsible, established house. Moothly $65.00 and expenses. Position steady. Reference. Enclosed self addressed stamped envelope.
The Dominion Company, Dept. V., Chicago.

HOTEL ADVERTISING.

WM. V. BRYAN.

THERE recently appeared in the *Hotel Gazette* of Los Angeles (and which, by the way, is one of the most creditable and wide-awake journals of its class) a printed communication from Mr. Frank A. Miller, who has lately assumed the proprietorship of the Hotel Arcadia, in which he asked Mr. Smith, the editor of that paper, what he could do to let the public know what kind of a hotel he was running, and why the public should patronize it. Mr. Smith answered his inquiry in print, and no doubt gave Mr. Miller some valuable suggestions. But the subject made us think twice. First, we were more than pleased to see a hotel man virtually acknowledge that he had something to learn in the way of advertising his hostelry, and second, that it brought forth an opinion from *one in the business*. Conducting a hotel successfully is one thing—convincing people that you do is another; but there is just as much difference between setting a good table with a faultless service and letting the public know it in the proper way, as there is between the management of the cuisine and the clerical force. No manager would think of putting his chef behind the hotel counter, even in an emergency, no more than he would delegate his room clerk to serve the evening dinner. Why? Because neither is conversant with the other's occupation.

Advertising in late years has assumed a science, or an art, and to-day the most successful business houses employ advertising experts to place their business, just the same as they would consult a lawyer or a physician on any subject pertaining to their profession. If I were about to buy or manage a hotel I would naturally seek the advice of others in that line, simply because I know little about it and could profit by their experience. Most of those I would consult would doubtless conduct my proposition to a successful issue were it placed in their hands, where I must profit or lose by experience. It is a poor rule that does not work both ways. Therefore, I say, when you want to advertise confer with those familiar with it, who will not only give you an honest opinion, but will map out a plan that will be best suited to your requirements.

As a deduction from these preliminary remarks I will tell you just what I would do if I were running a hotel, assuming, of course, that it is strictly first-class, enjoys climatic advantages, and, in short, can advance good reasons why it should be patronized. First of all I would select mediums that *reached the class of people I wanted*, regardless of their circulation. I would rather have an advertisement in a paper of 1000 circulation that reached those I was seeking, than in one of 100,000 circulation that did not. The great dailies are *everybody's* paper—better for patent medicines and dry goods announcements than anything else, or for any advertisements that seek quick returns from the *general* public. They reach no special class, and are quite as profuse in the tenderloin and the Bowery districts as elsewhere. Besides it costs a small fortune to represent yourself in them with any degree of prominence, and again, they last only for a *day*. Weeklies are better for class advertising, because they are more leisurely read, and live for a *week*, but they must be carefully selected as to their *clientele*. On the same lines monthlies live not only for a *month*, but the character of their contents is such that they are not out of date even when a year old, and the most of them, if attractively published, are preserved for all time as an adjunct to any well-kept library. It has been said on authority that "the handsomer a publication, the larger its circulation," and, as a rule, it is true, as may be readily attested.

Hotel gazettes are likewise very beneficial, provided they enjoy an honest train distribution and contain a sufficient number of items to be readable and interesting.

In selecting any medium, however, from either of these three classes, it must be borne in mind always that *they should reach the people you want*. After selecting the medium it is of equal importance that the advertisements should tell the whole story—first, attractively; second, interestingly; and thirdly, convincingly.

Engravings are always desirable—in fact, almost indispensable. A picture of a hotel is a whole story in itself. Most people like to know something about the architectural appearance of a building where they may be planning to stop. The reading matter in connection with it should be neatly displayed, and should include all the principal attractions of the place advertised, and above all it should be the truth. Talk up your climate, your table and accommodations, your forms of amusement, but *don't* exaggerate or falsify. That is the poorest and most fatal advertising that can be done. Tell your readers, too, what your prices are—the minimum, at least. In short, don't let people *guess* or inquire. Your announcement should contain all this information. Finally, add at the bottom of your card something like this: "Illustrated souvenir free on request."

This brings us to the final requirement—a little booklet giving in detail all necessary information about your hotel. It is not necessary to print anything elaborate. Something inexpensive, but neat and comprehensive, is absolutely indispensable to *follow up inquiries*. These little circulars save many a long letter, and should tell the whole story; and remember one thing—that when you receive an *inquiry* from an advertisement, the "ad" has done all that could be expected of it—placed you in correspondence with a prospective customer, and if you don't secure him after that, *it is your fault*. If more hotel men would realize this fact and carry it out, there would be fewer who would say, "advertising don't pay."

Two more points the hotel manager will do well to study: one is the principle of persistent and continuous advertising, the other, advertising rates. To illustrate the former I cannot do better than to quote the opinion of Mr. Charles Austin Bates, the leading advertising expert in the United States, and published recently in *Printer's Ink:*

> I have come in contact with a number of business men recently who say that while they are fairly large advertisers, each spring and fall, they do not seem to get the returns from their advertising that they ought to. In studying their cases I have come to the conclusion that one and all of them are troubled with the same complaint. Their advertising is irregular, and consequently the effect is less than the advertising of the man who really spends no more money, but advertises with more persistency. There are certain times in the year that these spasmodic advertisers drop almost entirely out of the public mind by ceasing to advertise at all, and while they are doing this the other fellow who is plugging away day after day is making the acquaintance of the public and weaning the public away from the irregular advertiser. It is foolish for this spasmodic advertiser to think that by advertising in the middle of each season with probably a large advertisement that he can get the trade away from the man who has been advertising day after day all the year around. If I had a store of my own in almost any line of business I would divide my appropriations so that I could do some advertising in the dull season as well as in the busy season, and I believe my store would be benefited thereby. All this is practically a repetition of what I have said time and time again, but it appears to me to be the lesson which very few merchants have learned, and that is why I repeat it so often.

As to rates. Bear in mind that it is *quality* and not *quantity* you are purchasing. Don't expect to buy a four inch space in a periodical of 10,000 circulation for the same price you pay in one of 1000. It isn't fair to expect it, but, as a rule, it will be found that journals of a large circulation charge a less rate per thousand than those whose issues are small. The distinction must be drawn on both the number of copies printed and the character of the paper itself. Few realize that an advertisement of one inch for one time in the *Ladies' Home Journal* costs just fifty-six dollars, but when it is remembered that the *Journal* prints about 700,000 copies it will be observed that the rate is positively cheap. And yet this same paper actually refuses business at times for lack of space. The moral is obvious.

In conclusion it might be well to say a word about the rates charged by monthlies. The following crisp paragraph from the *Little Schoolmaster* covers the point well:

> The only thing that makes our superb monthly magazines worth more to an advertiser per line per thousand copies issued than newspapers is the superior excellence of the paper and illustrations. These cause them to be intrinsically worth a greater sum of money, and there is a consequent greater probability of copies being preserved and looked at several times.

Florida has been called the "Sportsman's Paradise" on account of the variety of game within its borders. It is quite apparent to the observing sportsman who visits the Everglade State that wild ducks and wild geese are disappearing very rapidly. Very little good shooting was found last season, and the supply is much scarcer this season. There will not be the usual tall stories of bringing down entire flocks, and the hundreds of tourists with their breech-loading guns are destined to have more hunting than game this season. Besides, nearly every citizen and even the small boy of the family has a breech-loader, and makes war upon the saurian, ducks, geese, turkeys, and even upon the "razor-back" hogs which run wild in the pine barrens. There is little protection for anything that walks, crawls or flies, and the smaller boys who are not large enough to manage a breech-loader are provided with "sling-shots" and make war upon the doves, pigeons, and even take shots at the ducks and geese. About one-tenth of the surface of Florida is water—lakes, rivers and bayous, and while these marshy streams are prolific with game, the onslaught is so great that the supply is rapidly diminishing with each successive season. Florida can no longer be considered the "Sportsman's Paradise" unless there is a cessation in this wholesale slaughter, especially of the innocent baby 'gators.

The girl who never screams when she sees a mouse isn't a safe girl to marry. With her calm, cool, collected, and unexcitable disposition she would hit where she aimed with the rolling-pin every time.

First Commercial Traveler—Do you know, old man, that they put you in the haunted room last night?

Second Commercial Traveler—Haunted? I should think it was. I killed I don't know how many myself.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL.

PRICE TEN CENTS. MARCH, 1898. SAN FRANCISCO AND LOS ANGELES, CAL.

WATERFALLS IN YOSEMITE.

Hotel Del Monte

NO ONE picture or group of pictures can do more than serve as a suggestion of the great attractions of Del Monte. There is such a wide variety, and everything is on such a broad scale, that from no one standpoint can the story be told; and while we have attempted in the above cut to illustrate interesting bits of the grounds, hotel, etc., there are scores and scores of other scenes of equal interest and attractiveness. It is yet to be placed on record that any stranger has visited this resort and been other than agreeably disappointed. Everything is up to (and beyond) the brag. The grounds and flowers are a revelation, the eighteen-mile drive around the ocean shore and back through the sweet-smelling pine forests is a marvel, and the hotel itself is as near perfection in all its appointments as it is possible to reach. It is little less than criminal for strangers visiting California to miss seeing Del Monte.

THE TRAVELER.

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THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

WM. V. BRYAN, Editor and Proprietor.
General Office, 20 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

FREDERIC MAYER, 15 AND 17, RUE DES MARTYRS, PARIS, FRANCE, GENERAL EUROPEAN AGENT.

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THE exciting condition of the public mind since the awful calamity that befell this country in the destruction of the battleship "Maine" in Havana harbor, with the loss of more than two hundred and fifty lives, is of such an appalling nature that it would seem to be a fitting time for the thinking people to pause and ask, why is it that this country is so disturbed? Why is it that telegrams are flying to every village in the land, stating that we are on the verge of war, while our seaboard is unprotected, our warships and fortifications unprovided with ammunition, five or six battle-ships on the stocks lying idle for the want of armor plate, dry docks of such small capacity that it has been found necessary to trepass on foreign countries to enable us to clean and paint our very few war vessels that we have afloat, and our legislators in Washington slinging with spread-eagle vehemence wordy bombs at all the world, and the Spaniards in particular? Well may we ask why such a condition exists in a country whose mission is that of peace. Well may we ask what cause brought about such a feeling of fear that ere a week has passed the horrors of war may be upon us, with its terrible destruction of life and property. Has the sympathy of the people for the Cuban cause been sufficiently strong to lead us up to the frightful condition of war? And, if so, would it not have been wise to have earlier asked the question, have *we* been entirely blameless in our attitude toward Spain, with whom we are now at peace? Have we been diligent in preventing filibusters leaving our shores with arms for the insurgents? The authorities have made a statement that about $2,000,000 have been spent in the effort to prevent the sailing of these vessels. If so, the conservative individual would shake his head, and doubt the energy put forth in such an expenditure with such poor results. We should ask the question how would we take such action if we were at war? The Cuban insurrection has doubtless cost the United States a large amount in the loss of her commerce, but a war with Spain will cost us hundreds of millions—and for what? Let our Senators and Representatives in Congress answer—they who live in the center of the country, representing territories whose boundaries are walled in by the seaboard States, whose cities and towns are unprotected.

AFTER a long period of peace, the railway companies have announced a rate war between the Pacific Coast and the East, and the Canadian Pacific Railway seems to be the aggressor, inasmuch as at the time of our going to press they had announced a lower rate than any quoted by their competitors. Quite a time has elapsed since a controversy of this kind, and in view of the unusual rush to the Klondike regions the war will no doubt be somewhat extended and bitter.

The Canadian Pacific has quoted a rate as low as forty dollars first-class and thirty dollars second-class, applying from San Francisco to New York by way of Vancouver, this rate including berth and meals by steamer from San Francisco to the initial railway point. The Northern Pacific and Great Northern Railways are likewise in the field, and also the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company, and it is only a question of time when the others will be compelled to join.

In reference to the eastbound rate, it will be somewhat interesting for travelers to take into consideration the time involved in making a trip from San Francisco to New York by way of the different routes. If the trip is made from San Francisco to New York, all rail, via Vancouver and the Canadian Pacific Railway, the time required is just nine days and two hours. By way of Portland and the Northern Pacific the time is six days and fourteen hours. By way of Ogden, Union Pacific and Northwestern and Chicago, the time is four days and sixteen hours. By way of Ogden, Denver and Rio Grande Railroad and Burlington Route, the time is five days, seven hours. By way of Mojave and the Santa Fe Route, the time is five days and fourteen hours, and by way of the Sunset Route, through El Paso and New Orleans, the time is five days and twenty-one hours. So that in consideration of the rates offered it is not unwise for intending travelers to consider the matter of time, as a day or more on the run represents so much additional expenditure, and in some instances may offset the difference in rates.

Again, some roads are able to offer through car service, which is a convenience, to say the least, while others require two or more changes en route.

WILL-SMASHING is a regular business in San Francisco. It should be discouraged. No jury can certainly tell what moved the dead man to frame his will as he did. No twelve men should be allowed to make a will for the thirteenth. Of course there are exceptional cases. But in this city it would seem that there is a well-organized brigade who make it their business to assist in changing the direction in which property should be distributed from the heirs selected by decedent to the persons selected by them. Experts in handwriting and sanity thrive on these will contests. Hangers-on of the courts make their living from them. Some lawyers wax fat and wealthy upon the contingent fees drawn therefrom. It is a growing evil. It can be checked. The Legislature can do it. Pass a law prohibiting the production of experts as witnesses except when summoned by the Court, and a very long step in the right direction will have been taken. Dr. Shiels advocated this regarding medical experts in a well-written article lately published by him, which contains so much good sense that the daily papers didn't care to comment much upon it. As to handwriting experts, the need for reform in this direction is even more pressing than concerning physicians. Who will be the Assemblyman or State Senator to put such a law upon the Statute books? Don't all speak at once, ye candidates for Sacramento. Remember, however, that whoever does do this needed work will be honored by his constituents and the people of the State as well.

A NATIVE CALIFORNIA, BARE!

A ROMANCE OF THE MISSIONS.

LILLIAN FERGUSON.

IN A quaint old Spanish town on the southern coast of California a long summer day was drawing to a close. Sunset colors danced over the waters of the ocean, glistened along the wet sands of the smooth, wide beach, lingered on the red-tiled roofs of adobes, slanted here and there in the crooked, irregular streets, and tipped the crimson hollyhocks in many a dooryard a still warmer hue. The bells of the old Mission chimed vespers musically. Padre Carlos, who had been sitting for an hour on a bench in the garden, rose and sighed.

Outwardly there was nothing about the padre to suggest romance. With a strong but not handsome face, and hair beginning to show gray at the temples, one would have observed him with no more interest than any of the other gowned fathers who inhabited the place, unless one approached near enough to notice his eyes. It was not their color but their expression that made them remarkable. Deep-set under heavy, grizzled brows, their gray depths flashed with a restlessness entirely at variance with the calm of his clean-shaven features.

The garden, a sequestered enclosure invisible to the outside world, and which had never known the imprint of a woman's foot, was fragrant with honeysuckle that climbed everywhere in profusion and seemed to touch the roughest portions of the thick wall caressingly. Padre Carlos advanced toward the dwelling place of the monks as though loth to leave the spot and his meditations.

"Twenty years!" he murmured. "Almost a quarter of a century since I entered this place, and I have neither forgotten nor forgiven. I have prayed—Santissima, how I have prayed!—and fancied my soul at peace. A priest should be——" he paused suddenly and bent his head in a listening attitude. Surely that was a moan on the outer side of the wall.

He hastened to unlock the gate. The body of a man lay face downward upon the little path that skirted the wall. Hurriedly obtaining some brandy he forced it between the lips of the stranger, then assisted him to his own cell, laid him on a pallet in the corner, bathed his face and hands, and carefully dressed his left arm, which was badly wounded. The injured man turned his face for an instant toward the padre, muttered "gracias, gracias," and closing his eyes sank into deep slumber.

The priest ordered a cot brought to the room, and returning two hours afterward, lay down upon it, but not to sleep. A strange uneasiness possessed him. As the moon climbed in the heavens its rays filtered between the bars of the window and illumined the plain apartment, revealing its two narrow beds, whitewashed walls, and stone floor. He finally left his couch, dressed, and seated himself by the window. Away to the south the sea shone, silvery and beautiful. Below him the little town lay quiet as though no living thing stirred within its borders. Not a sound marred the stillness of the cell save the heavy breathing of his sleeping companion. Presently he opened the door softly, passed through the hall with the easy tread of one to whom every inch of space was familar from long association, and emerged into the wide corridor facing the south.

"Twenty years," he muttered as he paced the moonlit length, taking up the thread of thought where it had been broken hours before. "A priest should be above such follies. I have hated all women since. What right have I to think of her? And yet it was because of her that I came here twenty years ago."

Descending the steps he passed on into the moonlight. A huge St. Bernard, dozing in the shadow of a pillar, stretched himself lazily, then came close to his beloved master, who stooped, patted the shaggy coat, bade him lie down again, and then made his way back to his room, and without disrobing, slept fitfully until daylight. When he awoke he found his companion gazing intently at him from the opposite bed.

"Buenos dias, padre," he said, continuing in Spanish, "I cannot thank you enough for your great kindness to me."

"It was a trifling service," he answered, kindly. "I could have done no less. How do you find yourself this morning?"

"Thanks to your goodness in my behalf I have quite recovered," replied the other, though his pale face did not bear out the assertion. "I need no longer trespass upon your hospitality. I will take leave of you this morning."

"No, no," said the padre, "you are not fit to travel and the day will be extremely warm. I insist that you remain until evening at least. And now you shall have some refreshment."

He returned in a few moments, watching with satisfaction the eagerness with which his guest devoured the morning meal. Then, procuring linen bandages, he again dressed the wounded arm.

It was high noon when he revisited the cell, this time bringing a substantial repast of meat, bread and wine, olives, figs, and grapes.

"Eat as heartily as you did at breakfast," said he, smiling, "then take a siesta, and I will release you at sundown, if you insist."

"O father," responded the other, "how can I ever thank you!"

"It is nothing," the priest answered; "a simple act of humanity. I have much to do and shall not disturb you for several hours."

It lacked a half hour of sunset when he returned. He found the stranger sitting on the cot, his head leaning upon his hand. With the deft touch of one accustomed to such offices the priest once more bandaged the wound.

"If you knew my story, father," said the man when the task was finished, "you would not think me worth your care. If you will listen I will tell you why.

"Ten years ago yesterday" (his listener started—yesterday had also been an anniversary with him) "my wife died. It was twenty years ago yesterday that I married her. You should have seen her, father, when I met and loved her. She was beautiful, with large, lustrous black eyes, and lips like the pomegranate. I had a rival whom she loved—she told me so, and from that moment I plotted to take her from him. It was no easy affair, but I accomplished it. I wrote two letters, one to her and one to him, each signed with the other's name, confessing to a mistake, and love for another. It was carefully worded, for I had spent much time at my task. Knowing that her lover would seek a personal explanation, I took my sister into my confidence, and she persuaded the unhappy girl to go away with her. My rival, refusing to believe in her fickleness, sought her, but he only found another note, saying that it would be useless for him to endeavor to change her decision."

The face of the priest had grown paler and paler during the recital.

"Her name?" he asked, in a low, tense tone.

"Theresa Orena."

For an instant the padre stood with clenched hand clutching at his gray robe. His face was distorted with fury. He was no longer the priest, but a wronged man whose opportunity for revenge had come. Then the self-control that in twenty years had not deserted him reasserted itself. The brief inward struggle over, he was once more the father confessor, to whom such tales were common.

The other, his thoughts engrossed with the past, went on:

"It terminated as I intended it should. Stung by grief and indignation at her lover's desertion, with my sister and myself constantly exerting all influence in our power over her, she finally consented to marry me. I thought she would forget him but I was mistaken. Some say he entered the priesthood. I know not what became of him, but this I do know, that Theresa loved him always. Why, when our child was born, two years afterward, she named him for her lover—*sacre!*—and though I saw to it that he was christened in my own name, she would call him nothing but Carlos. As if to increase my bitterness, the boy never liked me. The two idolized each other but I was nothing to them.

"Well, when the fever came that carried off both, imagine what hellish torture was mine to sit day after day by her bedside and hear her in her delirium calling upon the man I hated—calling upon him with a tenderness she had never felt for me! That was my punishment. I had the body, but he had the heart, the soul."

There was a short silence. A great joy transfigured the face of Padre Carlos. She had loved him! Was not that enough?

"Since then I have cared for nothing. I drift from place to place, and night before last played cards with an acquaintance. We had both been drinking and we quarreled. It was my fault—I struck him first. He cut me as you see. We fought desperately, as men will who are maddened by rage and liquor. I escaped, but I am certain that he followed me, for he swore that he would kill me. Again, father, I thank you from my heart for your timely assistance."

They walked down the narrow hall, through the darkened church, where tapers burned dimly, and out to the broad steps. Once the fugitive started back into the shadow as a vaquero, lifting his sombrero respectfully to the priest, rode by at a gallop on his way to town.

Padre Carlos had not spoken. He made no sign when the other knelt, kissed the hem of his robe, and then, turning to the north, walked up the pathway that led to a road behind the Mission. Vesper bells rang out upon the evening air, and, after they had ceased chiming, the priest still stood upon the steps, so intently thinking that he did not see, behind the adjacent ruins of an old reservoir, a crouching figure spring up and stealthily disappear in the direction his visitor had taken.

A peacefulness lay upon land and sea. In the padre's eyes the strangely restless, searching, unsatisfied look was gone for the first time in twenty years. She had loved him to the last!

His figure seemed as motionless in the fading light as though it were the carved statue of some monk of other days. Two little muchachos, hungry for their supper of frijoles and tortillas, ran by, barefooted, sunbrowned, and careless. But none were so silent, none so unheeding, as the man who lay, stabbed to the heart, in a thicket beyond.

SERICULTURE IN CALIFORNIA.

HENRY SOUTHFIELD.

THE story of the silkworm may be easily told, yet its life is as intensely interesting as it is brief. From the moment the atom appears in egg form until it enters the chrysalis state and there dies within the wondrous casket it has made for itself, wrapped in a snowy gossamer shroud, destroyed that its work may live; from the moment, in fact, that it has its tiny being until, as a white-winged moth permitted to escape its dainty walls it perpetuates itself and perishes, a fluttering thing of ephemeral beauty, the silkworm is worthy the attention of any student of nature. Nature, however, does not always reveal her secrets, though we watch her methods ever so closely, and bring the microscope and the keen eye of science to our aid. How an infinitesimal particle can evolve with astonishing rapidity from the ovum state to a creature of less than three inches in length, which buries itself in a winding-sheet four thousand yards long, yet no bigger in circumference than one's finger, or, as its fate may be, opens its shell-like prison-house and soars into the sunshine, is not told by Nature, mistress of mysteries that she is. We only know that the marvelous comes to pass.

For centuries China kept within its borders the knowledge of sericulture and silk manufacture, a discovery and industry that had its origin there, and to-day this same country exports thirty-five per cent of the 20,000,000 pounds of raw silk that make up the average annual supply of the world's market from Oriental sources alone. Japan, Italy, France, and the Levant produce the rest, and India once ranked as a silk-grower of commercial importance. There is no reason why California should not become one of the silk-producing countries of the world. Attempts have been made to establish the sericulture here, but they have failed for want of successful co-operation. This is to be deplored, for California offers rare inducements to silk culturists. A few there are who with faith in the efficacy of continued effort have persisted in experiment, and with remarkably encouraging results. Among these is Mrs. Carrie Williams of San Diego, who recently exhibited a skein of silk which is a record beater. In thirty-one days the worms raised by her passed through all the stages of worm life, and spun their cocoons from which this silk, equal to any in quality, was reeled, a result probably without precedent in any clime or country, yet it can be done in California for eight consecutive months throughout the year. The reasons are plain. We have no violent climatic disturbances here, the worms are healthier, the average cocoon larger, the spin of silk longer and of stronger fiber, and the mulberry-tree or food plant indigenous to every part of the State, growing in favored localities with unequaled luxuriance. Six or eight times as many leaves can be gathered in a given time as anywhere else. Professor Joseph Neumann, the well-known authority on sericulture here, has picked in a summer's day eight hundred pounds. He also is discoverer of the fact that cascara sagrada, our native "sacred bark," is the food of a wild worm valuable for spun silk purposes.

INTERIOR OF SILK FACTORY SHOWING FINAL PROCESS OF SPOOLING.

A vast amount of silk cocoons could be raised throughout this State and sold direct to manufacturers, thus supplying the demand at home instead of depending upon foreign exports. In China the reeling of the silk from the cocoon is done mainly by women, and is a tedious process, paid for at the rate of about one cent per hour. Machines can do this work here, the difference in the cost of labor and transporting of the raw silk bringing the process within reasonable limits. Every farmer should carry mulberry-trees as a "side line," and raise cocoons, the care of which may devolve upon the women and children of the family, a light and profitable task, as feasible as the raising of chickens and marketing of eggs, without which a farm would scarcely seem a farm at all.

Have you ever thought how many chapters of natural and industrial history a spool of silk thread represents? Here, then, is a particle, one of several hundred others, deposited by a moth on a sheet of paper in a clean, well-ventilated room, kept at uniform temperature. Hither are brought mulberry leaves. Upon these the caterpillar feeds, its appetite increasing voraciously with its size from day to day. Then it retires from the world, enveloping itself in a filmy web of white, or pale yellow, its appetite a thing of the past. For days it spins tightly and surely and with strange wisdom, secure within the husk that is its home. A coating of feathery, fluffy silk surrounds it at last, and the chrysalide, if wanted for breeding purposes, moistens one end of the shell that encases it and comes forth a winged insect. The cocoon then becomes "waste" and goes to the spun silk manufacturer. If it is to have a part in the making of the spool silk under discussion it is subjected to artificial heat and the chrysalide dies. If reeled by hand, the cocoons are placed in hot water, softened by constant stirring, placed floating in a basin of water, the ends found by experts and passed through an eyelet or porcelain groove, then reeled, the reelable portion varying from 330 to 900 yards in each cocoon.

At the factory the skeins are assorted into three sizes, tied into convenient bundles of thin cloth, soaked over night in soapsuds, and while damp from draining spread on wheels or "swifts." Above these swifts are bobbins on which the silk is wound. Then comes the operation of doubling, when several strands are wound together on the bobbins to secure thread of desired size. In turn these bobbins spin their burden onto other bobbins, making seventy-two hundred revolutions per minute. A similar operation to doubling comes next, called matching, to increase the thread's size. The bobbins then return to the spinners and reverse their operation. By the time the twisting process is completed, as many as thirty-six fine raw silk threads may be combined in one. The bobbins are now turned into a trough filled with water, the ends of each fastened at intervals to a large revolving cylinder and emptied of their contents in order to stretch and straighten the silk. From the cylinders the silk goes back to the bobbins, and while wet is reeled into skeins which go to the dry-room and are spread on poles. The skeins, containing one thousand yards each, are now weighed by a finely adjusted machine to size them, assorted, bundled on a press, taken to the stock-room, and labeled with their weight in ounces and number of yards.

Ready for the dye-room, the silk is "boiled off," thus losing twenty-five per cent weight and its gumminess, is kept constantly moving on poles while in the dye vats and washed after each process. From dry-room to "risers" and bobbins, to "cleaners," back to bobbins, then to spools at five thousand revolutions per minute, to packers and labelers, and the great work begun by the cocoon is finished, having given employment to hundreds of men and women.

The statistician claims that America consumes one hundred million dollars' worth of silken goods per annum, and that the demand is steadily increasing. Sericulture in California, firmly and methodically established, would in time supply a large percentage of this demand. While the cocoons can be raised only in favored localities, their manufacture into raw silk can be carried on anywhere. Cocoons raised here may be reeled in any city in the United States, benefiting individuals wherever the industry is promulgated. The principal operatives in the various branches are mainly women and children, and the work adapted to their strength. California should enter the field as a competitor with the same enterprise that has actuated her in sending forth agricultural products that take first rank in the markets of the world. There is room here for the building up of a splendid dual industry —cocoon raising and the manufacture of raw silk into thread and fabrics.

The first experiment in sericulture in this State was made at San Jose in 1856 by M. Louis Prevost, a botanist from Normandy, France. He planted mulberry-trees and preached industrial development, but no one listened to him. California made her money too rapidly in those days to heed anything that did not "pan out" well and pan out quickly, so the disheartened gentleman one day dug up the trees that no one would buy, and threw them away, resolved to forever after hold his peace in a land whose people cared naught for the slow gain of industrial labor, choosing the sluice box rather than the loom, and having no interest in cocoons when yellow nuggets were to be had for the delving. But a neighbor imported a few silkworm eggs, obtaining such good results that M. Prevost's enthusiasm revived and to the time of his demise in '69 he raised trees and fed silkworms. Since then many persons have devoted their time and money to the same occupation and with remarkable success.

The largest spool-silk manufactory in the United States is controlled by Belding & Brothers. The only one west of Michigan is located at Petaluma, Cal., its output reaching the entire west, Hawaii, Australia, and Mexico.

OUR THEATERS.

OUR climate must be responsible. At least, that is the conclusion I have arrived at after wondering how and why it is that everything producible in California, from cabbages to native daughters, is the finest of its kind. Send one of our girls abroad to study music or art and as surely as the sun sets beyond the Golden Gate she will capture whatever prizes there may be in sight. It is quite safe to bank on her success in any event. This is not an idle statement, but it is warranted by the facts.

To the lengthened list of bright young women from out of the West who have returned to us laden with musical honors and bearing the palm of well-earned praise from the most captious of critics in a hypercritical city, is Miss Marion Bear of San Francisco. Before leaving Berlin, Miss Bear gave a recital which redounded to her credit as an artist at the piano, the courageous and ambitious little American receiving enthusiastic applause. Among the papers to comment in high terms upon her performance of Tschaikowsky, Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin, and Liszt compositions were the *Deutsche Reichs Anzeiger*, *Boersen Courier*, *Volks-Zeitung*, *Allegemeine Musikalixhe Rundschau*, *Berlin Times*, *Guide*, and "Budget" correspondence of the *Musical Courier*. Miss Bear has been exceedingly fortunate in her schooling abroad, Rubinstein himself having advised and directed her, the great master taking a personal interest in her career. She brings written testimonials from high authorities in Dresden and Berlin, and her playing aroused so much admiration in the latter city that her debut here on Thursday evening, March 3d, at Sherman-Clay Music Hall, is certain to be largely attended by our best people. Miss Bear deserves a right royal welcome.

Affairs theatrical are on the high tide of prosperity nowanights. The Baldwin's doors swing to standing room only at every performance. "The Serenade" has been followed by that deliciously tuneful opera, "Robin Hood," as popular as ever in its old age, for the audiences still go encore-mad over the "Tinkers' Chorus," "It Takes Nine Tailors to Make a Man," "Brown October Ale," and Jessie Bartlett Davis's soulfully sung "O Promise Me." Alice Nielson is a dimpled attraction. I hear that a new production, "Rip Van Winkle," will be staged ere these beloved Bostonians go hence.

Joseph Holland is coming to the Baldwin with his great comedy success, "The Mysterious Mr. Bugle," following in the Bostonians' wake.

Harry Corson Clarke and his capital company are playing to splendid business on the northern circuit. "What Happened to Jones" has made a very large-sized hit everywhere. It is a jolly piece, and so is "A Matrimonial Maze." If Mr. Clarke includes the latter in his repertoire, he will find a Klondike in every town on his route, which is dated as follows: March 5th, Salem, Or.; 11th, 12th, Tacoma; 14th, 15th, 16th, Seattle; 17th, Victoria; 18th, Nanaimo; 19th, Vancouver; 20th, New Westminster; 21st, New Whatcom; 22d, Everett.

MARION BEAR.

Marie Wainwright, gracious and charming as ever, and one of the ablest actresses on the American stage, is with us again, this time at the Columbia in melodrama of the most improved brand—good, wholesome, realistic melodrama of the sort that stirs the depths of one's better nature and finds a quickened response in even a blase heart. The Viola of Miss Wainwright in "Twelfth Night" I miss, for, with the exception of the late Adelaide Neilsen and adorable Julia Marlowe, I know of no other Viola so satisfactory. But in her present stage environment Miss Wainwright is a delight, and as thoroughly at home as in the legitimate. It is not often that an actress succeeds in both fields of the art dramatic. She is very popular in this city, and as she is surrounded by an excellent company, the star and her play, "Shall We Forgive Her?" are taxing the Columbia's accommodations. In an entertaining chat about her trip abroad last summer, hunting for a new play in Paris, London, Berlin, and Vienna, Miss Wainwright said the other day: "The greatest successes in London are plays of American origin, and in a lesser degree this statement applies to the Continent. The hit scored by "Secret Service" was much more emphatic than Americans generally realize. I witnessed the Prince of Wales's vigorous personal indorsement of Gilette as an actor and author. Sidney Drew and his wife made a tremendous furor in the London halls, and a leading dramatic writer of the British capital advised the managers to 'keep an eye on this clever American comedian.' Apropos of this I will relate a specimen of American wit, told me by Wilton Lackaye and consequently must be true. A congenial circle of Lambs were seated in the Fold one night engaged in a solution of the problem presented by the positions of John and Sidney Drew. The popularity of John in this country was contrasted with the greater ability of Sidney, and finally some one appealed to Maurice Barrymore, who, stretched at his ease, was listening attentively but taking no part in the discussion. "Barry" languidly surveyed the group, and then replied, 'Well, there's nothing to say. John drew and Sidney didn't.'"

MARIE WAINWRIGHT
In "Shall We Forgive Her?" at the Columbia.

Another attraction is in store for the Columbia's patrons. In the wake of the fair Wainwright come Primrose & West's Minstrels, the company's roster including names brilliant in blackcork history.

At the California will be heard this month one of the foremost of American novelists, F. Marion Crawford, in a series of three lectures, "Pope Leo XIII. in the Vatican," "The Original Mr. Isaacs' Early Newspaper Experiences in India," and "Italian Home Life in the Middle Ages."

In the very near future will be produced "Shore Acres" and James Herne, over which so much ink was used up in encomiums while here last year, and W. A. Brady will bring to us Anna Held and James J. Corbett. There's a diversity of entertainment for you! 'Twixt James Herne and James Corbett there could not be wider contrast.

The public wants "The Geisha" again, and yielding to popular demand the Tivoli has put this delightful opera on its boards for a fortnight, after which will be sung "Madelaine, or The Magic Kiss." The Tivoli never falls below the standard of excellence it has established for itself, and always gives twice the worth of one's money.

GEORGIE COOPER, *Thors photo.*
The Tivoli's Juvenile Ingenue.

This week's bill at the Alcazar is "False Shame," a comedy drama, and the strongest play seen here in a long while. It is presented most ably by the stock company, which has a talented acquisition in Wm. H. Pascoe. "False Shame" is a romance full of heart throbs and intense situations, fully balanced, however, by its humorous features.

THE BOHEMIAN.

THE CITRUS BELT OF SONOMA.

ELAINE HOLLIS.

ASK an Easterner in what portion of California her oranges, now known to citrus fame the world over, are grown, and he will promptly say, "the south, of course." Tell him that seventy-five miles north of San Francisco, in this month of March, are ripening such juicy oranges, perfect lemons, and citrons as were never dreamed of in his philosophy, and he will think that, geographically, at least, your ideas have gone a-glimmering. Moreover, the impression he has gained is shared by the majority of people throughout the length of the Atlantic seaboard. They have yet to learn that midway between this metropolis and the upper State line is a country as beautiful to look upon as any fair land of promise yet tilled by man, and as picturesque in point of landscape as any that artist has copied onto canvas, be it of the old world or the new. We who know and love our California would have others know and love her too, "from Siskiyou to San Diego, from Sierra to the sea"; would sing of her praises, so that others might pass this way to see for themselves her agricultural possibilities.

The Easterner who knows not whereof he speaks when he discusses California oranges, would have to take a second look at his guide book to convince himself of his whereabouts could he be transported suddenly just now from his snowy surroundings to the trim little town of Cloverdale, up in Sonoma County, which is not yet out of the holiday garb in which it gaily decorated itself for its annual citrus fair, one of the most creditable in its history, and as interesting an agricultural exhibit as has ever been made in any part of this State.

CLOVERDALE ORANGES.

Laying aside one's daily paper, and leaving a comfortable nook by a big open fireplace at the hotel, where great logs blaze cheerfully, one strolls along the cement sidewalks of the enterprising city in embryo, to a commodious pavilion. It is difficult to realize this clear February morning that in a few days March will be here, for no June sunshine could be brighter, no skies more beautiful, with their clouds flecking fleecily the serene blue; yet in Wisconsin, Michigan, Iowa, and Illinois traffic is paralyzed by raging storms, and the shivering inhabitants of village and city are snowbound in their dwellings. Here are almond trees, their branches weighted with bloom, and peeping above the green grass the first of the season's wild blossoms.

The fragrance of fruit and flowers comes to the visitor before he has entered the building. Originality, artistic taste, superb specimens from tree and vine, and the patient labor of hands that love their task, have made of the pavilion's interior a bower of beauty. Each exhibit has been arranged with careful thought, every foot of space utilized to the best possible advantage. A huge chariot of oranges, lined with leaves, drawn by immense butterflies, a study in green and gold, uniquely executed with smilax, satin streamers, and redwood foliage to bring the yellow spheres into relief, is a striking picture. Yonder is the *Call* building in oranges. To the right, a revolving Ferris wheel, carrying its freight of fruit in baskets over a bed of rock-moss, its spokes and tires a line of oranges, the design being the clever work of a fifteen-year-old Cloverdale lad, Arthur Cooley. Heaped upon a table are fine seedling oranges, raised ten miles west of Cloverdale, fifteen hundred feet above sea level, and but twenty miles from the ocean. Here, also, are oranges from a seven-year tree, ten feet high, twenty-five dozen of them picked at one time; and twenty dozen lemons from a tree of the same age, which held at the time of picking no less than forty dozen. Over on the prize table are Washington navels that measure sixteen inches in circumference, citrons of finest quality and equal size, lemons and limes that cannot be surpassed anywhere, and apples from the redwood lands along the Coast

A VIEW FROM THE GALLERY.

that compare with any in the State. The exhibits all vie with each other in attractiveness, friendly in their rivalry to show the best that California's northern citrus belt can do, and each deserving of a prize. There are Lisbon, Villa Franca, and Sicily lemons; Joppa, Malta blood, and Japanese oranges piled high amid their own foliage on oak and rock moss, and green leaves; Mediterranean sweets, the potted Otaheite orange, glass jars of pears, peaches, silver and French prunes, apricots, grapes, plums, cherries; jellies clear as fruit juice, sugar, and skill can make them; dried fruits in variety; peanuts, almonds, mammoth vegetables, wines, and olives.

And such olives! One has one's choice of the Mission or Spanish variety, pickled in glass jars that show their color and size to advantage, light green or dark, according to their ripeness. The trees on which the prize olives grow are but six years old, the orchard of Doctor and Mrs. A. M. Coomes.

Sonoma County, as yet unmolested by phylloxera, has for many years been a producer of some of the finest wines in market, exporting Angelica, hock, Zinfandel, table claret, Burgundy, Riesling, Sauterne, port, sherry, and grape brandy. They are shown against the light in a booth decorated with moss and trailing vines, the grape-vine itself being twisted into an artistic trellis, hung with gray oak-moss overhead. Another inviting spot, its ceiling hung with oranges, is a green and mossy retreat in the center of which is a broken wheelbarrow, borne to earth, as it were, by its load of yellow oranges. Interesting, too, is the vegetable exhibit, with celery almost tree-tall, and summer squash nine inches in diameter.

AT THE CITRUS FAIR.

Women have helped to make the fair the success that it is. The chariot is the ingenious work of Miss Anna Smith. A daintily home-like touch is given by the exquisite china painting loaned by Mrs. C. E. Humbert. Every available spot is beautified by ferns, palms, smilax, branches of the pepper-tree, and of almond in blossom, mistletoe, the clover which gave to the town its name; even gold dust, taken from ground four miles distant, challenges the hue of the orange.

A HISTORIC CITY.

C. V. RESSUM.

NESTLING at the foot of the Anti-Libanus Mountains is Damascus, said to be the world's oldest city. Surrounded on three sides by a vast plain which stretches far out into the sands of Arabia, it is an oasis in a desert. When Mohammed was still a camel driver he turned from his course, which led through this city, and passed around it, with the observation that as man could enter but one paradise, he would wait until called from this vale of tears before entering his. And it appears that throughout his whole life the Prophet of the Desert never passed through the gates of beautiful and historic Damascus, which is considered by Moslems a true type of the heavenly home which the faithful hope to attain.

The visitor of to-day can appreciate in some degree Mohammed's feelings on the occasion referred to, if he will ascend old Lebanon for a bird's-eye view of the city before entering it. The picture from the hillside is a grand one; neither tongue, pen nor brush can do it justice. There are not many spots on earth where the Great Master hand has placed such a combination of colors, and probably nowhere else can one see so harmonious a blending of the works of ancient and modern builders, and the far grander work of nature. Tall, slender minarets, looking like great structures of pearl, stand high above the war-shattered battlements with which the city is girt. Domes and arches glittering beneath the Crescent are seen on every side. Marble palaces and old Oriental churches are embowered in variegated foliage, while here, there and beyond are rusty, moss-grown ruins of departed centuries, some of which echoed the testimony of Paul after his conversion in that same old city, and rang with the victorious shouts of the Moslem hosts as they successfully beat back the Crusaders under Baldwin and Conrad. Yonder is the River Barada, the Abana of the Bible, and of which Namaan was so proud. The wall to the south is the same down which Paul was lowered in a basket, while escaping the wrath of the leading Jews of Damascus; and in the "Street which is called Straight" is the house he is said to have occupied when visited by Ananias. We are not told why this street was called straight; it was so named by the Romans and it may be one of their ponderous jokes, a specimen of Roman wit, for with the exception of what we have here in the view, the street is not as straight as the average Chinese conscience, or the ways of the Turk. Damascus is one of the most important cities of the Turkish Empire. It is the capital of Eastern Syria, the headquarters of the Syrian Army, and as a result of being shut in by mountains and desert, it has not partaken of European ideas and customs as have the Turkish cities along the coasts of the Mediterranean. It is truly Oriental. Yonder woman who holds her skirts to her knees would no more think of showing her face, not even to her brother-in-law, than a Siwash Indian would contemplate taking a bath. In a way the indiscretion would prove equally abhorrent, for while the bath would kill the Siwash, the exposing of her face before any one not of her immediate family would brand her as a social outcast forever.

A STREET IN DAMASCUS.

In the coast cities things are somewhat different. People there are coming in daily contact with western ideas, are gradually laying aside their notions and assuming the garb of the more civilized parts of the world. There are sisters and mothers at Constantinople, Beyrout and Alexandria, who have decided that it is more in keeping with true modesty to reveal their faces and keep their bodies covered, than to do as their sisters of Damascus, veil their ugly features and let their shapely, silk-covered figures advertise the already famous looms of the country. As an improvement to the women of Damascus I would suggest a thicker and still blacker veil.

Our party had been eagerly looking forward to the mail they would receive upon their arrival at Damascus, so when we had slid from our saddles at the khan, the doctor and I set out to find the postoffice, in the open window of which sat a turbaned and silk-robed Turk, with his legs crossed under him, inhaling the smoke from a hubble-bubble or water-pipe. We handed him our cards, which he promptly turned upside down and examined, then passed them back with a shrug of his shoulders. We knew there was mail for us, but how to get it was the question. Just then a son of Ishmael came up to the window and demanded a "mactoob Francis." A bundle of letters and papers was handed out to him. He selected one and left the rest on the window ledge, where I captured them and found, not only mail for myself and the party, but letters bearing the postmark of every country in Europe and America. It looked like the accumulation of years, and I afterward learned that it was the French letter pile, containing all mail received at that office and not addressed in Arabic characters. After that I, too, demanded a "mactoob Francis," and was always privileged to help myself. The patriarch with long white beard and snowy turban, on a donkey, with a cigarette in his mouth and his dangling ankles bare, deprived of his weed would look like Father Abraham when he rode through this same Damascus four thousand years ago. It was here he purchased his faithful slave, Eliezer, and tradition has placed the site of the ancient slave-market where the saddle bazaar is now.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF DAMASCUS.

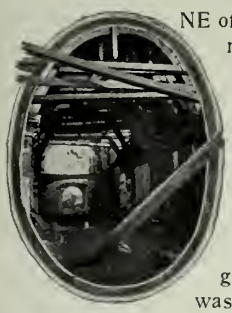
A visit to any Eastern city would be incomplete without a stroll through the various bazaars, and especially would this be the case with Damascus. Her bazaars form a network of lanes and alleys sometimes so narrow that two people can scarcely pass each other.

Go into a coffee house, be seated on one of the cane-bottomed stools, and as you smoke and sip, look along the bazaar and study a condition found nowhere else. You will see brutal Kurds, warlike Druses, wild Bedouin sheiks, effeminate looking Syrians, the lithe and half-dressed Arab, the gorgeously appareled Persian, the shrewd money-getting Jew, the strutting Turk, the foreign Christian, jostling each other in streets crowded with strings of laden camels just in from the desert, dromedaries with gaudy trappings from Aleppo and Palmyra, and donkeys that rush helter-skelter over everything and everybody. You will marvel at the sleepy indifference of princely merchants who sit in their silk gowns and wait for victims, while they acknowledge that Allah is great, and merciful, and just.

FEMALE STREET COSTUMES.

PROGRESS IN MINING METHODS.

[W. H. STORMS, Field Assistant California State Mining Bureau.]



ONE of the objects, if not the principal one, of the men who made up the first gold rush to California was to make money, and to make it quickly. About the only ones possessing any practical mining knowledge were those from the gold fields of Georgia and the Mexicans, and their knowledge of placer mining did not extend beyond "rocking a cradle" or the deft manipulation of the shallow wooden bowl called a "batea." Every intelligent man knew, as a matter of course, the great difference in specific gravity between gold and the material in which it was found, but of methods effecting its separation they knew nothing. However, the Georgia rocker and the Mexican batea were quickly adopted by all, and proved an efficient though necessarily slow means of recovering the gold from the earth.

Washing gold with a rocker, while far more expeditious than panning, is obviously a slow process, and the miner soon began to look for some means whereby a larger amount of material might be handled at no greater cost. The first progressive step was the "long tom," set upon a grade best suited to the successful treatment of the material to be handled. At the lower end of the tom a screen covered the bottom. The gold bearing earth was shoveled in at the upper end, a stream of water being allowed to run through the box continuously. A man standing at the lower end would throw out rocks too large to pass through the screen and also throw back toward the upper end any lumps of clay not sufficiently dissolved to free the gold. The fine material dropped through the screen into a sluice box below.

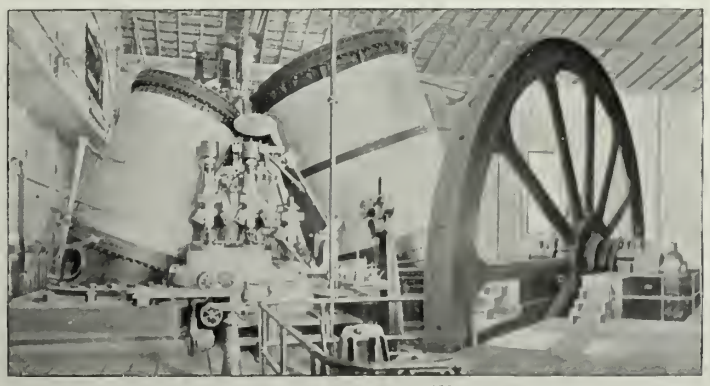
The long tom was but a step to the sluice box. Sluicing is practically a continuous operation. Several men could shovel earth in the boxes as rapidly as they could dig it out of the pit, and a good head of water carried it along, breaking up the lumps and depositing the gold behind the riffles.

To facilitate this and to secure the highest possible duty from the amount of water employed the sluice fork was introduced, by means of which many of the larger rocks could be forked out, thus relieving the water of its load and enabling it to sweep the finer material onward to the end of the sluice and into the tailings race, where one or more men were stationed, whose duty it was to shovel out the debris and keep the drain-way clear.

The next step in the direction of increased capacity without increased cost was the ground sluice, by which method material previously too low in gold to be worked profitably otherwise became payable. Ground sluicing is accomplished by conducting a stream of water by ditch or flume to the face of a gravel bank on bedrock. The gold bearing material is picked, barred or shoveled into the stream, the force of the water, with the miners' assistance, carrying away the debris to the sluice boxes or flume below. The gold is cleaned up from the bedrock ditch and bottom of the flume. When conditions are favorable a very large amount of material can be handled daily.

The hydraulic method of mining was then introduced. In a few years the most stupendous operations, involving the expenditure of millions of dollars, were looked upon as legitimate enterprises. Hundreds of miles of ditch and flume were constructed, often under difficulties requiring the most skillful engineering to overcome.

When hydraulic mining was prohibited, drift mining became more active, and is to-day producing an enormous amount of gold annually. By the drift method only that portion of the channel is worked on or near bedrock where the best pay is usually found.



IMPROVED HOISTING MACHINERY—120 TON WHEEL.

Placer mining had scarcely more than made a fair start when there were those in the army of pioneers who began seeking for the source of the gold of the placers, and, as every one now knows, they found it—or at least found some of its sources, for all are not yet known, and doubtless some will ever remain a mystery.

Quartz mining was a new field, but it soon became as active as gravel mining, though methods of recovering gold from the veins were not so quickly forthcoming. The Mexican was now much in demand, and his arrastre, the most primitive form of quartz mill, was built everywhere. I have seen the remains of more than a hundred of them in a single locality. The arrastre consists of a basin six to twelve feet in diameter, having a pavement and sides of stones. An upright post turning upon a spindle is set in the center with a large projecting horizontal beam overhead, which is secured to posts set beyond the rim of the basin. About three or four feet above the floor of the basin are other short arms to which are attached large rocks by short chains. One of these arms, longer than the rest, projects beyond the rim of the basin, and to this a horse, or other animal, is hitched and driven about the basin in a circle much after the fashion of a horse-power machine. By this means the rocks are dragged round and round over the pavement. The ore having first been broken up in small pieces is shoveled into the basin with a quantity of water and quicksilver. The grinding of the drags reduces the ore to pulp, freeing the gold, which is amalgamated by the mercury. Although necessarily a slow process, the arrastre is one of the best gold-saving appliances we have. Water-power, steam, and even the gasoline engines are utilized for its motive power.

OLD-TIME STAMP MILL.

The stamp mill soon made its appearance in the mining field to satisfy a necessity for a mechanism which would treat a greater quantity of material. There is a marked difference between the clumsy, old-fashioned mill, with its "hog-trough" mortar, unwieldy, wooden-stemmed stamps and unsatisfactory results and a modern gold mill. As a broader knowledge of the requirements of the business was attained machinery was constructed to meet the demand, and to-day we find massive machinery working smoothly and giving little trouble.

In early days no effort was made at first to save the sulphide minerals associated with nearly all gold-bearing quartz veins, but as the superficial portions of the veins were exhausted and sulphides made their appearance, it was learned that they contained high values in gold and silver. This led to the construction of numerous devices for the concentration of the sulphides. There are a score or more of these machines of different make now on the market, any one of which possesses more or less merit. Concentration on riffles, on gunny sacks, and blankets was among the first of the methods employed for separating sulphides from the gangue. Having found a means of saving the sulphides, some metallurgical process for recovering the gold from them was required. One of the first methods was that of roasting the ores and subsequent amalgamation in pans having revolving mullers—an idea borrowed from the arrastre. Later the chlorination process, a modification of the Mexican "patio" method, came in vogue, and is still employed with great success throughout California. Barrel chlorination is another method in use elsewhere, and is eminently successful. One of the latest steps in metallurgical science is the introduction and successful operation at many places of the cyanide process, based upon the fact that a very weak solution of cyanide of potassium is a solvent of fine gold, the gold being recovered from the solution by precipitation, usually upon fine shavings of zinc.

Within the past few years compressed air and electricity have been successfully introduced, and a very broad field lies open to further experiment and application, particularly in the electrical direction.

Before THE TRAVELER makes its bow to the public for the current issue, it is not improbable that we may be advised definitely as to the terrible disaster to the battleship "Maine." Since it was first announced to us it has been both interesting and exasperating to watch the attitude of the daily papers through the Associated Press correspondents in presenting to their readers the items of news concerning it. Two of our morning dailies in San Francisco seem to have been particularly pugnacious and sensational in the character of their headlines, while the balance of the dailies have been, to a certain extent, conservative, particularly the *Chronicle*. In addition to this, flaring posters have decorated the windows and billboards of the great dailies during the day announcing dispatches of various kinds that tend to foment public prejudice. It is still more interesting to notice, however, that there have been no less than forty-nine dispatches that have been published, and subsequently denied, as "without foundation," or, in other words, "fakes." In view of these circumstances, the wise and conservative individual will take no stock whatever in the press dispatches, unless, indeed, they are confirmed by *all* the dailies.

In one of our evening papers a bold headline reads as follows: "THE 'MAINE' WAS DESTROYED BY A TORPEDO," and underneath this, in smaller type, "Is the *suggestion* made by a prominent naval officer." Note the modification "suggestion."

It goes without saying that the dailies are, of course, making capital out of this unfortunate situation, and no doubt more than one paper is sold because of its glaring headlines, which were *qualified* by smaller type following it.

In this connection we are reminded of the habit of our evening papers, especially the fifth and sixth editions, to head their columns "Extra." In the strict sense of the word an Extra means an additional and special number of the paper published to announce some important event that was too late or too early to be included in the regular edition, but it becomes absolutely tiresome and monotonous to see this term used with every regular edition of our evening papers.

It is nothing more or less than a device to catch nickels, but while all of the public seem to be willing to put up with it, and extend their patronage to our evening dailies because of this attractive heading, I suppose that the city editors cannot be blamed.

It is about time some definite action should be taken in the matter of prize-fights in San Francisco. Now and then some little stir is occasioned because of the difficulty of obtaining permits for so-called "boxing" contests, and, in fact, it has assumed such an extent that it is alleged that it is necessary to pay cash in order to obtain the privilege of conducting a fistic encounter in this city. It is probable that such is a fact when we come to consider the unsavory scandals in which both branches of our municipal government have but recently been involved.

We don't look upon gatherings of this character as demoralizing in one sense of the word, but we think they should be suppressed, principally for the reason that they are rarely conducted on an honorable basis.

If no doubt existed as to the fairness of a pugilistic encounter, both between the principals and on the part of the referee, this character of sport (although not altogether elevating) might still be worthy of recognition and patronage among a very large class of individuals.

We all remember the Fitzsimmons-Sharkey fight, no doubt a fake from beginning to end on the part of Sharkey's manager, and since that time there have been very few meetings of prominence that have not been subject to a questionable decision. It is strange that the public do not wake up to these facts, but if they will continue to indulge in this diversion, why not have it conducted on a basis that will be impossible of fraud, deception, or collusion?

Readers of the San Francisco *Examiner* and *Chronicle* will no doubt recall the challenge made by the former some two or more years ago regarding the comparative circulations of those journals, whereby the sum of $10,000 was said to have been deposited with a committee of prominent business men of this city with the claim that the *Examiner* not only could prove that its circulation exceeded that of the *Chronicle*, and that it was what it claimed to be, some 78,000, but that the *Chronicle* could not prove that its issue was "over 68,000," as printed daily at the head of its editorial columns. For many months the challenge remained unanswered, and during that time the *Examiner* published this fact prominently, but to-day the general public has been left guessing as to the true state of affairs. There are two questions to be inferred from this apparent controversy. First, was it a tacit understanding between Mr. Hearst and Mr. de Young to satisfy the public that the *Examiner* and the *Chronicle* were the leading morning dailies, or was it because Mr. de Young could not accept the challenge without "showing his hand"? There are at least grave reasons for doubt both ways, for it is said that the *Examiner*, with all its published statements of circulation, will not furnish an affidavit to an interested inquirer and prospective customer. Now we have a war between the *Call* and the *Examiner*, and a genuine one, no doubt. The Spreckels and Hearst factions affiliate just like oil and water. But the wordy controversy is getting positively uninteresting and monotonous, and the public is becoming tired of what is really a personal fight. The Livernash affair, of which the *Examiner* has endeavored to make so much capital, received a justifiable quietus at the coroner's inquest. There are always two sides to a question, but to those who have been close observers of both publications, and who are disinterested, Mr. Leake was not to blame for the contract he made with the deceased. The evidence showed that he did not know the character of the manuscript written by Livernash, other than it was sensational, and, as a newspaper man, he bought the "blind pig." The very fact that he stipulated in his agreement to pay $100, that the matter should be both "true and worthy of publication," and that the agreement was dictated by Livernash himself, is certainly satisfactory proof of the alleged contract for "blood money."

BRUNETTE BEAUTY IN SAN FRANCISCO. *Boye & Habenicht photo.*

The question of annexation seems to have been "lost in the shuffle" since the accident (?) to the "Maine." But if the horoscope reads rightly, we think that it will be the most important matter we will have to consider within the next six weeks. We believe that before the present Congress adjourns the Hawaiian Islands will be part of the American Republic, and we also believe that they ought to be. Many columns have been written, both editorially and in the prominent magazines, treating on the subject pro and con, but to the disinterested party and the fairminded, there has not been one convincing reason outlined that should warrant them in adopting a negative opinion.

The conviction of Emile Zola is a lesson worth studying on the American continent. Without reference to the justice of the decision, it is interesting to note the speediness of his trial and sentence. Zola will make no appeal, and will pay his 3000 francs and serve his twelve months' imprisonment. Fortunately for him the character of his offense (though termed a felony) will not militate against his standing or good name, and, in the end, will no doubt redound to his popularity and pecuniary benefit.

OVER THE JAMAICA MOUNTAINS.

ALLAN ERIC.

LEAVING the beautiful little coast port of St. Ann's Bay, on the north coast of Jamaica, West Indies, by the Royal Mail Coach, drawn by three mules harnessed abreast, driven by a black man, we were soon ascending the Blue Mountain Range on a twenty-nine mile ride to Evarton, at St. Thomas-in-the-Vale. The road for several miles passes through a most beautiful mountainous country of tropical vegetation; coffee-trees growing everywhere, and bearing green and red-ripe berries. Here and there were the thatched huts of the natives among the palms, plantains, and bananas, far below the road, or perched upon the mountain-side. Our first stop was at Lime, Savannah, a pretty mountain village, to leave and take the mail. From this point to the next station is the great pimento-growing district of the Island, and on either side of the road we saw picturesque pimento-trees of varying height and shape.

At one of the high altitudes reached we took a backward look at the Caribbean Sea in the distance, a broad expanse of beautiful water, the intensity of whose blue cannot be imagined by one who has never seen it. It was a picture never to be forgotten.

As we neared the top of the range, the character of the vegetation changed, the cocoanut palms giving place to the cabbage palms and sour orange-trees laden with green and golden fruit. Now and then a lime-tree was seen, or, by some swiftly flowing stream, an avacado-pear in bearing. Sometimes a substantial stone mansion was visible among the trees, with broad grounds, magnificent approaches and gateways.

Our next stop was at Claremont, a pretty village situated nearly at the top of the Blue Mountain Range, where we changed mails, mules and coaches. Farther on, as we rolled across the level savannahs, we saw vast areas covered with Spanish dagger-plants, prickly pears, and other cacti. Occasionally we met men, women, and children with loads upon their heads, and little burros with monstrous burdens of guinea-grass upon their backs. Women were also seen at work upon the roads. Perhaps the most magnificent sight was a famous coffee plantation. The trees were planted in rows beneath large forest-trees, for the coffee-tree cannot bear the full force of the hot tropical sun, and requires a moderate shade.

We next pulled up at Moneague, the largest and most important of the interior Jamaica villages, an important commercial center for the productions of the interior. The climate in the Blue Mountains is indescribably delightful, soft, yet invigorating.

Leaving Moneague, we passed the towering peak of Mount Diablo, which seemed ready to topple over upon us; while far below, southward, lay the

A JAMAICA MOUNTAIN HAMLET.

beautiful plain known as St. Thomas-in-the-Vale, where wonderful cloud and atmospheric effects are seen. Sometimes the entire plain resembles a sheet of water.

For some miles before the road began to descend the range, the mules, despite a vigorous belaboring of their tough hides by the driver, could seldom be induced to go faster than a walk, but on the incline the coach rumbled along from its own momentum, and we dashed ahead, often on the very edges of the great precipices. But all such places are protected by solid walls of masonry, samples of the finest engineering in the world.

We rapidly covered the last half of our journey to Evarton, one of the termini of the Jamaica Railway. Jamaica is throughout either hilly or mountainous, the Blue Mountain Range running centrally from east to west, and rising at some points over 7000 feet. The form of the coasts is turtle-shaped, the mountain ridges representing the back of the animal.

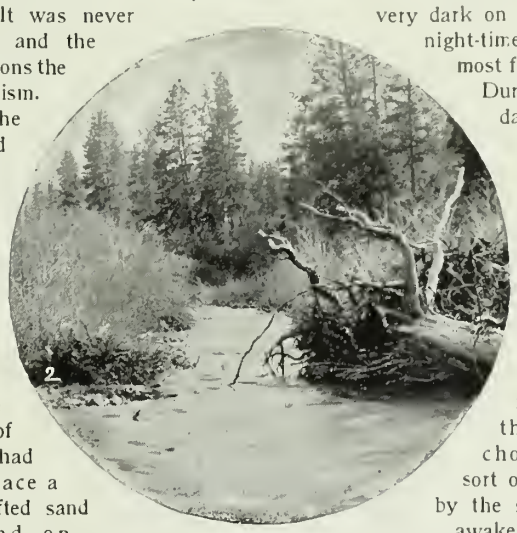
THE SPECTER TRAIN.

FRANK S. COLBURN, "THE YANKEE TOURIST."

At the risk of being deemed a fabricator I shall nevertheless tell the truth. A man engaged in walking around the world sees many strange sights and meets with numerous startling experiences; and to me, perhaps, has fallen a more than usual share. Among them all, standing forth like white letters on a black background, is one more ghostly than the rest.

I am not superstitious, but I firmly believe in a higher occultism which may not be bartered or commanded. So if any one can explain the following narrative on natural principles he will relieve my mind of a growing doubt as to the infallibility of the evidence of human senses.

Across the desert from Grand Junction, Colorado, to Salt Lake City, Utah, I walked almost entirely on the track of the Rio Grande Western Railway. It was never very dark on the dreary, arid plain, and the night-time was for several reasons the most favorable for pedestrianism. During the hottest part of the day I would lie down and sleep peacefully in the shade of some tie-pile, and if drowsiness overtook me after sundown it would be comfortable and warm almost anywhere on the sand until the wee small hours of the morning.



A TROUT POOL ON SAN LORENZO CREEK.

On one of these latter occasions I had chosen for a resting place a sort of gully in a pile of drifted sand by the side of the track, and, on awakening, shivered a little from the crisp air and more from a realization of the fact that I had slid, rolled, or in some manner edged down the sloping embankment until my legs were almost extended over one of the steel rails. So I gathered up my bag of books and canteen, which had served as a pillow, and stumbled wearily westward in the semi-darkness.

Soon a shimmer was observable on the road-bed in front of me that grew brighter and brighter and I saw distinctly the glaring headlight of an approaching train; saw the comblike stream of light issuing from the car windows as the great juggernaut rounded a bend; heard the ominous rumbling that told of its certain and speedy approach; heard the engineer's warning whistle, and stepped from the track, when to my amazement the train vanished, instantly and completely.

Then, like a flash, the lightning Express, coming from the opposite direction, thundered past, over the rails, where, a few seconds before, I had been lying. It was not until the noise had almost died away and no light was visible save that from the two red-eyed lanterns at the rear of the last car, that I realized how narrowly my tour of the world had escaped completion.

The phantom train had saved me.

A NOTABLE WEDDING.

Charmingly arranged and delightfully executed were the plans that made the wedding ceremonial and reception of Miss Alice Lillian Deming and Harry Corson Clarke, on the 9th of February last, one of the prettiest affairs ever celebrated in San Francisco. The social position of the bride, her popularity, the prominence in the commercial world of her father, Mr. Edward Orr Deming, and the social and professional standing of the groom, combined to surround the event with all the happy associations that should pertain to such a ceremonial. The giving in marriage of a lovely native daughter to the talented man of her choice was witnessed by relatives and a few intimate friends only. Several hundred invitations were issued bidding guests to the reception and elaborate collation which followed immediately at the conclusion of the wedding service, performed by the Very Reverend Father Prendergast in the drawing-room of the Deming residence on Ellis Street. The gathering was a brilliant one, the decorations elaborate—but in exquisite harmony with the occasion, the bride a picture of grace and beauty that no one present will forget. Her gown was a modiste's chef d'oeuvre, in satin and rare lace, her veil caught with a diamond sunburst, her bouquet of Bermuda lilies and lilies-of-the-valley. No more beautiful trousseau has ever been provided for local affairs of Cupid's doing. The bride was attended by her cousin, Miss Florence Deming, daintily gowned in pink, the groom by Mr. H. Wingate Lake, Manager of the Baldwin Hotel, San Francisco.

This, That and the Other

LILLIAN FERGUSON.

Popular opinion does not credit an actress with domesticity. The life Bohemian is supposed to irrevocably estrange women of the stage from all longings for their ain fireside; and as for the intricate art of cookery, it is presumably a lost one with those whose lives are given up to travel, rehearsal, and footlight glitter.

Now, as a matter of fact, the domestic instinct has been strong in women ever since Eve went to light housekeeping in the Garden of Eden. Applause from the gallery cannot drown it out, travel cannot wear it to shreds and tatters. As for the weary hours spent in rehearsals, they seem to accentuate the feminine desire for home and its attendant comforts, and culinary knowledge is apparently the one accomplishment of all others to which the much misunderstood mummer of feminine gender lays claim with jealous pride.

* * *

The Girl from Paris pirouetted through the wings at the fall of the Baldwin curtain and into her dressing-room, where she dropped breathlessly into a low chair while her maid divorced hooks and eyes from their fastenings and slipped a prettily flowered kimono over the plump Gilroy shoulders.

"Can I cook?" echoed The Girl, with a trace of injured dignity that sat oddly at variance upon a petite rounded figure, one of whose well-filled bespangled stockings was crossed in crimson grace over its companion knee, and clasped meditatively with two ringed hands. "Why, I should say I could! I'd like to teach some of the people who think an actress doesn't know anything about housekeeping a few of the dishes I've learned to make, and with mighty little time to do the learning in, too. Just because you haven't got a home to live in the year round, does it follow that you have no longing for home life? There was Payne, who wrote the song of his life on 'Home, Sweet Home,' and yet he scarely knew what home was in reality.

"My home? I live over there," and Miss Gilroy disengaged a hand to indicate a large trunk in the corner plastered with proofs of its journeyings in many climes and places. "You see, I've been on the stage twenty years—ever since I was three years old," she added ingenuously, "and during those twenty years I've traveled almost continuously at home and abroad. Of course, I can never stay in one spot long enough to make a real home, so I have to content myself with fixing up temporary quarters as cozily as I can until the time comes when I can leave this dreary existence to settle down in a genuine instead of a make-believe home. Actresses are merely tramps on the face of the earth."

"From the tone in which you say 'dreary existence,' one would fancy the stage a howling wilderness, and home an oasis in a desert?"

"Well, that is just about what it is after you've spent a fifth of a century at the business. Why, I don't believe there's a woman on the stage to-day who in her heart doesn't look forward to having a little place she can call home—or a big place if she has the wish for it and retires with money enough to gratify her tastes. The public thinks we are as frivolous and as destitute of real feeling for domestic things as we are destitute of modesty, simply because the public doesn't know us. We are condemned for wearing tights and flinging our heels over our heads, when we actually hate it ourselves, and only earn our living that way because it is better to be on salary than starving. But speaking of starving reminds me that I can cook a dish that will make your hair crinkle—Spanish tripe. It's my specialty, and I always have it on the road. I carry a tourist chafing-dish, you know. And when it comes to ducks—well, just give me a pair of ducks and a cook stove and I'll give you a dish fit for a king.

I learned to prepare Spanish tripe down in Mexico. I've spent a third of my life in the South, though born in New York of Spanish-Irish parentage—there's a combination for you! It was in Texas that I learned to ride the broncos. Do you know, I could manage a bronco from the very first," Miss Gilroy continued, digressing entertainingly from tripe; "when I wanted one to go, instead of slapping him or using a whip, which only makes horses of that kind obstinate and ugly, I would just give a whoop—like this—when away he would go." and Miss Gilroy imitated a Comanche on the warpath, in a way that would galvanize even a self-respecting equine statue into action.

"But about that tripe. Take a pound and a half of it, very fresh, cut it into little strips, so," and Miss Gilroy seized a property cigarette by way of illustration. "Add one can of tomatoes, six minced onions, two tablespoonfuls of thyme, salt to taste, and seven big red peppers—just as big as you can get," and Miss Gilroy's hands measured in imagination what might have been a tamale or a potato masher. "Boil all together fifteen minutes and serve piping hot on toast with plenty of beer—oh, lots of beer, be sure of that. It's the most delicious dish you ever tasted," and the red-stockinged chef's Irish-grey eyes sparkled expressively.

Rat-tat-tat on the door. A fluffy head, a frill or two and a good deal of rounded hosiery appeared in the opening.

"Lend me a garter, Mamie?"

Mamie obligingly slid a jeweled circle from its place and held it out.

"Take good care of it," she said. "I wouldn't have it lost for the world."

"A garter with a past?" I ventured.

"Oh," laughed The Girl from Paris, "that is another story."

* * *

"Jenny," said Mary Dressler, turning to the trim young woman who officiates as that popular actress' guardian angel, "what is it that I can cook best?"

Jenny was deftly transforming her mistress into Dottie Dimple, while the audience in front was gathering to see "Courted into Court" at the California. Jenny's face is ebony and her teeth are whitely in evidence when she smiles, which she does often, for Jenny has all the good nature of her race.

"I guess it's eggs, Miss Dressler," she answered, brushing a stray blonde lock here and readjusting a fold there.

"Yes," said Miss Dressler, "I can hard-boil eggs as well as anybody, can't I, Jenny? Seriously, though, my only happy hours are those spent at home on Park Avenue, New York. There are no women in the world to whom home life appeals with such force as it does with actresses. Why not? We are rushed hither and thither, with no time for rest and very little for amusement. It's a hard, hard life, and the sooner I quit it forever, the better it will suit me. Why, we of the stage would long for home life if for no other reason than that it is the very thing denied us—we are women enough for that. I don't practise at cooking as much as I used to when at home. I'm too tired to do anything but rest. What would I not give to be at home to-night? Sometimes, when I go on the stage of an evening with an audience waiting to be amused, my heart is heavy and I feel so homesick that I would rather slip away and have a good cry. The public, though, sees only what is passing before it, and does not realize the struggles of those behind the scenes.

"There is one domestic accomplishment that exceeds my fondness for culinary triumphs, and that is sewing. I delight in designing my own gowns. This white mousseline-de-soie with black velvet flowers in applique was made by Jenny and myself in a day and a half——"

Ting-a-ling, went a warning bell in the distance.

"Good-by," sighed Miss Dressler. "I must get to work. I'd rather be on Park Avenue, though, experimenting with eggs!"

* * *

Little Mrs. Nawn rubbed grease paint into her face and then reached for the rouge box. There were three of us in the dressing-room and you couldn't have swung a cat there, even if you had wanted to indulge in that singular pastime. Over our heads Gautier's prancing piece of trained horseflesh was pounding the Orpheum platform as though his precipitation upon us was but a certainty of a few seconds more.

"Vegetable soup," observed Mrs. Nawn, as the frescoing of her features went on apace. "That's my pet accomplishment. Why, when I'm at home in Philadelphia where we go once or twice a year, I spend all my time in the kitchen, for I just love to cook. A few years more in this tiresome business and my husband and I will buy a fifty-acre ranch near Los Angeles. Then I can get down to housekeeping in earnest.

"The secret of my soup success is that I put in as much meat and bone for two persons as most cooks use for eight. Then I add everything that comes under the name of vegetable, excepting cabbage, chopped fine. Soup like that would make an invalid strong enough to go to Klondike. Try it and see."

* * *

The Pearl of Pekin is an adept at johnny cake. The confession was wrested from her as she fled the Tivoli stage for the seclusion that the dressing-room grants 'twixt acts.

Miss Florence Wolcott has eyes like those of a bisque doll, plus a charming woman's intelligence. They softened at the mention of home life, and sparkled when her knowledge of things cookable was challenged.

"I was brought up in a boarding-school," she said, "my parents having died when I was very young. My glimpses of home have been brief but enjoyable. I am more at ease in a kitchen, I think, than on the stage. But the plain, old-fashioned dishes suit me best. There's johnny cake, for instance. I wish I might make some for you. Here is the recipe: One cup of molasses, two of sugar, butter size of an egg, baking soda, equal quantities of corn meal and flour, two eggs, and buttermilk. If you proportion it right, it will leave the oven as light as a feather."

A few minutes later Miss Wolcott was warbling to a houseful of people who would have been even more entertained had they known whence her thoughts were fondly straying—to home and the cake that is johnny.

Apropos of the Tivoli, everybody in San Francisco knows that George Lask is the most jovial of men to meet outside of the Eddy-street opera house, for his smile would make a sunbeam want to retire from business, and his voice is attuned to conversational melody. All this, though, is very misleading, for, like the rest of the world, I held the belief that Mr. Lask on the stage at daily rehearsal of the Tiv. forces ruled the chorused and starry throng by love alone.

Whist! Come closer while I whisper it. It isn't love alone. It's fear—abject fear. Can you imagine it, my dears?

How do I know? How did I discover the fact that the radiant Mr. Lask abroad is a managerial terror within doors? Why, the other day, having been summoned by him to the stage on a darksome forenoon, to hold a brief business consultation with the director of the orchestra, I made my way cautiously into the semi-blackness of the house's interior, past the long rows of empty seats and up to the platform, where a bevy of feminines of assorted sizes and degrees of attractiveness were singing sans the spangle and allurement of tights, treading the boards in prosaic habiliments of the street and utterly unrecognizable by the dim light in which they glided here and there to music thumped industriously out of a hard-worked piano hauled forth for the purpose.

Fronting the Tivoli forces stood Commander Lask, directing this one, reproving that one, in the quick, martial way of a superior officer whose business it was to discipline each, regardless of age, sex or previous condition of servitude. I entered into an aside conversation with the director, and as I have not the lung power of a calliope it never occurred to me that my voice could be heard by any one else above the confused sounds of the rehearsing vocalists around me. I was endeavoring to make myself intelligible to the director, and talking into the ear which he had inclined toward me, when the eye of Mr. Lask suddenly transfixed me by its terrifying sternness as he held up an admonishing forefinger. This pantomime made known to me the rule that none shall speak above a whisper when rehearsal is on. It also revealed to me the secret of Mr. Lask's success as a stage manager. I was so frightened that I couldn't have spoken above a stage whisper if I had tried.

You have all, I repeat, basked in the Laskan smile. I pray that you may be spared the Laskan frown.

NEW GOLD.

THE RIPPLES AND THE POOL.

Slumberous depths of tired eyes,
Where far in the shadow the spirit lies,
That sweet brave spirit, whose joyous gleam
Should dance in those eyes like a rippling stream!

Yet the stream oft waits 'neath the forest's shade
In deep, still pools, and is undismayed;
For it knows that soon, in the broad sunlight,
It will dance, with its ripples, o'er pebbles bright.

And the dark, deep pools, mysterious, still,
Have a sad, sweet charm of their own, that the trill
And the dancing chime of the ripples gay,
With all their beauty, can ne'er display.

For the ripples, singing their joyous song
In the brilliant sunlight, to all belong;
But the pool in the forest concealed is for him
Who studies and honors and loves the stream.

Close not, then, slumberous, languid eyes;
Let me view the beauty that in you lies!
Your bright, gay glance for the world; for me
Those sad, sweet looks that none else may see!

SEVENTEEN WIVES.

If you are married by the service
Of the Episcopalian rule,
Do you know how many wives you'll have
On rising from the stool?
Just sixteen more than you supposed—
In fact, odd seventeen;
Commencing with "this women" is the first,
And now I ween
"Four better" and "four worse" are eight,
And eight and one make nine;
"Four richer" and "four poorer"
Finish this addition line.

TRUST.

I kneel before my new-found happiness
With solemn joy, since thou, my own, hast come;
My heart is full to silence, I am dumb
Beneath the largess of thy last caress.
Now have the burdened years of void and stress
Led up to this supernal spring, whose sum
Of holy gladness thrills me as the hum
Of hiving throngs in some sweet wilderness!

Upon this altar heap I all my hope,
The niche above holds steadfastly thy face.
My faith in thee so firm and bright, I grope
No more in darkness, for I clearly trace,
When thou art absent, love's eternity;
I can trust God since always I trust thee.

—*Juliette Estelle Mathis.*

THE PERFECT KISS.

So much has been said about kisses
The kisses of love undefiled,
The Iscariot kisses of treason,
The kisses bestowed by a child,
The meaningless kisses of fashion,
The kisses fond fancy re-lives,
But the kiss of all kisses most perfect
Is the kiss of a man who forgives.

FLIRTATION.

She lifts back the window-curtain;
He closes the gate below;
She smiles—a coquette I am certain;
His eyes take a tender glow.
Will it be this way after marriage?
Will they play as sweethearts through life?
Listen, you who would true love disparage:
They have flirted for years—that's his wife!

Little Boy—How soon are you and Sis goin' to be married?

Accepted Suitor—She has not named the day yet. I hope she does not believe in long engagements.

Little Boy—She doesn't, I know, 'cause all her engagements have been short.

Weary Watkins (who has picked up a piece of manuscript)—A spring poem! Where's the sausage that was wrapped in it?

THAT REMINDS ME.

Waiter (yelling down the kitchen tube)—Hey, Alphonse! make that chop a steak.

Alphonse—Sacre! Vat you t'ink? I'm a chef; not a magician!

He—Well, for my part, I like a picture that tells a story.

She—Mrs. Witherby's portrait ought to suit you, then; it makes her positively handsome.

Jones—So Smith gave you a cigar?

Brown—Yes, but I was in luck; neither of us had a match.

"Good-by, dear," he whispered, "may I kiss you."

"Yes," she answered, "don't waste so much time in talking."

Customer—Why do you refer to that folding bed as "she"?

Salesman—Because, sir, there is no danger of it shutting up.

She—I hear that you have lost your valuable little dog.

He—Ya'as, in a railway accident. I was saved, but the dawg was killed.

She (shocked)—What a pity.

Kate—Well, the less said about it the better.

Daisy—I quite agree with you. How did it all begin?

"Where is the author of this new piece?"

"Right over there—that man who isn't hissing."

Confidential Friend (to elderly but not unattractive spinster)—So, dear, you've given up advocating women's rights?

Elderly Spinster—Yes; I now go in for women's lefts.

"Women's lefts! What's that?"

"Widowers, my dear."

At the New Inland Resort: "I see you two sitting here every day doing nothing. Haven't you any work?"

"Oh, yes! We're hired to sit here by the hotel folks. My wife is the echo and I'm the cuckoo!"

MIXED MAXIMS.

A man is known by the trumpery he keeps.
Never put a gift cigar in your mouth.
The lack of money is the root of all evil.
A pitch in time saved the nine.
Virtue is its only reward.
The course of free love never did run smooth.
A bird in the hand lays no eggs.
All that a man hath will he give to his wife.
It's a wise child that owes his own father.
Policy is the best honesty.
Osculation is the thief of time.
A thirsty man will catch at a straw.
Straws show which way the gin goes.
"Heaven lies about us in our infancy," and this world lies about us when we are grown up.
The woman who collaborates is lost.
It is not good for man to give a loan.
The wages of sin is debt.

—*Chap Book.*

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